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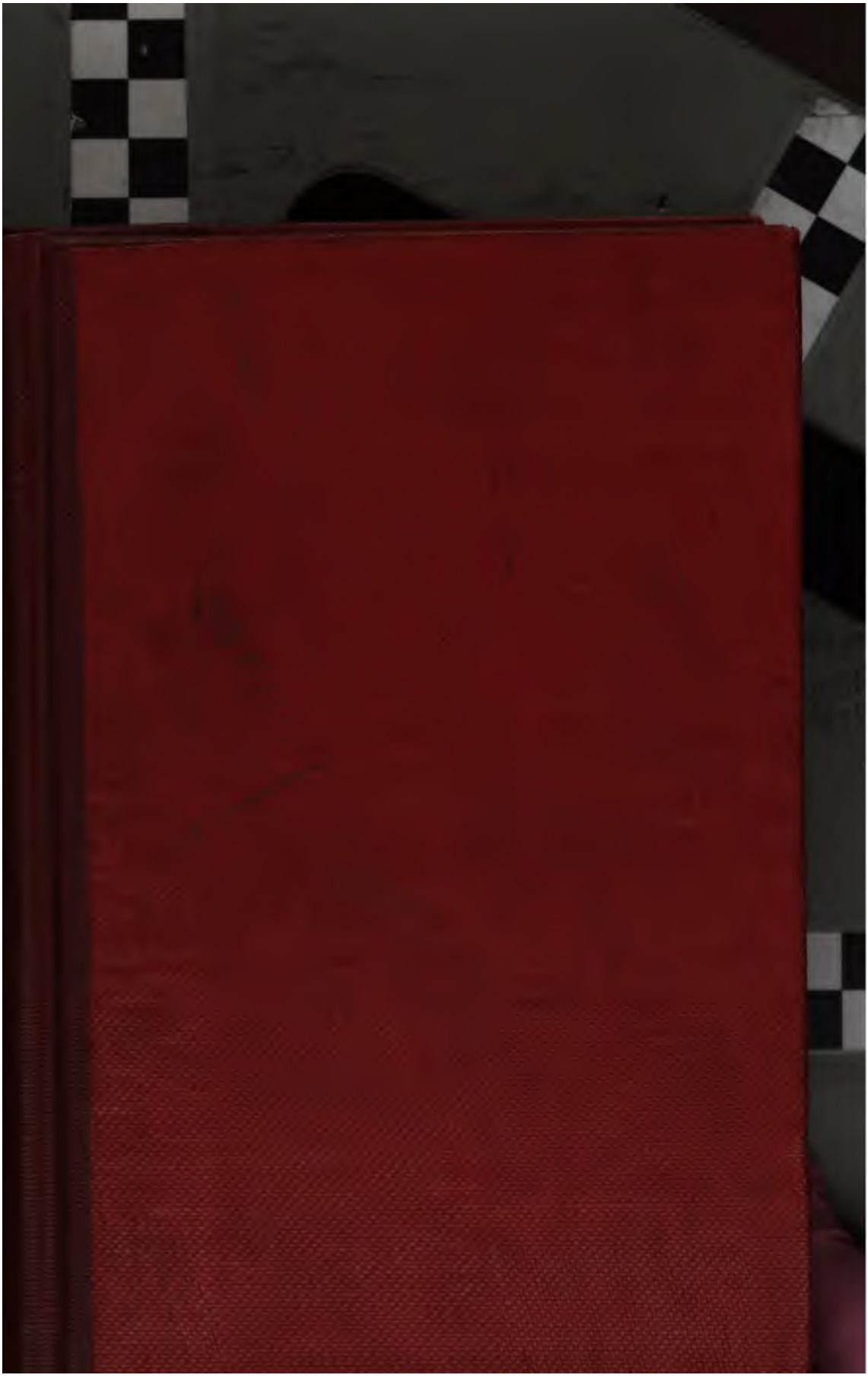

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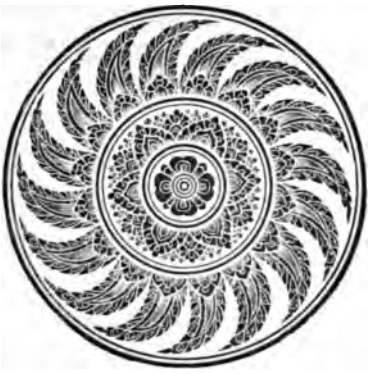
EDWIN ARNOLD'S

POETICAL WORKS

VOLUME I.



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PREFACE

TO THE

COMPLETE WORKS OF SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

WHILE visiting Boston I have found my publishers, Messrs. Roberts Brothers, contemplating the issue of my complete poetical works in the form of two conveniently bound volumes. I am glad to approve and sanction such a condensation of the eight books into a portable and permanent embodiment; and I eagerly seize this opportunity to thank, with all possible good-will and cordiality, those innumerable American friends and readers who, for the past eleven years, have taken pleasure in my writings.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

BOSTON, Sept. 23, 1889.

THE

INDIAN SONG OF SONGS.

FROM THE SANSKRIT OF THE GÍTA GOVINDA OF JAYADEVA.

POEMS.

PREFACE.

THE gracious reception given to my "Light of Asia" by the American people, — which has so much honored me — encourages my publishers, Messrs. Roberts Brothers, to reproduce here such other poetical works of mine as they think likely to be of interest in America. I am glad of the opportunity thus afforded to express the pleasure and the pride caused me by the high favour of the public of the United States; and to thank with all my heart the innumerable unknown, but valued, friends there, who have been pleased to convey to me, by public and private channels, the satisfaction they have found in my story of "The Great Renunciation."

EDWIN ARNOLD.

LONDON, August 13, 1880.

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PREFACE TO THE INDIAN SONG OF SONGS.

BEAUTIFUL flowers please, whatever their name and country; and so far as any brightness or fragrance may have been preserved from the Aryan original in this paraphrase, it will no doubt be recognized by the reader of intelligence. Yet being so exotic, the poem demands a word or two of introduction.

The "Gîta Govinda," then, or "Song of Govind," is a Sanskrit idyl, or little pastoral drama, in which — under the form of KRISHNA, an incarnation of the god Vishnoo — the human soul is displayed in its relations alternately with earthly and celestial beauty. Krishna — at once human and divine — is first seen attracted by the pleasures of the senses (personified by the shepherdesses in the wood), and wasting his affections upon the delights of their illusory world. RADHA, the spirit of intellectual and moral beauty, comes to free him from this error by enkindling in his heart a desire for her own surpassing loveliness of form and character; and under the parable of a human passion — too glowingly depicted by the Indian poet for exact transcription — the gradual emancipation of Krishna from sensuous distrac-

tions, and his union with Radha in a high and spiritualized happiness, are portrayed. This general interpretation, at any rate, though disputed by certain authorities, is maintained by Jones, Lassen, and others; and has been followed, not without occasional difficulty, in the subjoined version.

Lassen thus writes in his Latin *prolegomena:* "To speak my opinion in one word, Krishna is here the divinely-given soul manifested in humanity. . . . The recollection of this celestial origin abides deep in the mind, and even when it seems to slumber — drugged as it were by the fair shows of the world, the pleasures of visible things, and the intoxication of the senses — it now and again awakes, . . . full of yearning to recover the sweet serenity of its pristine condition. Then the soul begins to discriminate and to perceive that the love, which was its inmost principle, has been lavished on empty and futile objects; it grows a-wearied of things sensual, false, and unenduring; it longs to fix its affection on that which shall be stable, and the source of true and eternal delight. Krishna — to use the imagery of this poem — thrones Radha in his heart, as the sole and only one who can really satisfy his aspirations. . . .

"Radha is supreme in beauty, with a loveliness which is at once celestial, and yet enshrined in earthly mould. Her charms lift the mind to heavenly contemplations, and the God of Love, Kama, borrows his best weapons from them. She is forgiving and pitiful even towards her erring and lingering lover; she would meet him in returning if she could; she grieves more than she blames; and once reconciled, is beyond measure tender. . . . The remedy for the illusions of sense — *sansâra* — is placed by all Hindoo philosophers in the understanding of true existence, and Radha, in my

judgment, represents this remedy — being the personified contemplation of the divine beauty and goodness. . . . Such contemplation flies from and disowns the mind possessed by sensual objects, but goes to meet and gladly inhabits that which consecrates itself, as Krishna's does, to the higher love. . . . It bewails its separation from the soul, as that which was its natural dwelling-place before the changeful shows of mortal life banished it; and this is the mystery of mutual attraction between the mind and mental beauty, that the memory of the divine happiness does not die, but is revived by the recognition of truth, and returns to the perception of what things in love are worthless, and what are real and worthy. The affection of Radha is jealous, and grants not the full sight of her charms, until the soul of its own accord abandons its preoccupations, and becomes filled with the desire of the true love. But upon the soul thus returning she lavishes her utmost tenderness; whereof to be the recipient is to have all wishes fulfilled and nothing lacking — to be *tripta* — 'well-contented.' Such, in my opinion, is the recondite significance of this poem, hidden under imagery but too luxuriant. The Indian poet seems, indeed, to have spent rather more labor in depicting the phases of earthly passion than of that intellectual yearning by which the mind is lifted to the contemplation of divine things; . . . but the fable of the loves of Govinda and Radha existing from antiquity, and being universally accepted, philosophy had to affix its doctrines to the story in such a way as that the vulgar amours of those popular deities might present themselves in a nobler aspect."

Nothing in the way of exposition needs to be added to these words.

The great variety of measure in the original has been indicated by frequently varying the metre of this paraphrase, without meanwhile attempting to imitate the many very fanciful alliterations, assonances, and recurring choruses; of which last, however, two examples have been introduced. The "Gîta Govinda," with these *refrains* and the musical accompaniments named and prescribed by the directions embodied in the text, must have been a species of Oriental opera. This raises the difficult and little-studied subject of ancient Hindoo music, upon which a passing word or two may not appear impertinent. Sir William Jones says, "When I first read the songs of Jayadeva, who has prefixed to each the name of the mode in which it was to be sung, I had hopes of procuring the original music; but the Pundits of the South referred me to those of the West, and the Brahmans of the West would have sent me to those of the North, while they of Nepal and Cashmere declared that they had no ancient music, but imagined that the notes of the 'Gîta Govinda' must exist, if anywhere, where the poet was born" (Sir W. Jones, vol. i. p. 440).

Now the reason why this illustrious scholar could not find the score of the "Gîta," was that music was always taught orally by the Hindoos, and therefore did not pass down from the old minstrels in any noted form. Yet there existed an elaborate science of melody among the ancient Indians; although, like the Greeks, they understood little or nothing of harmony. The distinguishing feature of Hindoo airs was, and still is, an extremely fine gradation of notes; the semitone could be accurately divided into demi-semitones by the ear and voice of a practised "Gundharb" or "Goonee." This even now imparts a delicacy to the otherwise mono-

tonous temple-singing, which all musicians would recognize; and they might find in such treatises as the "Sungeet Durpun," "Ragavibodha," and "Râg-mala," or "Chaplet of Melodies," complete and curious explanations of the Hindoo orchestra. In that fantastic system the old Aryan composers established six *ragas*, or divine fundamental airs, having each five wives or *raginees*, and each of these producing eight melodious children; so that the orthodox repertory contained two hundred and forty separate songs. These songs had their fixed occasion, subject, and season; all to be reverently observed; otherwise the deity presiding over each was not thought likely to attend and give perfect effect to the music. These lyric divinities are personified and described in such works as the "Ratnamala:" thus "Gurjjarî" —a melody frequently indicated here by Jayadeva — is represented as a feminine minstrel of engaging mien, dressed in yellow bodice and red *saree*, richly bedecked with jewels and enthroned in a golden swing, as the third wife of the *Raga Megh*. Musical science was divided into seven branches — *Surudhyaya* or sol-fa-ing, *rag* or melody, *tal* or time, *nrit* or rhythmical dancing, *aurth* or poetry, *bhav* or expression, and *hust*, answering to method, "touch." The gamut contained seven notes singularly named — *Su* was *suruj*, the scream of the peacock; *ri* was *rikhub*, the cry of the parrot; *gu* was *gundhur*, the bleat of the sheep; *mu* was *muddhun*, the call of the crane; *pu* stood for *punchum*, and the note of the Koïl; *dhu* for *dhyvut*, the neigh of the horse; and *ni* for *nikhad*, the trumpeting of the elephant. Endless subtleties characterized their musical terms — thus *tal*, or "time," is a word made up of the first letters from *tand*, the dance of Mahadeo, and *las*, the dance of Parvati, his consort; but

these are mere etymological niceties, characteristic of the hard language in which one single word may be written in a hundred and eight ways. Enough has been said to show, from sources which are perhaps somewhat out of general reach, that a special accompaniment of music was prescribed for the "Gîta Govinda" when composed, which, could it be recovered, would add immensely to the interest of the Sanskrit Canticle; and indeed, even at present, any competent inquirer into the existing melodies of India, popular and sacred, might be rewarded by many exquisite airs worth the ear of European *maestri* themselves. The Indians of to-day have still their *dhoorpuds*, or heroic ballads; their *kheals*, *ghuzuls*, and *rekhtahs*, love-songs of Mogul derivation; their *dadras* and *nuktas*, serenades of Hindoo origin; the *tuppah*, hummed by Hindi and Punjabi camel-drivers; the *terana*, or "song without words;" the *palna*, or cradle-song; the *sohla*, or marriage-strain; the *stooti*, or eulogistic chants; and the *zikri*, which are hymns of morality. Probably among these some echoes of the antique melodies of Jayadeva may be preserved; at any rate, such a list—and it might be largely extended—shows that Indian music well merits professional study.

Jayadeva, a native of Kinduvilva or Kendôli, in Burdwan or Tirhoot (for the locality is doubtful), wrote, according to Lassen, about 1150 A.D. The theme of the Indian poet's musical mystery-play is found in the tenth section of the Bhâgavata, but Hindoo literature and daily talk are full of this half-divine, half-human Krishna; and in turning into a religious canticle the loves of "Govinda" and Radha, Jayadeva might be sure that every native audience, present and to come, would understand his matter. The "Gîta" is to

this hour very popular in India; but more so, doubtless, because of its melodious versification and its ardent love-pictures than the profound and earnest meanings, for the sake of which this imperfect attempt has been hazarded. Extremely imperfect it is, and for exact Sanskrit scholars (among whose honorable number the Author has very slender claims to rank) of no account at all; yet something, however slight, may perhaps be done towards the closer acquaintance of England and India — an object always dear to the present writer — by this his second effort to popularize Indian classics. With the aid of Lassen (to whose labors and erudite guidance every grateful acknowledgment is here due) this "Song of Songs" goes, for the most part, fairly pace for pace with the Sanskrit text; although much has had to be modified, and the last Sarga omitted, in order to comply with the canons of Western propriety. An English dress cannot — alas! — fail to destroy something of the Asiatic grace of Radha; but in her own she is radiant, fascinating, and angelic, and seemed to teach a lesson so well worth repeating, that this imitation of Jayadeva has been ventured upon.

THE INDIAN SONG OF SONGS.

INTRODUCTION.

OM!

REVERENCE TO GANESHA!

" THE sky is clouded; and the wood resembles
The sky, thick-arched with black Tamâla boughs;
O Radha, Radha! take this Soul, that trembles
In life's deep midnight, to Thy golden house."
So Nanda spoke, — and, led by Radha's spirit,
The feet of Krishna found the road aright;
Wherefore in bliss which all high hearts inherit
Together taste they Love's divine delight.

He who wrote these things for thee,
Of the Son of Wassoodee,

THE INDIAN SONG OF SONGS.

Was the poet Jayadeva;
Him Saraswati gave ever
Fancies fair his mind to throng,
Like pictures palace-walls along;
Ever to his notes of love
Lakshmi's mystic dancers move.
If thy spirit seeks to brood
On Hari glorious, Hari good;
If it feeds on solemn numbers
Dim as dreams and soft as slumbers,
Lend thine ear to Jayadev,
Lord of all the spells that save.
Umapatidhara's strain
Glows like roses after rain;
Sharan's stream-like song is grand,
If its tide ye understand;
Bard more wise beneath the sun
Is not found than Govardhun;
Dhoyi holds the listener still
With his shlokes of subtle skill;
But for sweet words suited well
Jayadeva doth excel.

(*What follows is to the Music* MÂLAVA *and the Mode* RUPAKA.)

HYMN TO VISHNU.

O THOU that held'st the blessed Veda dry
When all things else beneath the floods were hurled;
Strong Fish-God! Ark of Men! *Jai!* Hari, *jai!*
Hail, Keshav, hail! thou Master of the world!

The round world rested on thy spacious nape;
Upon thy neck, like a mere mole, it stood:
O thou that took'st for us the Tortoise-shape,
Hail, Keshav, hail! Ruler of wave and wood!

The world upon thy curving tusk sate sure,
Like the Moon's dark disc in her crescent pale;
O thou who didst for us assume the Boar,
Immortal Conqueror! hail, Keshav, hail!

When thou thy Giant-Foe didst seize and rend,
Fierce, fearful, long, and sharp were fang and nail;
Thou who the Lion and the Man didst blend,
Lord of the Universe! hail, Narsingh, hail!

Wonderful Dwarf! — who with a threefold stride
Cheated King Bali — where thy footsteps fall
Men's sins, O Wamuna! are set aside.
O Keshav, hail! thou Help and Hope of all!

The sins of this sad earth thou didst assoil,
The anguish of its creatures thou didst heal;
Freed are we from all terrors by thy toil:
Hail, Purshuram, hail! Lord of the biting steel!

To thee the fell Ten-Headed yielded life,
Thou in dread battle laid'st the monster low!
Ah, Rama! dear to Gods and men that strife;
We praise thee, Master of the matchless bow!

With clouds for garments glorious thou dost fare,
Veiling thy dazzling majesty and might,
As when Yamuna saw thee with the share,
A peasant — yet the King of Day and Night.

Merciful-hearted! when thou camest as Boodh —
Albeit 'twas written in the Scriptures so —
Thou bad'st our altars be no more imbrued
With blood of victims: Keshav! bending low

We praise thee, Wielder of the sweeping sword,
Brilliant as curving comets in the gloom,
Whose edge shall smite the fierce barbarian horde;
Hail to thee, Keshav! hail, and hear, and come,

And fill this song of Jayadev with thee,
And make it wise to teach, strong to redeem,
And sweet to living souls. Thou Mystery!
Thou Light of Life! Thou Dawn beyond the dream!

Fish! that didst outswim the flood;
Tortoise! whereon earth hath stood;
Boar! who with thy tush held'st high
The world, that mortals might not die;
Lion! who hast giants torn;
Dwarf! who laugh'dst a king to scorn;
Sole Subduer of the Dreaded!
Slayer of the many-headed!
Mighty Ploughman! Teacher tender!
Of thine own the sure Defender!
Under all thy ten disguises
Endless praise to thee arises.

(*What follows is to the Music* GURJJARI *and the Mode* NIHSÂRA.)

Endless praise arises,
O thou God that liest
Rapt, on Kumla's breast,
Happiest, holiest, highest!
Planets are thy jewels,
Stars thy forehead-gems,
Set like sapphires gleaming
In kingliest anadems;
Even the great gold Sun-God,
Blazing through the sky,
Serves thee but for crest-stone,
Jai, jai! Hari, *jai!*
As that Lord of day
After night brings morrow,
Thou dost charm away
Life's long dream of sorrow.
As on Mansa's water
Brood the swans at rest,
So thy laws sit stately
On a holy breast.

O, Drinker of the poison !
Ah, high Delight of earth !
What light is to the lotus-buds,
What singing is to mirth,
Art thou — art thou that slayedst
Madhou and Narak grim ;
That ridest on the King of Birds,
Making all glories dim.
With eyes like open lotus-flowers,
Bright in the morning rain,
Freeing by one swift piteous glance
The spirit from Life's pain :
Of all the three Worlds Treasure !
Of sin the Putter-by !
Of the Ten-Headed Victor !
Jai Hari ! Hari ! *jai !*
Thou Shaker of the Mountain !
Thou Shadow of the Storm !
Thou Cloud that unto Lakshmi's face
Comes welcome, white, and warm !
O thou, — who to great Lakshmi
Art like the silvery beam
Which moon-sick chakors feed upon

By Jumna's silent stream, —
To thee this hymn ascendeth,
That Jayadev doth sing,
Of worship, love, and mystery;
High Lord and heavenly King!
And unto whoso hears it
Do thou a blessing bring —
Whose neck is gilt with yellow dust
From lilies that did cling
Beneath the breasts of Lakshmi,
A girdle soft and sweet,
When in divine embracing
The lips of Gods did meet;
And the beating heart above
Of thee — Dread Lord of Heaven! —
She left that stamp of love —
By such deep sign be given
Prays Jayadev, the glory
And the secret and the spells
Which close-hid in this story
Unto wise ears he tells.

END OF INTRODUCTION.

SARGA THE FIRST.

SAMODADAMODARO.

THE SPORTS OF KRISHNA.

BEAUTIFUL Radha, jasmine-bosomed Radha,
All in the Spring-time waited by the wood
For Krishna fair, Krishna the all-forgetful, —
Krishna with earthly love's false fire consuming —
And some one of her maidens sang this song : —

(*What follows is to the Music* VASANTA *and the Mode* YATI.)

I know where Krishna tarries in these early days of Spring,
When every wind from warm Malay brings fragrance on its wing ;

Brings fragrance stolen far away from thickets of the clove,
In jungles where the bees hum and the Koïl flutes her love;
He dances with the dancers, of a merry morrice one,
All in the budding Spring-time, for 'tis sad to be alone.

I know how Krishna passes these hours of blue and gold,
When parted lovers sigh to meet and greet and closely hold
Hand fast in hand; and every branch upon the Vakul-tree
Droops downward with a hundred blooms, in every bloom a bee;
He is dancing with the dancers to a laughter-moving tone,
In the soft awakening Spring-time, when 'tis hard to live alone.

Where Kroona-flowers, that open at a lover's lightest tread,
Break, and, for shame at what they hear, from white blush modest red;

And all the spears on all the boughs of all the Ketuk-glades
Seem ready darts to pierce the hearts of wandering youths and maids;
'Tis there thy Krishna dances till the merry drum is done,
All in the sunny Spring-time, when who can live alone?

Where the breaking-forth of blossom on the yellow Keshra-sprays
Dazzles like Kama's sceptre, whom all the world obeys;
And Pâtal-buds fill drowsy bees from pink delicious bowls,
As Kama's nectared goblet steeps in languor human souls;
There he dances with the dancers, and of Radha thinketh none,
All in the warm new Spring-tide, when none will live alone.

Where the breath of waving Mâdhvi pours incense through the grove,
And silken Mogras lull the sense with essences of love, —

The silken-soft pale Mogra, whose perfume fine and faint
Can melt the coldness of a maid, the sternness of a saint —
There dances with those dancers thine other self, thine Own,
All in the languorous Spring-time, when none will live alone.

Where — as if warm lips touched sealed eyes and waked them — all the bloom
Opens upon the mangoes to feel the sunshine come ;
And Atimuktas wind their arms of softest green about,
Clasping the stems, while calm and clear great Jumna spreadeth out ;
There dances and there laughs thy Love, with damsels many an one,
In the rosy days of Spring-time, for he will not live alone.

Mark this song of Jayadev !
Deep as pearl in ocean-wave
Lurketh in its lines a wonder
Which the wise alone will ponder :

Though it seemeth of the earth,
Heavenly is the music's birth;
Telling darkly of delights
In the wood, of wasted nights,
Of witless days, and fruitless love,
And false pleasures of the grove,
And rash passions of the prime,
And those dances of Spring-time;
Time, which seems so subtle-sweet,
Time, which pipes to dancing-feet,
Ah! so softly — ah! so sweetly —
That among those wood-maids featly
Krishna cannot choose but dance,
Letting pass life's greater chance.

Yet the winds that sigh so
As they stir the rose,
Wake a sigh from Krishna
Wistfuller than those;
All their faint breaths swinging
The creepers to and fro
Pass like rustling arrows
Shot from Kama's bow:

Thus among the dancers
What those zephyrs bring
Strikes to Krishna's spirit
Like a darted sting.

And all as if — far wandered —
The traveller should hear
The bird of home, the Koïl,
With nest-notes rich and clear;
And there should come one moment
A blessed fleeting dream
Of the bees among the mangoes
Beside his native stream;
So flash those sudden yearnings,
That sense of a dearer thing,
The love and lack of Radha
Upon his soul in Spring.

Then she, the maid of Radha, spake again;
And pointing far away between the leaves
Guided her lovely Mistress where to look,
And note how Krishna wantoned in the wood
Now with this one, now that; his heart, her prize,

Panting with foolish passions, and his eyes
Beaming with too much love for those fair girls—
Fair, but not so as Radha; and she sang

(*What follows is to the Music* RÂMAGIRÎ *and the Mode* YATI.)

See, Lady! how thy Krishna passes these idle hours
Decked forth in fold of woven gold, and crowned with forest-flowers;
And scented with the sandal, and gay with gems of price—
Rubies to mate his laughing lips, and diamonds like his eyes;—
In the company of damsels,* who dance and sing and play,
Lies Krishna laughing, toying, dreaming his Spring away.

One, with star-blossomed champâk wreathed, wooes him to rest his head
On the dark pillow of her breast so tenderly outspread;

* It will be observed that the "Gopis" here personify the five senses. Lassen says, "*Manifestum est puellis istis nil aliud significari quam res sensiles.*"

And o'er his brow with roses blown she fans a fragrance
rare,
That falls on the enchanted sense like rain in thirsty
air,
While the company of damsels wave many an odorous
spray,
And Krishna laughing, toying, sighs the soft Spring away.

Another, gazing in his face, sits wistfully apart,
Searching it with those looks of love that leap from heart
to heart;
Her eyes — afire with shy desire, veiled by their lashes
black —
Speak so that Krishna cannot choose but send the mes-
sage back,
In the company of damsels whose bright eyes in a ring
Shine round him with soft meanings in the merry light of
Spring.

The third one of that dazzling band of dwellers in the
wood —
Body and bosom panting with the pulse of youthful
blood —

Leans over him, as in his ear a lightsome thing to speak,
And then with leaf-soft lip imprints a kiss below his cheek;
A kiss that thrills, and Krishna turns at the silken touch
To give it back — ah, Radha! forgetting thee too much.

And one with arch smile beckons him away from Jumna's banks,
Where the tall bamboos bristle like spears in battle-ranks,
And plucks his cloth to make him come into the mango-shade,
Where the fruit is ripe and golden, and the milk and cakes are laid:
Oh! golden-red the mangoes, and glad the feasts of Spring,
And fair the flowers to lie upon, and sweet the dancers sing.

Sweetest of all that Temptress who dances for him now
With subtle feet which part and meet in the Râs-measure slow,

To the chime of silver bangles and the beat of rose-leaf hands,
And pipe and lute and cymbal played by the woodland bands;
So that wholly passion-laden — eye, ear, sense, soul o'ercome —
Krishna is theirs in the forest; his heart forgets its home.

Krishna, made for heavenly things,
'Mid those woodland singers sings;
With those dancers dances featly,
Gives back soft embraces sweetly;
Smiles on that one, toys with this,
Glance for glance and kiss for kiss;
Meets the merry damsels fairly,
Plays the round of folly rarely,
Lapped in milk-warm spring-time weather,
He and those brown girls together.

And this shadowed earthly love
In the twilight of the grove,
Dance and song and soft caresses,
Meeting looks and tangled tresses,

Jayadev the same hath writ,
That ye might have gain of it,
Sagely its deep sense conceiving
And its inner light believing;
How that Love — the mighty Master,
Lord of all the stars that cluster
In the sky, swiftest and slowest,
Lord of highest, Lord of lowest —
Manifests himself to mortals,
Winning them toward the portals
Of his secret House, the gates
Of that bright Paradise which waits
The wise in love. Ah, human creatures!
Even your phantasies are teachers.
Mighty Love makes sweet in seeming
Even Krishna's woodland dreaming;
Mighty Love sways all alike
From self to selflessness. Oh! strike
From your eyes the veil, and see
What Love willeth him to be
Who in error, but in grace,
Sitteth with that lotus-face,
And those eyes whose rays of heaven
Unto phantom-eyes are given;

Holding feasts of foolish mirth
With these Visions of the earth;
Learning love, and love imparting;
Yet with sense of loss upstarting:—
For the cloud that veils the fountains
Underneath the Sandal mountains,
How — as if the sunshine drew
All its being to the blue—
It takes flight, and seeks to rise
High into the purer skies,
High into the snow and frost,
On the shining summits lost!
Ah! and how the Koïls' strain
Smites the traveller with pain,—
When the mango blooms in spring,
And "Koohoo," "Koohoo," they sing—
Pain of pleasures not yet won,
Pain of journeys not yet done,
Pain of toiling without gaining,
Pain, 'mid gladness, of still paining.

But may He guide us all to glory high
Who laughed when Radha glided, hidden, by,

And all among those damsels free and bold
Touched Krishna with a soft mouth, kind and cold;
And like the others, leaning on his breast,
Unlike the others, left there Love's unrest;
And like the others, joining in his song,
Unlike the others, made him silent long.

(*Here ends that Sarga of the Gîta Govinda entitled* SAMODADAMODARO.)

SARGA THE SECOND.

—◇—

KLESHAKESHAVO.

THE PENITENCE OF KRISHNA.

THUS lingered Krishna in the deep, green wood,
And gave himself, too prodigal, to those;
But Radha, heart-sick at his falling-off,
Seeing her heavenly beauty slighted so,
Withdrew; and, in a bower of Paradise —
Where nectarous blossoms wove a shrine of shade,
Haunted by birds and bees of unknown skies —
She sate deep-sorrowful, and sang this strain,

(*What follows is to the Music* GURJJARÎ *and the Mode* YATI.)

Ah, my Beloved! taken with those glances,
Ah, my Beloved! dancing those rash dances,

Ah, Minstrel! playing wrongful strains so well;
Ah, Krishna! Krishna, with the honeyed lip!
Ah, Wanderer into foolish fellowship!
My Dancer, my Delight! — I love thee still.

O Dancer! strip thy peacock-crown away,
Rise! thou whose forehead is the star of day,
With beauty for its silver halo set;
Come! thou whose greatness gleams beneath its shroud
Like Indra's rainbow shining through the cloud —
Come, for I love thee, my Beloved! yet.

Must love thee — cannot choose but love thee ever,
My best Beloved — set on this endeavor,
To win thy tender heart and earnest eye
From lips but sadly sweet, from restless bosoms,
To mine, O Krishna with the mouth of blossoms!
To mine, thou soul of Krishna! yet I sigh

Half hopeless, thinking of myself forsaken,
And thee, dear Loiterer, in the wood o'ertaken
With passion for those bold and wanton ones,

Who knit thine arms as poison-plants gripe trees
With twining cords — their flowers the braveries
That flash in the green gloom, sparkling gauds and
stones.

My Prince ! my Lotus-faced ! my woe ! my love !
Whose broad brow, with the tilka-spot above,
Shames the bright moon at full with fleck of cloud ;
Thou to mistake so little for so much !
Thou, Krishna, to be palm to palm with such !
O Soul made for my joys, pure, perfect, proud !

Ah, my Beloved ! in thy darkness dear ;
Ah, Dancer ! with the jewels in thine ear,
Swinging to music of a loveless love ;
O my Beloved ! in thy fall so high
That angels, sages, spirits of the sky
Linger about thee, watching in the grove.

I will be patient still, and draw thee ever,
My one Beloved, sitting by the river
Under the thick Kadambas with that throng :

Will there not come an end to earthly madness?
Shall I not, past the sorrow, have the gladness?
Must not the love-light shine for him ere long?

Shine, thou Light by Radha given,
Shine, thou splendid star of heaven!
Be a lamp to Krishna's feet,
Show to all hearts secrets sweet,
Of the wonder and the love
Jayadev hath writ above.
Be the quick Interpreter
Unto wisest ears of her
Who always sings to all, "I wait,
He loveth still who loveth late."

For (sang on that high Lady in the shade)
My soul for tenderness, not blame, was made;
Mine eyes look through his evil to his good;
My heart coins pleas for him; my fervent thought
Prevents what he will say when these are naught,
And that which I am shall be understood.

Then spake she to her maiden wistfully —

(*What follows is to the Music* MÀLAVAGAUDA *and the Mode* EKATÀLÎ.)

Go to him, — win him hither, — whisper low
How he may find me if he searches well;
Say, if he will — joys past his hope to know
Await him here; go now to him, and tell
Where Radha is, and that henceforth she charms
His spirit to her arms.

Yes, go! say, if he will, that he may come —
May come, my love, my longing, my desire;
May come forgiven, shriven, to me his home,
And make his happy peace; nay, and aspire
To uplift Radha's veil, and learn at length
What love is in its strength.

Lead him; say softly I shall chide his blindness,
And vex him with my angers; yet add this,
He shall not vainly sue for loving-kindness,
Nor miss to see me close, nor lose the bliss
That lives upon my lip, nor be denied
The rose-throne at my side.

Say that I — Radha — in my bower languish
All widowed, till he find the way to me ;
Say that mine eyes are dim, my breast all anguish,
Until with gentle murmured shame I see
His steps come near, his anxious pleading face
Bend for my pardoning grace.

While I — what, did he deem light loves so tender,
To tarry for them when the vow was made
To yield him up my bosom's maiden splendor,
And fold him in my fragrance, and unbraid
My shining hair for him, and clasp him close
To the gold heart of his Rose,

And sing him strains which only spirits know,
And make him captive with the silk-soft chain
Of twinned-wings brooding round him, and bestow
Kisses of Paradise, as pure as rain ;
My gems, my moonlight-pearls, my girdle-gold,
Cymbaling music bold?

While gained for ever, I shall dare to grow
Life to life with him, in the realms divine ;

And — Love's large cup at happy overflow,
Yet ever to be filled — his eyes and mine
Shall meet in that glad look, when Time's great gate
Closes and shuts out Fate.

Listen to the unsaid things
Of the song which Radha sings,
For the soul draws near to bliss,
As it comprehendeth this.
I am Jayadev, who write
All this subtle-rich delight
For your teaching. Ponder, then,
What it tells to Gods and men.
Err not, watching Krishna gay,
With those brown girls all at play;
Understand how Radha charms
Her wandering lover to her arms,
Waiting with divinest love
Till his dream ends in the grove.

For even now (she sang) I see him pause,
Heart-stricken with the waste of heart he makes

Amid them ; — all the bows of their bent brows
Wound him no more : no more for all their sakes
Plays he one note upon his amorous lute,
But lets the strings lie mute.

Pensive, as if his parted lips should say —

" My feet with the dances are weary,
The music has dropped from the song,
There is no more delight in the lute-strings,
Sweet Shadows ! what thing has gone wrong?
The wings of the wind have left fanning
The palms of the glade ;
They are dead, and the blossoms seem dying
In the place where we played.

" We will play no more, beautiful Shadows !
A fancy came solemn and sad,
More sweet, with unspeakable longings,
Than the best of the pleasures we had :
I am not now the Krishna who kissed you ;
That exquisite dream, —
The Vision I saw in my dancing —
Has spoiled what you seem.

"Ah! delicate phantoms that cheated
With eyes that looked lasting and true,
I awake, — I have seen her, — my angel —
Farewell to the wood and to you!
Oh, whisper of wonderful pity!
Oh, fair face that shone!
Though thou be a vision, Divinest!
This vision is done."

(*Here ends that Sarga of the Gita Govinda entitled* KLESHAKESHAVO.)

SARGA THE THIRD.

MUGDHAMADHUSUDANO.

KRISHNA TROUBLED.

THEREAT, — as one who welcomes to her throne
A new-made Queen, and brings before it bound
Her enemies, — so Krishna in his heart
Throned Radha; and — all treasonous follies chained —
He played no more with those first play-fellows:
But, searching through the shadows of the grove
For loveliest Radha, — when he found her not,
Faint with the quest, despairing, lonely, lorn,
And pierced with shame for wasted love and days,
He sate by Jumna, where the canes are thick,
And sang to the wood-echoes words like these:

(*What follows is to the Music* GURJJARI *and the Mode* YATI.)

Radha, Enchantress ! Radha, queen of all !
Gone — lost, because she found me sinning here ;
And I so stricken with my foolish fall,
I could not stay her out of shame and fear ;
She will not hear ;
In her disdain and grief vainly I call.

And if she heard, what would she do ? what say ?
How could I make it good that I forgot ?
What profit was it to me, night and day,
To live, love, dance, and dream, having her not ?
Soul without spot !
I wronged thy patience, till it sighed away.

Sadly I see the truth. Ah ! even now
Remembering that one look beside the river,
Softer the vexed eyes seem, and the proud brow
Than lotus-leaves when the bees make them quiver.
My love for ever !
Too late is Krishna wise — too far art thou !

Yet all day long in my deep heart I woo thee,
And all night long with thee my dreams are sweet;
Why, then, so vainly must my steps pursue thee?
Why can I never reach thee to entreat,
Low at thy feet,
Dear vanished Splendor! till my tears subdue thee?

Surpassing One! I knew thou didst not brook
Half-hearted worship, and a love that wavers;
Haho! there is the wisdom I mistook,
Therefore I seek with desperate endeavors;
That fault dissevers
Me from my heaven, astray — condemned — forsook!

And yet I seem to feel, to know, thee near me;
Thy steps make music, measured music, near;
Radha! my Radha! will not sorrow clear me?
Shine once! speak one word pitiful and dear!
Wilt thou not hear?
Canst thou — because I did forget — forsake me?

Forgive! the sin is sinned, is past, is over;
No thought I think shall do thee wrong again;

Turn thy dark eyes again upon thy lover,
Bright Spirit ! or I perish of this pain.
Loving again !
In dread of doom to love, but not recover.

So did Krishna sing and sigh
By the river-bank; and I,
Jayadev of Kinduvilva,
Resting — as the moon of silver
Sits upon the solemn ocean —
On full faith, in deep devotion;
Tell it that ye may perceive
How the heart must fret and grieve;
How the soul doth tire of earth,
When the love from Heav'n hath birth.

For (sang he on) I am no foe of thine,
There is no black snake, Kama ! in my hair;
Blue lotus-leaves, and not the poisoned brine,
Shadow my neck; what stains my bosom bare,
Thou God unfair !
Is sandal-dust, not ashes; nought of mine

Makes me like Shiva that thou, Lord of Love!
  Shouldst strain thy string at me and fit thy dart;
This world is thine — let be one breast thereof
  Which bleeds already, wounded to the heart
                With lasting smart,
Shot from those brows that did my sin reprove.

Thou gavest her those black brows for a bow
  Arched like thine own, whose pointed arrows seem
Her glances, and the underlids that go —
  So firm and fine — its string? Ah, fleeting gleam!
                Beautiful dream!
Small need of Kama's help hast thou, I trow,

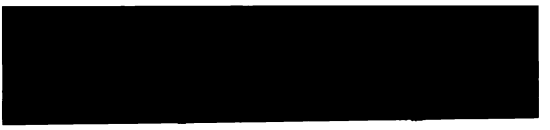
To smite me to the soul with love; — but set
  Those arrows to their silken cord! enchain
My thoughts in that loose hair! let thy lips, wet
  With dew of heaven as bimba-buds with rain,
                Bloom precious pain
Of longing in my heart; and, keener yet,

The heaving of thy lovely, angry bosom,
  Pant to my spirit things unseen, unsaid;

But if thy touch, thy tones, if the dark blossom
Of thy dear face, thy jasmine-odors shed
From feet to head,
If these be all with me, canst thou be far — be fled?

So sang he, and I pray that whoso hears
The music of his burning hopes and fears,
That whoso sees this vision by the River
Of Krishna, Hari, (can we name him ever?)
And marks his ear-ring rubies swinging slow,
As he sits still, unheedful, bending low
To play this tune upon his lute, while all
Listen to catch the sadness musical;
And Krishna wotteth nought, but, with set face
Turned full toward Radha's, plays on in that place;
May all such souls — prays Jayadev — be wise
To learn the wisdom which hereunder lies.

(*Here ends that Sarga of the Gita Govinda entitled* MUGDHAMADHUSUDANO.)



SARGA THE FOURTH.

—◆—

SNIGDHAMADHUSUDANO.

KRISHNA CHEERED.

THEN she whom Radha sent came to the canes —
The canes beside the river where he lay
With listless limbs and spirit weak from love ; —
And she sang this to Krishna wistfully.

(*What follows is to the Music* KARNÂTA *and the Mode* EKATÂLÎ.)

Art thou sick for Radha? she is sad in turn,
Heaven foregoes its blessings, if it holds not thee ;
All the cooling fragrance of sandal she doth spurn,
Moonlight makes her mournful with radiance silvery ;

Even the southern breeze blown fresh from pearly seas,
Seems to her but tainted by a dolorous brine;
And for thy sake discontented, with a great love overladen,
Her soul comes here beside thee, and sitteth down with thine.

Her soul comes here beside thee, and tenderly and true
It weaves a subtle mail of proof to ward off sin and pain;
A breastplate soft as lotus-leaf, with holy tears for dew,
To guard thee from the things that hurt; and then 'tis gone again
To strew a blissful place with the richest buds that grace
Kama's sweet world, a meeting-spot with rose and jasmine fair,
For the hour when, well-contented, with a love no longer troubled,
Thou shalt find the way to Radha, and finish sorrows there.

But now her lovely face is shadowed by her fears;
Her glorious eyes are veiled and dim like moonlight in eclipse

By breaking rain-clouds, Krishna! yet she paints you in her tears
With tender thoughts — not Krishna, but brow and breast and lips
And form and mien a King, a great and god-like thing;
And then with bended head she asks grace from the Love Divine,
To keep thee discontented with the phantoms thou forswearest,
Till she may win her glory, and thou be raised to thine.

Softly now she sayeth,
"Krishna, Krishna, come!"
Lovingly she prayeth,
"Fair moon, light him home."
Yet if Hari helps not,
Moonlight cannot aid;
Ah! the woeful Radha!
Ah! the forest shade!

Ah! if Hari guide not,
Moonlight is as gloom;
Ah! if moonlight help not,
How shall Krishna come?

Sad for Krishna grieving
In the darkened grove ;
Sad for Radha weaving
Dreams of fruitless love !

Strike soft strings to this soft measure,
If thine ear would catch its treasure ;
Slowly dance to this deep song,
Let its meaning float along
With grave paces, since it tells
Of a love that sweetly dwells
In a tender distant glory,
Past all faults of mortal story.

(*What follows is to the Music* DESHÌGA *and the Mode* EKATÀLÎ.)

Krishna, till thou come unto her, faint she lies with love and fear ;
Even the jewels of her necklet seem a load too great to bear.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, all the sandal and the flowers
Vex her with their pure perfection though they grow in heavenly bowers.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, fair albeit those bowers may be,
Passion burns her, and love's fire fevers her for lack of thee.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, those divine lids, dark and tender,
Droop like lotus-leaves in rain-storms, dashed and heavy in their splendor.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, that rose-couch which she hath spread
Saddens with its empty place, its double pillow for one head.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, from her palms she will not lift
The dark face hidden deep within them like the moon in cloudy rift.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, angel though she be, thy Love
Sighs and suffers, waits and watches — joyless 'mid those joys above.

Krishna, till thou come unto her, with the comfort of thy kiss
Deeper than thy loss, O Krishna ! must be loss of Radha's bliss.

Krishna, while thou didst forget her — her, thy life, thy gentle fate —
Wonderful her waiting was, her pity sweet, her patience great.

Krishna, come ! 'tis grief untold to grieve her — shame to let her sigh ;
Come, for she is sick with love, and thou her only remedy.

So she sang, and Jayadeva
Prays for all, and prays for ever,
That Great Hari may bestow
Utmost bliss of loving so
On us all ; — that one who wore
The herdsman's form, and heretofore,
To save the shepherd's threatened flock,
Up from the earth reared the huge rock —

Bestow it with a gracious hand,
Albeit, amid the woodland band,
Clinging close in fond caresses
Krishna gave them ardent kisses,
Taking on his lips divine
Earthly stamp and woodland sign.

(*Here ends that Sarga of the Gita Govinda entitled* SNIGDHAMADHUSUDANO.)

SARGA THE FIFTH.

SAKANDKSHAPUNDARIKÅKSHO.

THE LONGINGS OF KRISHNA.

"SAY I am here! oh, if she pardons me,
Say where I am, and win her softly hither,"
So Krishna to the maid; and willingly
She came again to Radha, and she sang

(*What follows is to the Music* DESHIVARÂDÎ *and the Mode* RUPAKA.)

Low whispers the wind from Malaya
Overladen with love;
On the hills all the grass is burned yellow;
And the trees in the grove

Droop with tendrils that mock by their clinging
The thoughts of the parted;
And there lies, sore-sighing for thee,
Thy love, altered-hearted.

To him the moon's icy-chill silver
Is a sun at midday;
The fever he burns with is deeper
Than starlight can stay:
Like one who falls stricken by arrows,
With the color departed
From all but his red wounds, so lies
Thy love, bleeding-hearted.

To the music the banded bees make him
He closeth his ear;
In the blossoms their small horns are blowing
The honey-song clear;
But as if every sting to his bosom
Its smart had imparted,
Low lies by the edge of the river,
Thy love, aching-hearted.

By the edge of the river, far wandered
From his once beloved bowers,
And the haunts of his beautiful playmates,
And the beds strewn with flowers;
Now thy name is his playmate — that only! —
And the hard rocks upstarted
From the sand make the couch where he lies,
Thy Krishna, sad-hearted.

Oh may Hari fill each soul,
As these gentle verses roll
Telling of the anguish borne
By kindred ones asunder torn!
Oh may Hari unto each
All the lore of loving teach,
All the pain and all the bliss;
Jayadeva prayeth this!

Yea, Lady! in the self-same spot he waits
Where with thy kiss thou taught'st him utmost love,
And drew him, as none else draws, with thy look;
And all day long, and all night long, his cry
Is "Radha, Radha," like a spell said o'er;

And in his heart there lives no wish nor hope
Save only this, to slake his spirit's thirst
For Radha's love on Radha's lips; and find
Peace in the immortal beauty of thy brow.

(*What follows is to the Music* GURJJARÎ *and the Mode* EKATÂLÎ.)

Mistress, sweet and bright and holy!
Meet him in that place;
Change his cheerless melancholy
Into joy and grace;
If thou hast forgiven, vex not;
If thou lovest, go;
Watching ever by the river,
Krishna listens low:

Listens low, and on his reed there
Softly sounds thy name,
Making even mute things plead there
For his hope: 'tis shame
That, while winds are welcome to him,
If from thee they blow,
Mournful ever by the river
Krishna waits thee so!

When a bird's wing stirs the roses,
When a leaf falls dead,
Twenty times he recomposes
The flower-seat he has spread:
Twenty times, with anxious glances
Seeking thee in vain,
Sighing ever by the river,
Krishna droops again.

Loosen from thy foot the bangle,
Lest its golden bell,
With a tiny, tattling jangle,
Any false tale tell:
If thou fearest that the moonlight
Will thy glad face know,
Draw those dark braids lower, Lady!
But to Krishna go.

Swift and still as lightning's splendor
Let thy beauty come,
Sudden, gracious, dazzling, tender,
To his arms — its home:

Swift as Indra's yellow lightning,
Shining through the night,
Glide to Krishna's lonely bosom,
Take him love and light.

Grant, at last, love's utmost measure,
Giving, give the whole;
Keep back nothing of the treasure
Of thy priceless soul:
Hold with both hands out unto him
Thy chalice, let him drain
The nectar of its dearest draught,
Till not a wish remain.

Only go — the stars are setting,
And thy Krishna grieves;
Doubt and anger quite forgetting,
Hasten through the leaves:
Wherefore didst thou lead him heav'nward
But for this thing's sake?
Comfort him with pity, Radha!
Or his heart must break.

But while Jayadeva writes
This rare tale of deep delights —
Jayadev, whose heart is given
Unto Hari, Lord in Heaven —
See that ye two, as ye read,
With a glad and humble heed,
Bend your brows before His face,
That ye may have bliss and grace.

And then the Maid, compassionate, sang on —

Lady, most sweet!
For thy coming feet
He listens in the wood, with love sore-tried;
Faintly sighing,
Like one a-dying,
He sends his thoughts afoot to meet his bride.

Ah, silent one!
Sunk is the sun,
The darkness falls as deep as Krishna's sorrow;
The chakor's strain
Is not more vain
Than mine, and soon gray dawn will bring white morrow.

And thine own bliss
Delays by this;
The utmost of thy heaven comes only so
When, with hearts beating
And passionate greeting,
Parting is over, and the parted grow

One — one for ever!
And the old endeavor
To be so blended is assuaged at last;
And the glad tears raining
Have nought remaining
Of doubt or 'plaining; and the dread has passed

Out of each face,
In the close embrace,
That by-and-by embracing will be over;
The ache that causes
Those mournful pauses
In bowers of earth between lover and lover:

To be no more felt,
To fade, to melt
In the strong certainty of joys immortal;

In the glad meeting,
And quick sweet greeting
Of lips that close beyond Time's shadowy portal.

And to thee is given,
Angel of Heaven!
This glory and this joy with Krishna. Go!
Let him attain,
For his long pain,
The prize it promised, — see thee coming slow.

A vision first, but then —
By glade and glen —
A lovely, loving soul, true to its home;
His Queen — his Crown — his All,
Hast'ning at last to fall
Upon his breast, and live there. Radha, come!

Come! and come thou, Lord of all,
Unto whom the Three Worlds call;
Thou, that didst in angry might,
Kansa, like a comet, smite;
Thou, that in thy passion tender,
An incarnate spell and splendor,

Hung on Radha's glorious face —
In the garb of Krishna's grace —
As above the bloom the bee,
When the honeyed revelry
Is too subtle-sweet an one
Not to hang and dally on;
Thou that art the Three Worlds' glory,
Of life the light, of every story
The meaning and the mark, of love
The root and flower, o' the sky above
The blue, of bliss the heart, of those,
The lovers, that which did impose
The gentle law, that each should be
The other's Heav'n and harmony.

(*Here ends that Sarga of the Gita Govinda entitled* SAKANDKSHAPUNDARIKAKSHO.)

SARGA THE SIXTH.

DHRISHTAVAIKUNTO.

KRISHNA MADE BOLDER.

BUT seeing that, for all her loving will,
The flower soft feet of Radha had not power
To leave their place and go, she sped again —
That maiden — and to Krishna's eager ears
Told how it fared with his sweet mistress there.

(*What follows is to the Music* GONDAKIRI *and the Mode* RUPAKA.)

Krishna! 'tis thou must come, (she sang)
Ever she waits thee in heavenly bower;
The lotus seeks not the wandering bee,
The bee must find the flower.

All the wood over her deep eyes roam,
  Marvelling sore where tarries the bee,
Who leaves such lips of nectar unsought
  As those that blossom for thee.

Her steps would fail if she tried to come,
  Would falter and fail, with yearning weak;
At the first of the road they would falter and pause,
  And the way is strange to seek.

Find her where she is sitting, then,
  With lotus-blossom on ankle and arm
Wearing thine emblems, and musing of nought
  But the meeting to be — glad, warm.

To be — "but wherefore tarrieth he?"
  "What can stay or delay him? — go!
See if the soul of Krishna comes,"
  Ten times she sayeth to me so;

Ten times lost in a languorous swoon,
  "Now he cometh — he cometh," she cries;
And a love-look lights her eyes in the gloom,
  And the darkness is sweet with her sighs.

Till, watching in vain, she sinks again
Under the shade of the whispering leaves,
With a heart too full of its love at last
To heed how her bosom heaves.

Shall not these fair verses swell
The number of the wise who dwell
In the realm of Kama's bliss?
Jayadeva prayeth this,
Jayadev, the bard of Love,
Servant of the Gods above.

For all so strong in Heaven itself
Is Love, that Radha sits drooping there,
Her beautiful bosoms panting with thought,
And the braids drawn back from her ear.

And — angel albeit — her rich lips breathe
Sighs, if sighs were ever so sweet;
And — if spirits can tremble — she trembles now
From forehead to jewelled feet.

And her voice of music sinks to a sob,
And her eyes, like eyes of a mated roe,

Are tender with looks of yielded love,
With dreams dreamed long ago;

Long — long ago, but soon to grow truth,
To end, and be waking and certain and true;
Of which dear surety murmur her lips,
As the lips of sleepers do:

And, dreaming, she loosens her girdle-pearls,
And opens her arms to the empty air,
Then starts, if a leaf of the champâk falls,
Sighing, "O leaf! is he there?"

Why dost thou linger in this dull spot,
Haunted by serpents and evil for thee?
Why not hasten to Nanda's House?
It is plain, if thine eyes could see.

May these words of high endeavor —
Full of grace and gentle favor —
Find out those whose hearts can feel
What the message did reveal,

Words that Radha's messenger
Unto Krishna took from her,
Slowly guiding him to come
Through the forest to his home,
Guiding him to find the road
Which led — though long — to Love's abode.

(*Here ends that Sarga of the Gita Govinda entitled* DHRISHTAVAIKUNTO.)

SARGA THE SEVENTH.

VIPRALABDHAVARNANE NAGARANARAYANO.

KRISHNA SUPPOSED FALSE.

MEANTIME the moon, the rolling moon, clomb high,
And over all Vrindávana it shone ;
The moon which on the front of gentle night
Gleams like the chundun-mark on beauty's brow ;
The conscious moon which hath its silver face
Marred with the shame of lighting earthly loves :

And while the round white lamp of earth rose higher,
And still he tarried, Radha, petulant,
Sang soft impatience and half-earnest fears.

(*What follows is to the Music* MÀLAVA *and the Mode* YATI.)

'Tis time ! — he comes not ! — will he come ?
Can he leave me thus to pine ?
Yami hé kam sharanam !
Ah ! what refuge then is mine ?

For his sake I sought the wood,
Threaded dark and devious ways ;
Yami hé kam sharanam !
Can it be Krishna betrays ?

Let me die then, and forget
Anguish, patience, hope, and fear ;
Yami hé kam sharanam !
Ah, why have I held him dear ?

Ah, this soft night torments me,
Thinking that his faithless arms —
Yami hé kam sharanam ! —
Clasp some shadow of my charms.

Fatal shadow — foolish mock !
When the great love shone confessed ; —
Yami hê kam sharanam !
Krishna's lotus loads my breast ;

'Tis too heavy, lacking him ;
Like a broken flower I am —
Necklets, jewels, what are ye ?
Yami hê kam sharanam !

Yami hê kam sharanam !
The sky is still, the forest sleeps ;
Krishna forgets — he loves no more ;
He fails in faith, and Radha weeps.

But the poet Jayadev —
He who is great Hari's slave,
He who finds asylum sweet
Only at great Hari's feet ;
He who for your comfort sings
All this to the Vina's strings —
Prays that Radha's tender moan
In your hearts be thought upon,

And that all her holy grace
Live there like the loved one's face.

Yet, if I wrong him (sang she) — can he fail?
Could any in the wood win back his kisses?
Could any softest lips of earth prevail
To hold him from my arms? any love-blisses

Blind him once more to mine? O Soul, my prize!
Art thou not merely hindered at this hour?
Sore-wearied, wandering, lost? how otherwise
Shouldst thou not hasten to the bridal-bower?

But seeing far away that Maiden come
Alone, with eyes cast down and lingering steps,
Again a little while she feared to hear
Of Krishna false; and her quick thoughts took shape
In a fine jealousy, with words like these —

Something then of earth has held him
From his home above,
Some one of those slight deceivers —
Ah, my foolish love!

Some new face, some winsome playmate,
With her hair untied,
And the blossoms tangled in it,
Woos him to her side.

On the dark orbs of her bosom —
Passionately heaved —
Sink and rise the warm, white pearl-strings,
Oh, my love deceived !

Fair? yes, yes ! the rippled shadow
Of that midnight hair
Shows above her brow — as clouds do
O'er the moon — most fair :

And she knows, with wilful paces,
How to make her zone
Gleam and please him ; and her ear-rings
Tinkle love ; and grown

Coy as he grows fond, she meets him
With a modest show ;
Shaming truth with truthful seeming,
While her laugh — light, low —

And her subtle mouth that murmurs,
  And her silken cheek,
And her eyes, say she dissembles
  Plain as speech could speak.

Till at length, a fatal victress,
  Of her triumph vain,
On his neck she lies and smiles there: —
  Ah, my Joy! — my Pain!

But may Radha's fond annoy,
And may Krishna's dawning joy,
Warm and waken love more fit —
Jayadeva prayeth it —
And the griefs and sins assuage
Of this blind and evil age.

O Moon! (she sang) that art so pure and pale,
  Is Krishna wan like thee with lonely waiting?
O lamp of love! art thou the lover's friend,
  And wilt not bring him, my long pain abating?
O fruitless moon! thou dost increase my pain;
O faithless Krishna! I have striven in vain.

And then, lost in her fancies sad, she moaned —

(*What follows is to the Music* GURJJARÎ *and the Mode* EKATÂLÎ.)

In vain, in vain !
Earth will of earth ! I mourn more than I blame ;
If he had known, he would not sit and paint
The tilka on her smooth black brow, nor claim
Quick kisses from her yielded lips — false, faint —
False, fragrant, fatal ! Krishna's quest is o'er
By Jumna's shore !

Vain — it was vain !
The temptress was too near, the heav'n too far ;
I can but weep because he sits and ties
Garlands of fire-flowers for her loosened hair,
And in its silken shadow veils his eyes
And buries his fond face. Yet I forgave
By Jumna's wave !

Vainly ! all vain !
Make then the most of that whereto thou'rt given,
Feign her thy Paradise — thy Love of loves ;

Say that her eyes are stars, her face the heaven,
Her bosoms the two worlds, with sandal-groves
Faint-scented, and the kiss-marks — ah, thy dream
By Jumna's stream !

It shall be vain !
And vain to string the emeralds on her arm
And hang the milky pearls upon her neck,
Saying they are not jewels, but a swarm
Of crowded, glossy bees, come there to suck
The rosebuds of her breast, the sweetest flowers
Of Jumna's bowers.

That shall be vain !
Nor wilt thou so believe thine own blind wooing,
Nor slake thy heart's thirst even with the cup
Which at the last she brims for thee, undoing
Her girdle of carved gold, and yielding up,
Love's uttermost : brief the poor gain and pride
By Jumna's tide

Because still vain
Is love that feeds on shadow ; vain, as thou dost,
To look so deep into the phantom eyes

For that which lives not there; and vain, as thou must,
To marvel why the painted pleasure flies,
When the fair, false wings seemed folded for ever
By Jumna's river.

And vain! yes, vain!
For me too is it, having so much striven,
To see this fine snare take thee, and thy soul
Which should have climbed to mine, and shared my heaven,
Spent on a lower loveliness, whose whole
Passion of love were but a parody
Of that kept here for thee.

Ahaha! vain!
For on some isle of Jumna's silver stream
He gives all that they ask to those dull eyes,
While mine which are his angel's, mine which gleam
With light that might have led him to the skies —
That almost led him — are eclipsed with tears
Wailing my fruitless prayers.

But thou, good Friend,
Hang not thy head for shame, nor come so slowly,
As one whose message is too hard to tell;

What was distant gain to him
When sweet loss stood nearest?
Love her, therefore, lulled to loss
On her fatal bosom;
Love her with such love as she
Can give back in the blossom.

Love her, O thou rash lost soul!
With thy thousand graces;
Coin rare thoughts into fair words
For her face of faces;
Praise it, fling away for it
Life's purpose in a sigh,
All for those lips like flower-leaves,
And lotus-dark deep eye.

Nay, and thou shalt be happy too
Till the fond dream is over;
And she shall taste delight to hear
The wooing of her lover;
The breeze that brings the sandal up
From distant green Malay,
Shall seem all fragrance in the night,
All coolness in the day.

The crescent moon shall seem to swim
Only that she may see
The glad eyes of my Krishna gleam,
And her soft glances he:
It shall be as a silver lamp
Set in the sky to show
The rose-leaf palms that cling and clasp,
And the breast that beats below.

The thought of parting shall not lie
Cold on their throbbing lives,
The dread of ending shall not chill
The glow beginning gives;
She in her beauty dark shall look —
As long as clouds can be —
As gracious as the rain-time cloud
Kissing the shining sea.

And he, amid his playmates old,
At least a little while,
Shall not breathe forth again the sigh
That spoils the song and smile;

Shall be left wholly to his choice,
Free for his pleasant sin,
With the golden-girdled damsels
Of the bowers I found him in.

For me, his Angel, only
The sorrow and the smart,
The pale grief sitting on the brow
The dead hope in the heart;
For me the loss of losing,
For me the ache and dearth;
My king crowned with the wood-flowers!
My fairest upon earth!

Hari, Lord and King of love!
From thy throne of light above
Stoop to help us, deign to take
Our spirits to thee for the sake
Of this song, which speaks the fears
Of all who weep with Radha's tears.

But love is strong to pardon, slow to part,
And still the Lady, in her fancies, sang —

Wind of the Indian stream!
A little — oh! a little — breathe once more
The fragrance like his mouth's! blow from thy shore
A last word as he fades into a dream;

Bodiless Lord of love!
Show him once more to me a minute's space,
My Krishna, with the love-look in his face,
And then I come to my own place above;

I will depart and give
All back to Fate and her: I will submit
To thy stern will, and bow myself to it,
Enduring still, though desolate, to live:

If it indeed be life,
Even so resigning, to sit patience-mad,
To feel the zephyrs burn, the sunlight sad,
The peace of holy heaven, a restless strife.

Haho! what words are these?
How can I live and lose him? how not go
Whither love draws me for a soul loved so?
How yet endure such sorrow? — or how cease?

Wind of the Indian wave !
If that thou canst, blow poison here, not nard ;
God of the five shafts ! shoot thy sharpest hard,
And kill me, Radha, — Radha who forgave !

Or, bitter River,
Yamûn ! be Yama's sister ! be Death's kin !
Swell thy wave up to me and gulf me in,
Cooling this cruel, burning pain for ever.

Ah ! if only visions stir
Grief so passionate in her,
What divine grief will not take,
Spirits in heaven for the sake
Of those who miss love ? Oh, be wise !
Mark this story of the skies ;
Meditate Govinda ever,
Sitting by the sacred river,
The mystic stream, which o'er his feet
Glides slow, with murmurs low and sweet,
Till none can tell whether those be
Blue lotus-blooms, seen veiledly
Under the wave, or mirrored gems
Reflected from the diadems

Bound on the brows of mighty Gods,
Who lean from out their pure abodes,
And leave their bright felicities
To guide great Krishna to his skies.

(*Here ends that Sarga of the Gita Govinda entitled* VIPRALABDHAVARNANE NAGARANARAYANO.)

SARGA THE EIGHTH.

KHANDITAVARNANE VILAKSHALAKSHMIPATI.

THE REBUKING OF KRISHNA.

For when the weary night had worn away
In these vain fears, and the clear morning broke,
Lo, Krishna! lo, the longed-for of her soul
Came too! — in the glad light he came, and bent
His knees, and clasped his hands; on his dumb lips
Fear, wonder, joy, passion, and reverence
Strove for the trembling words, and Radha knew
Joy won for him and her; yet none the less
A little time she chided him, and sang,

(*What follows is to the Music* BHAIRAVÎ *and the Mode* YATI.)

Krishna ! — then thou hast found me ! — and thine eyes
Heavy and sad and stained, as if with weeping !
Ah ! is it not that those which were thy prize
So radiant seemed that all night thou wert keeping
Vigils of tender wooing? — have thy Love !
Here is no place for vows broken in making ;
Thou Lotus-eyed ! thou soul for whom I strove !
Go ! ere I listen, my just mind forsaking.

Krishna ! my Krishna with the woodland-wreath !
Return, or I shall soften as I blame ;
The while thy very lips are dark to the teeth
With dye that from her lids and lashes came,
Left on the mouth I touched. Fair traitor ! go !
Say not they darkened, lacking food and sleep
Long waiting for my face ; I turn it — so —
Go ! ere I half believe thee, pleading deep ;

But wilt thou plead, when, like a love-verse printed
On the smooth polish of an emerald,

I see the marks she stamped, the kisses dinted
  Large-lettered, by her lips? thy speech withheld
Speaks all too plainly; go, — abide thy choice!
  If thou dost stay, I shall more greatly grieve thee;
Not records of her victory? — peace, dear voice!
  Hence with that godlike brow, lest I believe thee.

For dar'st thou feign the saffron on thy bosom
  Was not implanted in disloyal embrace?
Or that this many-colored love-tree blossom
  Shone not, but yesternight, above her face?
Comest thou here, so late, to be forgiven,
  O thou, in whose eyes Truth was made to live?
O thou, so worthy else of grace and heaven?
  O thou, so nearly won? Ere I forgive,

Go, Krishna! go! — lest I should think, unwise,
  Thy heart not false, as thy long lingering seems,
Lest, seeing myself so imaged in thine eyes,
  I shame the name of Pity — turn to dreams
The sacred sound of vows; make Virtue grudge
  Her praise to Mercy, calling thy sin slight;

Go therefore, dear offender! go! thy Judge
Had best not see thee to give sentence right.*

But may he grant us peace at last and bliss
Who heard,—and smiled to hear,—delays like this,
Delays that dallied with a dream come true,
Fond wilful angers; for the maid laughed too
To see, as Radha ended, her hand take
His dark robe for her veil, and Krishna make
The word she spoke for parting kindliest sign
He should not go, but stay. O grace divine,
Be ours too! Jayadev, the Poet of love,
Prays it from Hari, lordliest above.

(*Here ends that Sarga of the Gita Govinda entitled* KHANDITAVARNANE VILAKSHALAKSHMIPATI.)

* The text here is not closely followed.

SARGA THE NINTH.

KALAHANTARITAVARNANE MUGDHAMUKUNDO.

THE END OF KRISHNA'S TRIAL.

YET not quite did the doubts of Radha die,
Nor her sweet brows unbend; but she, the Maid —
Knowing her heart so tender, her soft arms
Aching to take him in, her rich mouth sad
For the comfort of his kiss, and these fears false —
Spake yet a little in fair words like these,

(*What follows is to the Music* GURJJARÎ *and the Mode* YATI.)

The lesson that thy faithful love has taught him
He has heard;
The wind of spring, obeying thee, hath brought him
At thy word;

What joy in all the three worlds was so precious
To thy mind?
*Má kooroo mánini mánamayè,**
Ah, be kind!

No longer from his earnest eyes conceal
Thy delights;
Lift thy face, and let the jealous veil reveal
All his rights;
The glory of thy beauty was but given
For content;
Má kooroo mánini mánamayè,
Oh, relent!

Remember, being distant, how he bore thee
In his heart;
Look on him sadly turning from before thee
To depart;
Is he not the soul thou lovedst, sitting lonely
In the wood?
Má kooroo mánini mánamayè,
'Tis not good!

* My proud one! do not indulge in scorn.

He who grants thee high delight in bridal-bower
Pardons long;
What the gods do love may do at such an hour
Without wrong;
Why weepest thou? why keepest thou in anger
Thy lashes down?
Mâ kooroo mânini mânamayè,
Do not frown!

Lift thine eyes now, and look on him, bestowing,
Without speech;
Let him pluck at last the flower so sweetly growing
In his reach;
The fruit of lips, of loving tones, of glances
That forgive;
Mâ kooroo mânini mânamayè,
Let him live!

Let him speak with thee, and pray to thee, and prove thee
All his truth;
Let his silent loving lamentation move thee
Asking ruth;

How knowest thou? Ah, listen, dearest Lady,
He is there;
Mâ kooroo mânini mânamayè,
Thou must hear!

O rare voice, which is a spell
Unto all on earth who dwell!
O rich voice of rapturous love,
Making melody above!
Krishna's, Hari's — one in two,
Sound these mortal verses through!
Sound like that soft flute which made
Such a magic in the shade —
Calling deer-eyed maidens nigh,
Waking wish and stirring sigh,
Thrilling blood and melting breasts,
Whispering love's divine unrests,
Winning blessings to descend,
Bringing earthly ills to end;—
Be thou heard in this song now
Thou, the great Enchantment, thou!

(*Here ends that Sarga of the Gita Govinda entitled* KALAHANTARITAVARNANE MUGDHAMUKUNDO.)

SARGA THE TENTH.

MANINIVARNANE CHATURACHATURBHUJO.

KRISHNA IN PARADISE.

BUT she, abasing still her glorious eyes,
And still not yielding all her face to him,
Relented, till with softer upturned look
She smiled, while the Maid pleaded; so thereat
Came Krishna nearer, and his eager lips
Mixed sighs with words in this fond song he sang,

(*What follows is to the Music* DESHÎYAVARÀDÎ *and the Mode* ASHTATÂLÎ.)

O angel of my hope! O my heart's home!
My fear is lost in love, my love in fear;

This bids me trust my burning wish, and come,
That checks me with its memories, drawing near:
Lift up thy look, and let the thing it saith
End fear with grace, or darken love to death.

Or only speak once more, for though thou slay me,
Thy heavenly mouth must move, and I shall hear
Dulcet delights of perfect music sway me
Again — again that voice so blest and dear;
Sweet Judge! the prisoner prayeth for his doom
That he may hear his fate divinely come.

Speak once more! then thou canst not choose but show
Thy mouth's unparalleled and honeyed wonder
Where, like pearls hid in red-lipped shells, the row
Of pearly teeth thy rose-red lips lie under;
Ah me! I am that bird that woos the moon,
And pipes — poor fool! to make it glitter soon.

Yet hear me on — because I cannot stay
The passion of my soul, because my gladness
Will pour forth from my heart, — since that far day
When through the mist of all my sin and sadness

Thou didst vouchsafe — Surpassing One ! — to break,
All else I slighted for thy noblest sake.

Thou, thou hast been my blood, my breath, my being ;
  The pearl to plunge for in the sea of life ;
The sight to strain for, past the bounds of seeing ;
  The victory to win through longest strife ;
My Queen ! my crownèd Mistress ! my sphered bride !
Take this for truth, that what I say beside

Of bold love — grown full-orbed at sight of thee —
  May be forgiven with a quick remission ;
For, thou divine fulfilment of all hope !
  Thou all-undreamed completion of the vision !
I gaze upon thy beauty, and my fear
Passes as clouds do, when the moon shines clear.

So if thou'rt angry still, this shall avail,
  Look straight at me, and let thy bright glance wound
    me ;
Fetter me ! gyve me ! lock me in the gaol
  Of thy delicious arms ; make fast around me
The silk-soft manacles of wrists and hands,
Then kill me ! I shall never break those bands.

The starlight jewels flashing on thy breast
Have not my right to hear thy beating heart;
The happy jasmine-buds that clasp thy waist
Are soft usurpers of my place and part;
If that fair girdle only there must shine,
Give me the girdle's life — the girdle mine!

Thy brow like smooth Bandhûka-leaves; thy cheek
Which the dark-tinted Madhuk's velvet shows;
Thy long-lashed Lotus eyes, lustrous and meek;
Thy nose a Tila-bud; thy teeth like rows
Of Kunda-petals! he who pierceth hearts
Points with thy lovelinesses all five darts.

But Radiant, Perfect, Sweet, Supreme, forgive!
My heart is wise — my tongue is foolish still:
I know where I am come — I know I live —
I know that thou art Radha — that this will
Last and be heaven: that I have leave to rise
Up from thy feet, and look into thine eyes!

And, nearer coming, I ask for grace
Now that the blest eyes turn to mine;

Faithful I stand in this sacred place
Since first I saw them shine:
Dearest glory that stills my voice,
Beauty unseen, unknown, unthought!
Splendor of love, in whose sweet light
Darkness is past and nought;
Ah, beyond words that sound on earth,
Golden bloom of the garden of heaven!
Radha, enchantress! Radha, the queen!
Be this trespass forgiven —
In that I dare, with courage too much
And a heart afraid, — so bold it is grown —
To hold thy hand with a bridegroom's touch,
And take thee for mine, mine own.*

So they met and so they ended
Pain and parting, being blended
Life with life — made one for ever
In high love; and Jayadeva
Hasteneth on to close the story
Of their bridal grace and glory.

(*Here ends that Sarga of the Gita Govinda entitled* MANINIVARNANE CHATURACHATURBHUJO.)

* Much here also is necessarily paraphrased.

SARGA THE ELEVENTH.

RADHIKAMILANE SANANDADAMODARO.

THE UNION OF RADHA AND KRISHNA.

Thus followed soft and lasting peace, and griefs
Died while she listened to his tender tongue,
Her eyes of antelope alight with love;
And while he led the way to the bride-bower
The maidens of her train adorned her fair
With golden marriage-cloths, and sang this song.

(*What follows is to the Music* Vasanta *and the Mode* Yati.)

Follow, happy Radha! follow,—
In the quiet falling twilight—

The steps of him who followed thee
So steadfastly and far;
Let us bring thee where the Banjulas
Have spread a roof of crimson,
Lit up by many a marriage-lamp
Of planet, sun, and star:
For the hours of doubt are over,
And thy glad and faithful lover
Hath found the road by tears and prayers
To thy divinest side;
And thou wilt not now deny him
One delight of all thy beauty,
But yield up open-hearted
His pearl, his prize, his bride.

Oh, follow! while we fill the air
With songs and softest music;
Lauding thy wedded loveliness,
Dear Mistress past compare!
For there is not any splendor
Of Apsarasas immortal —
No glory of their beauty rich —
But Radha has a share;

Oh, follow! while we sing the song
That fills the worlds with longing,
The music of the Lord of love
Who melts all hearts with bliss;
For now is born the gladness
That springs from mortal sadness,
And all soft thoughts and things and hopes
Were presages of this.

Then, follow, happiest Lady!
Follow him thou lovest wholly;
The hour is come to follow now
The soul thy spells have led;
His are thy breasts like jasper-cups,
And his thine eyes like planets;
Thy fragrant hair, thy stately neck,
Thy queenly sumptuous head;
Thy soft small feet, thy perfect lips,
Thy teeth like jasmine petals,
Thy gleaming rounded shoulders,
And long caressing arms,
Being thine to give, are his; and his
The twin strings of thy girdle,

And his the priceless treasure
Of thine utter-sweetest charms.

So follow! while the flowers break forth
In white and amber clusters,
At the breath of thy pure presence,
And the radiance on thy brow;
Oh, follow where the Asokas wave
Their sprays of gold and purple,
As if to beckon thee the way
That Krishna passed but now;
He is gone a little forward!
Though thy steps are faint for pleasure,
Let him hear the tattling ripple
Of the bangles round thy feet;
Moving slowly o'er the blossoms
On the path which he has shown thee,
That when he turns to listen
It may make his fond heart beat.

And loose thy jewelled girdle
A little, that its rubies
May tinkle softest music too,
And whisper thou art near;

Though now, if in the forest
Thou should'st bend one blade of Kusha
With silken touch of passing foot,
His heart would know and hear;
Would hear the wood-buds saying,
"It is Radha's foot that passes;"
Would hear the wind sigh love-sick,
"It is Radha's fragrance, this;"
Would hear thine own heart beating
Within thy panting bosom,
And know thee coming, coming,
His — ever, — ever — his!

"*Mine!*" — hark! we are near enough for hearing —
"*Soon she will come — she will smile — she will say*
Honey-sweet words of heavenly endearing;
O soul! listen; my Bride is on her way!"

Hear'st him not, my Radha?
Lo, night bendeth o'er thee —
Darker than dark Tamâla-leaves —
To list thy marriage-song;
Dark as the touchstone that tries gold,
And see now — on before thee —

Those lines of tender light that creep
The clouded sky along:
O night! that trieth gold of love,
This love is proven perfect!
O lines that streak the touchstone sky,
Flash forth true shining gold!
O rose-leaf feet, go boldly!
O night! — that lovest lovers —
Thy softest robe of silence
About these bridals fold!

See'st thou not, my Radha?
Lo, the night, thy bridesmaid,
Comes! — her eyes thick-painted
With soorma of the gloom —
The night that binds the planet-worlds
For jewels on her forehead,
And for emblem and for garland
Loves the blue-black lotus-bloom;
The night that scents her breath so sweet
With cool and musky odors,
That joys to spread her veil of shade
Over the limbs of love;

And when, with loving weary,
Yet dreaming love, they slumber,
Sets the far stars for silver lamps
To light them from above.

So came she where he stood, awaiting her
At the bower's entry, like a god to see,
With marriage-gladness and the grace of heaven.
The great pearl set upon his glorious head
Shone like a moon among the leaves, and shone
Like stars the gems that kept her gold gown close:
But still a little while she paused — abashed
At her delight, of her deep joy afraid —
And they that tended her sang once more this,

(*What follows is to the Music* VARÂDI *and the Mode* RUPAKA.)

Enter, thrice-happy! enter, thrice-desired!
And let the gates of Hari shut thee in
With the soul destined to thee from of old.

Tremble not! lay thy lovely shame aside;
Lay it aside with thine unfastened zone,
And love him with the love that knows not fear;

Because it fears not change; enter thou in,
Flower of all sweet and stainless womanhood!
For ever to grow bright, for ever new;

Enter beneath the flowers, O flower-fair!
Beneath these tendrils, Loveliest! that entwine
And clasp, and wreathe and cling, with kissing stems;

Enter, with tender-blowing airs of heaven
Soft as love's breath and gentle as the tones
Of lover's whispers, when the lips come close:

Enter the house of Love, O loveliest!
Enter the marriage-bower, most beautiful!
And take and give the joy that Hari grants.

Thy heart has entered, let thy feet go too!
Lo, Krishna! lo, the one that thirsts for thee!
Give him the drink of amrit from thy lips.

Then she, no more delaying, entered straight;
Her step a little faltered, but her face
Shone with unutterable quick love; and — while

The music of her bangles passed the porch —
Shame, which had lingered in her downcast eyes,
Departed shamed* . . . and like the mighty deep,
Which sees the moon and rises, all his life
Uprose to drink her beams.

(*Here ends that Sarga of the Gita Govinda entitled* RADHIKAMILANE SANANDADAMODARO.)

Hari keep you! He whose might,
On the King of Serpents seated,
Flashes forth in dazzling light
From the Great Snake's gems repeated:
Hari keep you! He whose graces,
Manifold in majesty, —
Multiplied in heavenly places —
Multiply on earth — to see

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* This complete anticipation (*salajjâ lajjâpi*) of the line —

"Upon whose brow shame is ashamed to sit"

— occurs at the close of the Sarga, part of which is here perforce omitted, along with the whole of the last one.

Better with a hundred eyes
Her bright charms who by him lies.

What skill may be in singing,
What worship sound in song,
What lore be taught in loving,
What right divined from wrong:
Such things hath Jayadeva —
In this his Hymn of Love,
Which lauds Govinda ever, —
Displayed; may all approve!

THE END OF THE INDIAN SONG OF SONGS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE RAJPOOT WIFE.

SING something, Jymul Rao! for the goats are gathered now,
And no more water is to bring;
The village-gates are set, and the night is gray as yet,
God hath given wondrous fancies to thee: — sing!

Then Jymul's supple fingers, with a touch that doubts and lingers,
Sets athrill the saddest wire of all the six;
And the girls sit in a tangle, and hush the tinkling bangle,
While the boys pile the flame with store of sticks.

And vain of village praise, but full of ancient days,
He begins with a smile and with a sigh —
"Who knows the babul-tree by the bend of the Ravee?"
Quoth Gunesh, "I!" and twenty voices, "I!"

"Well — listen! there below, in the shade of bloom and bough,
Is a musjid of carved and colored stone;
And Abdool Shureef Khan — I spit, to name that man! —
Lieth there, underneath, all alone.

"He was Sultan Mahmood's vassal, and wore an Amir's tassel
In his green hadj-turban, at Nungul.
Yet the head which went so proud, it is not in his shroud;
There are bones in that grave, — but not a skull!

"And, deep drove in his breast, there moulders with the rest
A dagger, brighter once than Chundra's ray;
A Rajpoot lohar whet it, and a Rajpoot woman set it
Past the power of any hand to tear away.

"'Twas the Ranee Neila true, the wife of Soorj Dehu,
Lord of the Rajpoots of Nourpoor;
You shall hear the mournful story, with its sorrow and its glory,
And curse Shureef Khan, — the soor!"

All in the wide Five-Waters was none like Soorj Dehu,
To foeman who so dreadful, to friend what heart so true?

Like Indus, through the mountains came down the Muslim ranks,
And town-walls fell before them as flooded river-banks;

But Soorj Dehu the Rajpoot owned neither town nor wall;
His house the camp, his roof-tree the sky that covers all;

His seat of state the saddle; his robe a shirt of mail;
His court a thousand Rajpoots close at his stallion's tail.

Not less was Soorj a Rajah because no crown he wore
Save the grim helm of iron with sword-marks dinted o'er;

Because he grasped no sceptre save the sharp tulwar, made
Of steel that fell from heaven, — for 'twas Indra forged that blade!

And many a starless midnight the shout of "Soorj Dehu"
Broke up with spear and matchlock the Muslim's "Illahu."

And many a day of battle upon the Muslim proud
Fell Soorj, as Indra's lightning falls from the silent cloud.

Nor ever shot nor arrow, nor spear nor slinger's stone,
Could pierce the mail that Neila the Ranee buckled on:

But traitor's subtle tongue-thrust through fence of steel
can break;
And Soorj was taken sleeping, whom none had ta'en
awake.

Then at the noon, in durbar, swore fiercely Shureef Khan
That Soorj should die in torment, or live a Mussulman.

But Soorj laughed lightly at him, and answered, "Work
your will!
The last breath of my body shall curse your Prophet still."

With words of insult shameful, and deeds of cruel kind,
They vexed that Rajpoot's body, but never moved his
mind.

And one is come who sayeth, "Ho! Rajpoots! Soorj is bound;
Your lord is caged and baited by Shureef Khan, the hound.

"The Khan hath caught and chained him, like a beast, in iron cage,
And all the camp of Islam spends on him spite and rage;

"All day the coward Muslims spend on him rage and spite;
If ye have thought to help him, 'twere good ye go to-night."

Up sprang a hundred horsemen, flashed in each hand a sword;
In each heart burned the gladness of dying for their lord;

Up rose each Rajpoot rider, and buckled on with speed
The bridle-chain and breast-cord, and the saddle of his steed.

But unto none sad Neila gave word to mount and ride ;
Only she called the brothers of Soorj unto her side,

And said, "Take order straightway to seek this camp with me ;
If love and craft can conquer, a thousand is as three.

"If love be weak to save him, Soorj dies — and ye return,
For where a Rajpoot dieth, the Rajpoot widows burn."

Thereat the Ranee Neila unbraided from her hair
The pearls as great as Kashmir grapes Soorj gave his wife to wear,

And all across her bosoms — like lotus-buds to see —
She wrapped the tinselled sari of a dancing Kunchenee ;

And fastened on her ankles the hundred silver bells,
To whose light laugh of music the Nautch-girl darts and dwells.

And all in dress a Nautch-girl, but all in heart a queen,
She set her foot to stirrup with a sad and settled mien.

Only one thing she carried no Kunchenee should bear,
The knife between her bosoms; — ho, Shureef! have a care!

Thereat, with running ditty of mingled pride and pity,
Jymul Rao makes the six wires sigh;
And the girls with tearful eyes note the music's fall and rise,
And the boys let the fire fade and die.

All day lay Soorj the Rajpoot in Shureef's iron cage,
All day the coward Muslims spent on him spite and rage.

With bitter cruel torments, and deeds of shameful kind,
They racked and broke his body, but could not shake his mind.

And only at the Azan, when all their worst was vain,
They left him, like dogs slinking from a lion in his pain.

No meat nor drink they gave him through all that burning day,
And done to death, but scornful, at twilight-time he lay.

So when the gem of Shiva uprose, the shining moon,
Soorj spake unto his spirit, "The end is coming soon.

"I would the end might hasten, could Neila only know —
What is that Nautch-girl singing with voice so known and low?

"Singing beneath the cage-bars the song of love and fear
My Neila sang at parting! — what doth that Nautch-girl here?

"Whence comes she by the music of Neila's tender strain,
She, in that shameless tinsel? — O, Nautch-girl, sing again!"

"Ah, Soorj!" — so followed answer — "here thine own Neila stands,
Faithful in life and death alike, — look up, and take my hands:

"Speak low, lest the guard hear us; — to-night, if thou must die,
Shureef shall have no triumph, but bear thee company."

So sang she like the Koïl that dies beside its mate;
With eye as black and fearless, and love as hot and great.

Then the Chief laid his pale lips upon the little palm,
And sank down with a smile of love, his face all glad and calm;

And through the cage-bars Neila felt the brave heart stop fast,
"O Soorj!" — she cried — "I follow! have patience to the last."

She turned and went. "Who passes?" challenged the Mussulman;
"A Nautch-girl, I." — "What seek'st thou?" — "The presence of the Khan;

"Ask if the high chief-captain be pleased to hear me sing;"
And Shureef, full of feasting, the Kunchenee bade bring.

Then all before the Muslims, aflame with lawless wine,
Entered the Ranee Neila, in grace and face divine;

And all before the Muslims, wagging their goatish chins,
The Rajpoot Princess set her to the "bee-dance" that
begins,

"*If my love loved me, he should be a bee,*
I the yellow champak, love the honey of me."

All the wreathëd movements danced she of that dance;
Not a step she slighted, not a wanton glance;

In her unveiled bosom chased th' intruding bee,
To her waist — and lower — she! a Rajpoot, she!

Sang the melting music, swayed the languorous limb:
Shureef's drunken heart beat — Shureef's eyes waxed dim.

From his finger Shureef loosed an Ormuz pearl —
"By the Prophet," quoth he, "'tis a winsome girl!

"Take this ring; and 'prithee, come and have thy pay,
I would hear at leisure more of such a lay."

Glared his eyes on her eyes, passing o'er the plain,
Glared at the tent-purdah — never glared again!

Never opened after unto gaze or glance,
Eyes that saw a Rajpoot dance a shameful dance;

For the kiss she gave him was his first and last —
Kiss of dagger, driven to his heart, and past.

At her feet he wallowed, choked with wicked blood;
In his breast the katar quivered where it stood.

At the hilt his fingers vainly — wildly — try,
Then they stiffen feeble; — die! thou slayer, die!

From his jewelled scabbard drew she Shureef's sword,
Cut atwain the neck-bone of the Muslim lord.

Underneath the starlight, sooth, a sight of dread!
Like the Goddess Kali, comes she with the head,

Comes to where her brothers guard their murdered chief;
All the camp is silent, but the night is brief.

At his feet she flings it, flings her burden vile;
"Soorj! I keep my promise! Brothers, build the pile!"

They have built it, set it, all as Rajpoots do,
From the cage of iron taken Soorj Dehu;

In the lap of Neila, seated on the pile,
Laid his head — she radiant, like a queen the while.

Then the lamp is lighted, and the ghee is poured —
"Soorj, we burn together: O my love, my lord!"

In the flame and crackle dies her tender tongue,
Dies the Ranee, truest, all true wives among.

At the morn a clamor runs from tent to tent,
Like the wild geese cackling when the night is spent.

"Shureef Khan lies headless! gone is Soorj Dehu!
And the wandering Nautch-girl, who has seen her, who?

This but know the sentries, at the "breath of dawn"
Forth there fared two horsemen, by the first was borne

The urn of clay, the vessel that Rajpoots use to bring
The ashes of dead kinsmen to Gungas' holy spring.

KING SALADIN.

LONG years ago — so tells Boccaccio
In such Italian gentleness of speech
As finds no echo in this northern air
To counterpart its music — long ago,
When Saladin was Soldan of the East,
The kings let cry a general crusade;
And to the trysting-plains of Lombardy
The idle lances of the North and West
Rode all that spring, as all the spring runs down
Into a lake, from all its hanging hills,
The clash and glitter of a hundred streams.
Whereof the rumor reached to Saladin,
And that swart king — as royal in his heart
As any crownèd champion of the Cross —
That he might fully, of his knowledge, learn
The purpose of the lords of Christendom,

And when their war and what their armament,
Took thought to cross the seas to Lombardy.
Wherefore, with wise and trustful Amirs twain,
All habited in garbs that merchants use,
With trader's band and gipsire on the breast
That best loved mail and dagger, Saladin
Set forth upon his journey perilous.
In that day, lordly land was Lombardy!
A sea of country-plenty, islanded
With cities rich; nor richer one than thee,
Marble Milano! from whose gate at dawn —
With ear that little recked the matin-bell,
But a keen eye to measure wall and foss —
The Soldan rode; and all day long he rode
For Pavia; passing basilic, and shrine,
And gaze of vineyard-workers, wotting not
Yon trader was the Lord of Heathenesse.
All day he rode; yet at the wane of day
No gleam of gate, or ramp, or rising spire,
Nor Tessin's sparkle underneath the stars
Promised him Pavia; but he was 'ware
Of a gay company upon the way,
Ladies and lords, with horses, hawks, and hounds;

Cap-plumes and tresses fluttered by the wind
Of merry race for home. "Go!" said the king
To one that rode upon his better hand,
"And pray these gentles of their courtesy
How many leagues to Pavia, and the gates
What hour they close them?" Then the Saracen
Set spur, and being joined to him that seemed
First of the hunt, he told the message — they
Checking the jangling bits, and chiding down
The unfinished laugh to listen — but by this
Came up the king, his bonnet in his hand,
Theirs doffed to him: "Sir Trader," Torel said
(Messer Torello 'twas, of Istria),
"They shut the Pavian gate at even-song,
And even-song is sung." Then turning half,
Muttered, "Pardie, the man is worshipful,
A stranger too!" "Fair lord!" quoth Saladin,
"Please you to stead some weary travellers,
Saying where we may lodge, the town so far
And night so near." "Of my heart, willingly,"
Made answer Torel, "I did think but now
To send my knave an errand — he shall ride
And bring you unto lodgment — oh! no thanks,

Our Lady keep you!" then with whispered hest
He called their guide and sped them. Being gone,
Torello told his purpose, and the band,
With ready zeal and loosened bridle-chains,
Rode for his hunting-palace, where they set
A goodly banquet underneath the planes,
And hung the house with guest-lights, and anon
Welcomed the wondering strangers, thereto led
Unwitting, by a world of winding paths;
Messer Torello, at the inner gate,
Waiting to take them in — a goodly host,
Stamped current with God's image for a man
Chief among men, truthful, and just, and free.
Then he, "Well met again, fair sirs! Our knave
Hath found you shelter better than the worst:
Please you to leave your selles, and being bathed,
Grace our poor supper here." Then Saladin,
Whose sword had yielded ere his courtesy,
Answered, "Great thanks, Sir Knight, and this much blame,
You spoil us for our trade! two bonnets doffed,
And travellers' questions holding you afield,
For those you give us this." "Sir! not your meed,

Nor worthy of your breeding; but in sooth
That is not out of Pavia." Thereupon
He led them to fair chambers decked with all
Makes tired men glad; lights, and the marble bath,
And flasks that sparkled, liquid amethyst,
And grapes, not dry as yet from evening dew.
Thereafter at the supper-board they sat;
Nor lacked it, though its guest was reared a king,
Worthy provend in crafts of cookery,
Pastel, pasticcio — all set forth on gold;
And gracious talk and pleasant courtesies,
Spoken in stately Latin, cheated time
Till there was none but held the stranger-sir,
For all his chapman's dress of cramasie,
Goodlier than silks could make him. Presently
Talk rose upon the Holy Sepulchre:
"I go myself," said Torel, "with a score
Of better knights — the flower of Pavia —
To try our steel against King Saladin's.
Sirs! ye have seen the countries of the Sun,
Know you the Soldan?" Answer gave the king,
"The Soldan we have seen — 'twill push him hard
If, which I nothing doubt, you Pavian lords

Are valorous as gentle ; — we, alas !
Are Cyprus merchants making trade to France —
Dull sons of Peace." "By Mary ! " Torel cried,
"But for thy word, I ne'er heard speech so fit
To lead the war, nor saw a hand that sat
Liker a soldier's in the sabre's place ;
But sure I hold you sleepless ! " Then himself
Playing the chamberlain, with torches borne,
Led them to restful beds, commending them
To sleep and God, who hears — Allah or God —
When good men do his creatures charities.

At dawn the cock, and neigh of saddled steeds,
Broke the king's dreams of battle — not their own,
But goodly jennets from Torello's stalls,
Caparisoned to bear them ; he their host
Up, with a gracious radiance like the sun,
To bid them speed. Beside him in the court
Stood Dame Adalieta ; comely she,
And of her port as stately, and serene
As if the braided gold about her brows
Had been a crown. Mutual good-morrow given,
Thanks said and stayed, the lady prayed her guest
To take a token of his sojourn there,

Marking her good-will, not his worthiness;
"A gown of miniver — these furbelows
Are silk I spun — my lord wears ever such —
A housewife's gift! but those ye love are far;
Wear it as given for them." Then Saladin —
"A queenly gift, Madonna, past my thanks;
And — but thou shalt not hear a 'no' from me —
Past my receiving; yet I take it; we
Were debtors to your noble courtesy
Out of redemption — this but bankrupts us."
"Nay, sir, — God shield you!" said the knight and dame.
And Saladin, with phrase of gentilesse
Returned, or ever that he rode alone,
Swore a great oath in guttural Arabic,
An oath by Allah — startling up the ears
Of those three Christian cattle they bestrode —
That never yet was nobler-natured man,
Nor gentler lady; — and that time should see
For a king's lodging quittance royal repaid.

It was the day of the Passaggio:
Ashore the war-steeds champed the burnished bit;

Afloat the galleys tugged the mooring-chain:
The town was out; the Lombard armorers —
Red-hot with riveting the helmets up,
And whetting axes for the heathen heads —
Cooled in the crowd that filled the squares and streets
To speed God's soldiers. At the none that day
Messer Torello to the gate came down,
Leading his lady; — sorrow's hueless rose
Grew on her cheek, and thrice the destrier
Struck fire, impatient, from the pavement-squares,
Or ere she spoke, tears in her lifted eyes,
"Goest thou, lord of mine?" "Madonna, yes!"
Said Torel, "for my soul's weal and the Lord
Ride I to-day: my good name and my house
Reliant I intrust thee, and — because
It may be they shall slay me, and because,
Being so young, so fair, and so reputed,
The noblest will entreat thee — wait for me,
Widow or wife, a year, and month, and day;
Then if thy kinsmen press thee to a choice,
And if I be not come, hold me for dead;
Nor link thy blooming beauty with the grave
Against thine heart." "Good my lord!" answered she,

" Hardly my heart sustains to let thee go ;
Thy memory it can keep, and keep it will,
Though my one lord, Torel of Istria,
Live, or ——" "Sweet, comfort thee ! San Pietro speed !
I shall come home : if not, and worthy knees
Bend for this hand, whereof none worthy lives,
Least he who lays his last kiss thus upon it,
Look thee, I free it ——" "Nay !" she said, "but I,
A petulant slave that hugs her golden chain,
Give that gift back, and with it this poor ring :
Set it upon thy sword-hand, and in fight
Be merciful and win, thinking of me."
Then she, with pretty action, drawing on
Her ruby, buckled over it his glove —
The great steel glove — and through the helmet bars
Took her last kiss ; — then let the chafing steed
Have its hot will and go.
But Saladin,
Safe back among his lords at Lebanon,
Well wotting of their quest, awaited it,
And held the Crescent up against the Cross.
In many a doughty fight Ferrara blades

Clashed with keen Damasc, many a weary month
Wasted afield; but yet the Christians
Won nothing nearer to Christ's sepulchre;
Nay, but gave ground. At last, in Acre pent,
On their loose files, enfeebled by the war,
Came stronger smiter than the Saracen —
The deadly Pest: day after day they died,
Pikeman and knight-at-arms; day after day
A thinner line upon the leaguered wall
Held off the heathen: — held them off a space;
Then, over-weakened, yielded, and gave up
The city and the stricken garrison.
So to sad chains and hateful servitude
Fell all those purple lords — Christendom's stars,
Once high in hope as soaring Lucifer,
Now low as sinking Hesper: with them fell
Messer Torello — never one so poor
Of all the hundreds that his bounty fed
As he in prison — ill-entreated, bound,
Starved of sweet light, and set to shameful tasks;
And that great load at heart to know the days
Fast flying, and to live accounted dead.
One joy his gaolers left him, — his good hawk;

The brave, gay bird that crossed the seas with him:
And often, in the mindful hour of eve,
With tameless eye and spirit masterful,
In a feigned anger checking at his hand,
The good gray falcon made his master cheer.

One day it chanced Saladin rode afield
With shawled and turbaned Amirs, and his hawks —
Lebanon-bred, and mewed as princes lodge —
Flew foul, forgot their feather, hung at wrist,
And slighted call. The Soldan, quick in wrath,
Bade slay the cravens, scourge the falconer,
And seek some wight who knew the heart of hawks,
To keep it hot and true. Then spake a Sheikh —
"There is a Frank in prison by the sea,
Far-seen herein." "Give word that he be brought,"
Quoth Saladin, "and bid him set a cast:
If he hath skill, it shall go well for him."

Thus by the winding path of circumstance
One palace held, as prisoner and prince,
Torello and his guest: unwitting each,
Nay and unwitting, though they met and spake

Of that goshawk and this — signors in serge,
And chapmen crowned, who knows? — till on a time
Some trick of face, the manner of some smile,
Some gleam of sunset from the glad day gone,
Caught the king's eye, and held it. "Nazarene!
What native art thou?" asked he. "Lombard I,
A man of Pavia." "And thy name?" "Torel,
Messer Torello called in happier times,
Now best uncalled." "Come hither, Christian!"
The Soldan said, and led the way, by court
And hall and fountain, to an inner room
Rich with king's robes: therefrom he reached a gown
And "Know'st thou this?" he asked. "High lord! might
Elsewhere," quoth Torel, "here 'twere mad to say
Yon gown my wife unto a trader gave
That shared our board." "Nay, but that gown is this
And she the giver, and the trader I,"
Quoth Saladin; "I! twice a king to-day,
Owing a royal debt and paying it."
Then Torel, sore amazed, "Great lord, I blush,
Remembering how the Master of the East
Lodged sorrily." "It's Master's Master thou!"

Gave answer Saladin, "come in and see
What wares the Cyprus traders keep at home;
Come forth and take thy place, Saladin's friend."
Therewith into the circle of his lords,
With gracious mien the Soldan led his slave;
And while the dark eyes glittered, seated him
First of the full divan. "Orient lords,"
So spake he, — "let the one who loves his king
Honor this Frank, whose house sheltered your king;
He is my brother:" then the night-black beards
Swept the stone floor in ready reverence,
Agas and Amirs welcoming Torel:
And a great feast was set, the Soldan's friend
Royally garbed, upon the Soldan's hand,
Shining the bright star of the banqueters.

All which, and the abounding grace and love
Shown him by Saladin, a little held
The heart of Torel from its Lombard home
With Dame Adalieta: but it chanced
He sat beside the king in audience,
And there came one who said, "Oh, Lord of lords,

That galley of the Genovese which sailed
With Frankish prisoners is gone down at sea."
"Gone down!" cried Torel. "Ay! what recks it. friend,
To fall thy visage for?" quoth Saladin;
"One galley less to ship-stuffed Genoa!"
"Good my liege!" Torel said, "it bore a scroll
Inscribed to Pavia, saying that I lived;
For in a year, a month, and day, not come,
I bade them hold me dead; and dead I am,
Albeit living, if my lady wed,
Perchance constrained." "Certes," spake Saladin,
"A noble dame — the like not won, once lost —
How many days remain?" "Ten days, my prince,
And twelvescore leagues between my heart and me:
Alas! how to be passed?" Then Saladin —
"Lo! I am loath to lose thee — wilt thou swear
To come again if all go well with thee,
Or come ill speeding?" "Yea, I swear, my king,
Out of true love," quoth Torel, "heartfully."
Then Saladin, "Take here my signet-seal;
My admiral will loose his swiftest sail
Upon its sight; and cleave the seas, and go

And clip thy dame, and say the Trader sends
A gift, remindful of her courtesies."
Passed were the year, and month, and day; and passed
Out of all hearts but one Sir Torel's name,
Long given for dead by ransomed Pavians:
For Pavia, thoughtless of her Eastern graves,
A lovely widow, much too gay for grief,
Made peals from half a hundred campaniles
To ring a wedding in. The seven bells
Of Santo Pietro, from the nones to noon,
Boomed with bronze throats the happy tidings out;
Till the great tenor, overswelled with sound,
Cracked itself dumb. Thereat the sacristan,
Leading his swinkèd ringers down the stairs,
Came blinking into sunlight — all his keys
Jingling their little peal about his belt —
Whom, as he tarried, locking up the porch,
A foreign signor, browned with southern suns,
Turbaned and slippered, as the Muslims use,
Plucked by the cope. "Friend," quoth he — 'twas a tongue
Italian true, but in a Muslim mouth —
"Why are your belfries busy — is it peace

Or victory, that so ye din the ears
Of Pavian lieges?" "Truly, no liege thou!"
Grunted the sacristan, "who knowest not
That Dame Adalieta weds to-night
Her fore-betrothed, — Sir Torel's widow she,
That died i' the chain?" "To-night!" the stranger said.
"Ay, sir, to-night! — why not to-night? — to-night!
And you shall see a goodly Christian feast
If so you pass their gates at even-song,
For all are asked."

No more the questioner,
But folded o'er his face the Eastern hood,
Lest idle eyes should mark how idle words
Had struck him home. "So quite forgot! — so soon!
And this the square wherein I gave the joust,
And that the loggia, where I fed the poor;
And yon my palace, where — oh, fair! oh, false! —
They robe her for a bridal. Can it be?
Clean out of heart, with twice six flying moons,
The heart that beat on mine as it would break,
That faltered forty oaths. Forced! forced! — not false —
Well! I will sit, wife, at thy wedding-feast,
And let mine eyes give my fond faith the lie."

So in the stream of gallant guests that flowed
Feastward at eve, went Torel; passed with them
The outer gates, crossed the great courts with them,
A stranger in the walls that called him lord.
Cressets and colored lamps made the way bright,
And rose-leaves strewed to where within the doors
The master of the feast, the bridegroom, stood,
A-glitter from his forehead to his foot,
Speaking fair welcomes. He, a courtly lord,
Marking the Eastern guest, bespoke him fair,
Prayed place for him, and bade them set his seat
Upon the dais. Then the feast began,
And wine went free as wit, and music died —
Outdone by merrier laughter: — only one
Nor ate nor drank, nor spoke nor smiled; but gazed
On the pale bride, pale as her crown of pearls,
Who sate so cold and still, and sad of cheer,
At the bride-feast.
But of a truth, Torel
Read the thoughts right that held her eyelids down,
And knew her loyal to her memories.
Then to a little page who bore the wine,
He spake, "Go tell thy lady thus from me:

In mine own land, if any stranger sit
A wedding-guest, the bride, out of her grace,
In token that she knows her guest's good-will,
In token she repays it, brims a cup,
Wherefrom he drinking she in turn doth drink;
So is our use." The little page made speed
And told the message. Then that lady pale —
Ever a gentle and a courteous heart —
Lifted her troubled eyes and smiled consent
On the swart stranger. By her side, untouched,
Stood the brimmed gold; "Bear this," she said, "and pray
He hold a Christian lady apt to learn
A kindly lesson." But Sir Torel loosed
From off his finger — never loosed before —
The ring she gave him on the parting day;
And ere he drank, behind his veil of beard
Dropped in the cup the ruby, quaffed, and sent. —
Then she, with sad smile, set her lips to drink,
And — something in the Cyprus touching them,
Glanced — gazed — the ring! — her ring! — Jove! how she eyes
The wistful eyes of Torel! — how, heartsure,
Under all guise knowing her lord returned,

She springs to meet him coming! — telling all
In one great cry of joy.
O me! the rout,
The storm of questions! stilled, when Torel spake
His name, and, known of all, claimed the Bride Wife,
Maugre the wasted feast, and woful groom.
All hearts but his were light to see Torel;
But Adalieta's lightest, as she plucked
The bridal-veil away. Something therein —
A lady's dagger — small, and bright, and fine —
Clashed out upon the marble. "Wherefore that?"
Asked Torel; answered she, "I knew you true;
And I could live, so long as I might wait;
But they — they pressed me hard! my days of grace
Ended to-night — and I had ended too,
Faithful to death, if so thou hadst not come."

THE CALIPH'S DRAUGHT.

UPON a day in Ramadan —
When sunset brought an end of fast,
And in his station every man
Prepared to share the glad repast —
Sate Mohtasim in royal state,
The pillaw smoked upon the gold;
The fairest slave of those that wait
Mohtasim's jewelled cup did hold.

Of crystal carven was the cup,
With turquoise set along the brim,
A lid of amber closed it up;
'Twas a great king that gave it him.
The slave poured sherbet to the brink,
Stirred in wild honey and pomegranate,
With snow and rose-leaves cooled the drink,
And bore it where the Caliph sate.

The Caliph's mouth was dry as bone,
He swept his beard aside to quaff: —
The news-reader beneath the throne,
Went droning on with *ghain* and *kaf*. —
The Caliph drew a mighty breath,
Just then the reader read a word —
And Mohtasim, as grim as death,
Set down the cup and snatched his sword.

"*Ann' amratan shureefatee!*"
"Speak clear!" cries angry Mohtasim;
"*Fe lasr ind' ilj min ulji*," —
Trembling the newsman read to him
How in Ammoria, far from home,
An Arab girl of noble race
Was captive to a lord of Roum;
And how he smote her on the face,

And how she cried, for life afraid,
"Ya, Mohtasim! help, O my king!"
And how the Kafir mocked the maid,
And laughed, and spake a bitter thing,

"Call louder, fool! Mohtasim's ears
Are long as Barak's — if he heed —
Your prophet's ass; and when he hears,
He 'll come upon a spotted steed!"

The Caliph's face was stern and red,
He snapped the lid upon the cup;
"Keep this same sherbet, slave," he said,
"Till such time as I drink it up.
Wallah! the stream my drink shall be,
My hollowed palm my only bowl,
Till I have set that lady free,
And seen that Roumi dog's head roll."

At dawn the drums of war were beat,
Proclaiming, "Thus saith Mohtasim,
'Let all my valiant horsemen meet,
And every soldier bring with him
A spotted steed.'" So rode they forth,
A sight of marvel and of fear;
Pied horses prancing fiercely north,
Three lakhs — the cup borne in the rear!

When to Ammoria he did win,
He smote and drove the dogs of Roum,
And rode his spotted stallion in,
Crying, "*Labbayki!* I am come!"
Then downward from her prison-place
Joyful the Arab lady crept;
She held her hair before her face,
She kissed his feet, she laughed and wept.

She pointed where that lord was laid:
They drew him forth, he whined for grace:
Then with fierce eyes Mohtasim said —
"She whom thou smotest on the face
Had scorn, because she called her king:
Lo! he is come! and dost thou think
To live, who didst this bitter thing
While Mohtasim at peace did drink?"

Flashed the fierce sword — rolled the lord's head;
The wicked blood smoked in the sand.
"Now bring my cup!" the Caliph said.
Lightly he took it in his hand,

As down his throat the sweet drink ran
Mohtasim in his saddle laughed,
And cried, "*Taiba asshrab alan!*
By God! delicious is this draught!"

"Λύχνον, ἔρωτος ἄγαλμα, γαμοστόλον ἄστρον ἔρωτος."

HERO AND LEANDER.

FROM THE GREEK OF MUSÆUS.

SING, Muse! the signal lamp, gleaming above,
That lit the nightly swimmer to his Love;
The unseen pathway of the silent tide
That bore the bridegroom to his watchful bride;
The salt-soaked marriage robes, the moist embrace;
Abydos' town, and Sestos, Hero's place;
Longing Leander, on the black waves' crest,
Eyeing the light that led to Hero's breast;
Kind light — Love's aster! — which the mighty Jove
Might well have taken to the orbs above,
And set it shining in the spangled sky
To be Love's star of all Heaven's company;

Seeing it was the planet of their bliss,
The glittering summons to the sleepless kiss,
Till the hard tempest ended him and this.
Help, then, high Muse ! and teach me how to sing
Leander's death, and lamp's extinguishing.

Sestos and white Abydos — cities twain —
Fronted each other over Helle's main ;
And there God Eros, setting notch to string,
Wounded two bosoms with one shaft-shooting,
A maiden's and a youth's — Leander he,
And lovely Hero, Sestos' sweetest, she ;
She of her town, and he of his, the boast ;
A noble pair ! If ever to that coast
Thou wendest, ask for Hero's tower, and come
Where she Love's lighthouse nightly did illume ;
Inquire for white Abydos, too, and muse
Where young Leander life and love did lose ;
But now to tell how he fair Hero loved,
And how the maid to dote on him was moved.

Honey-sweet Hero, of a princely race,
Was priestess to Queen Venus in that place ;

And at her father's tower, by the sea set —
Herself a Queen of Love, though maiden yet —
Dwelt; yet, for modesty and gracious shame,
She never to the city markets came;
Nor mingled at the vintage in the dance,
Lest envious eyes upon her path should glance; —
For evil ones will flout at fairer faces, —
But ever, in the holy temple-spaces,
She worshipped foam-born Venus, Queen above,
And Eros eke, the tiny Lord of Love,
Beseeching that she might unscathëd go;
Yet none the more 'scaped she delicious woe.

It was the time of the great offering
Made with high pomp at Sestos in the spring
To Venus and Adonis, and each year
A merry crowd did come from far and near
To keep this feast: all they that have their home
Upon the rounded islets ringed with foam
In Marmora and westward; — Hœmony,
And Cyprus, sent them, and the Cretan sea;
Cythera, Phrygia, Libanus; — with these
The nigher towns and cities swarmed like bees

To see the show; but most of all the youth: —
Ever they throng where feasts are! — to tell truth,
'Tis not, methinks, the shrine which draws them so, —
To see the maidens those light pilgrims go!

And Hero, eke, went up unto the shrine,
Her face of alabaster all a-shine
Like the pure moon when first it swims the sky;
Nathless her cheek was touched with tender dye
Such as new rose-buds have — not white nor red,
But sunlit-snow: in sooth you would have said
She was all made of rose-leaves, she did show
So fair and fine under her thin gown's flow,
Such rose-leaf arms! such roseate shoulders! — see!
Of old, they said, the Graces were but three;
Yet each sweet charm of Hero, as it seemed,
With love-spells of a hundred Graces gleamed.
Well was she worthy to be Venus' maid!

And even as she walked — stately and staid,
Liker a goddess than a priestess, fair
Beyond the fairest — Hero, unaware,
Took all eyes after her: no youth that day
But his heart beat as Hero passed that way,

Wishing such heavenly beauty his might be.
Thus, up the steps to the great Temple, she
Drew still the looks, the thoughts, the sighs of men;
And one among the strangers whispered then: —

"Gods! — Helen's town I've seen, and Sparta's dames,
"Whose charms make wars and give the world to flames;
"But never saw I one that could compare
"With form so goddess-like and face so rare; —
"Queen Venus sure hath made the youngest Grace
"Her minister this morn! oh, happy place
"Which owns her! I could gaze until I die!
"Would Zeus but grant me Hero, not his sky
"Could tempt me to a wish! I would not be
"A God, so Hero were but wife to me!
"Since she is sacred and past mortal prayer,
"Heaven send me soon a woman half so fair."

Thus he, and others passioned otherwise,
Heart-stricken by the light of Hero's eyes.

But thou, Leander! when those bright eyes shone
One instant on thee, of the youths alone, —

Beyond wild words, beyond fond wishes — felt
The heart within thee by love's magic melt.
Others to win her wafted many a sigh,
He alone knew that he must have or die.
In one brief glance love's lightning-flash did smite
All senses senseless with strange deep delight
Left thrilling, when her silken lashes sank,
And veiled the perilous glory his eyes drank.
What lightning strikes, in sooth, like a fair face?
What arrow pierces like a woman's grace?
'Tis the eyes slay, thence fly the subtle darts
Which deal swift wounds and hurt unguarded hearts.
So with Leander; in his bosom strove
Passion with shame, and fear with forward love:
He trembled, and then blushed to tremble so;
And vexed at blushing, straight did venturous grow;
Eros at his heart's ear whispering amain
To lay shame by and speak: so was he fain
To steal a little closer, till he stood
Foot to foot with her: then in daring mood
Sidelong he glanced and murmured half a word,
And checked it to a sigh, itself half heard:
Glance, word, and sigh so tender-timid were,

Their silent speaking could not anger her;
Nay, but it pleased! that gentle stratagem
To tell the love which burned so plain in him;
And seeming to see naught, she saw, and bent
Her sweet head from him — not in discontent;
And seeming not to hear, she heard, and sighed
A little silver sigh of pleasured pride;
By signs unwitting giving him to know
It was not anger set her cheeks a-glow;
Then turned, ashamed of nothing; — but the boy
Knew that she knew, and all his heart was joy.

So, while he lingered, one slight word to win,
Day — nigh to setting — drew her splendors in;
And shadow-loving Hesperus shone high,
Faint-seen upon the violet eastern sky:
Whereat, — the merry crowd thickening for home —
With desperate courage closer hath he come;
So close, he touched her rosy opened hand,
Heaving a deep sigh, plain to understand;
And she, as one an angered, drew it in,
But so that he might see 'twas no great sin;
Then, bolder, by her stole he took the maid,

And drew imploring towards the Temple's shade;
Whereat, with pretty frown and faltering feet,
She followed, while she said, in chiding sweet,

"Sir, are you mad? how dare you hold me so?
"Leave plucking at my gown, and let me go!
"If those who loved me saw, 'twould cost you dear;
"Besides, I am a holy priestess here,
"Vowed to Queen Venus! are you not afraid
"To stay me so, and I, an honest maid?"

Thus, as the manner of all maidens is,
Her soft lips rated, though her heart was his;
And he by love's quick instinct knew it so,
And let her dear delicious accents flow
In anger musical, for when maids scold,
With looks that pardon, lovers may be bold:
But when she ceased and stood, he bent his head
Close to her pearly fragrant nape, and said,
With lips which trembled like his trembling heart,

"Oh, Maid! — oh, Marvel! — if of earth thou art
"And not a goddess, not divine — to me

" Pallas or Cytheræa thou might'st be !
" Art thou not sprung indeed of heavenly birth?
" Scarce dare I deem thee denizen of earth !
" But if of earth, ah, me ! how godlike then
" He who begot thee, of all mortal men !
" How happy beyond happy mothers she
" Who bore and nursed thee, sweet one, on her knee ;
" And if of earth — oh ! be of earth, and hear
" My pleading lips, my earnest humble prayer !
" Since thou art Venus' priestess, then take heed
" Thou vex her not by cruel word and deed ;
" Be what thou seem'st by reverencing this shrine,
" The glory of thy Goddess should be thine ;
" She liketh not a votary cold and coy —
" Love is her worship, and her service joy :
" If thou would'st keep her tender, high decree,
" My earnest passion should not anger thee,
" Being so born for worship : therefore thou,
" If thou lov'st Venus, listen to me now.
" Dear servant of this temple — I am thine !
" As thou dost pray, I pray ; ah ! then, incline —
" As thou dost ask thy goddess — pitying ears
" Unto this suppliant sad with hopes and fears,

"Wounded by love, and captive at thy feet,
"As when, with wand of gold, Hermes the fleet
"Brought Hercules — the strongest that could be —
"Meek to the footstool of Queen Omphale.
"Me Aphrodite, and not Hermes, sent;
"Think how thy goddess made that one repent,
"Arcadian Atalanta, she who vowed
"To die a maid, rejecting — cold and proud —
"Hippomenes; and yet it did befall
"She grew to love him — heart, soul, mind, and all;
"Yea! even to frenzy — whom she did not love:
"Oh, Sweet! be wise, nor Venus' anger move."

So, with soft flood of loving argument,
From coy reserve to yielding thoughts he bent
The maiden's mind; but she, as maidens will,
Albeit convinced at heart, stood speechless still;
Her lustrous eyes upon the ground fast set,
And hot face turned to hide the blush on it.
Now with one sandal-tip the grass she beat,
Now drew it back, close-wrapped from head to feet,
Nought answering; yet all these were signs to bless,
And silence — well he knew — is woman's yes;

She, too, was hurt with Eros' fatal dart;
His soft flame flickered in her virgin heart;
Spite of herself it fluttered with delight
To mark how fair he was — how bold — how bright;
And while her eyes stole from the ground to his
And back again, he stood 'tween woe and bliss,
Devouring still, with gaze she did not check,
The flower-bright flushing of her face and neck;
Till at the last she found some breath to speak,
While, pearl by pearl, tears glimmered down her cheek

" Friend! were I marble, I must answer thee.
" Who taught thee such deep eloquence? Ah, me!
" Who brought thee hither, and procured us pain?
" For all these sweet things said are said in vain.
" How should a stranger — never seen or known —
" Win me in marriage — if I would be won?
" Thou could'st not ask me openly for wife,
" My parents would not give me; and 'twere rife
" With untold dangers if you lingered here
" To meet me secretly; for all is ear,
" All eye in Sestos! Things in silence done
" Are said next morning at the market-stone.

"But tell me — and tell true — what town is thine,
"And whence thy birth and name? Thou knowest n
"Hero of Sestos; yonder is my home,
"In that tall tower whose foot stands in the foam;
"And there I dwell alone — but for one slave —
"Outside the walls, over the breaking wave;
"Having no neighbor but the rolling sea!
"No song but his rude music! none to be
"Friend or companion! all the seasons there
"The thunder of the mournful main I hear."

So much she said — then stayed herself, and drew
The gown before her cheek to hide its hue,
And chid herself for speaking, sore ashamed:
But he — rejoiced because her words proclaimed
Hope of the prize — went meditating hard
How he should run to win the dear reward.
For Love hath many wiles to heal the heart
Of those that bleed with his unshunnëd dart;
And, of himself, will counsel oft afford
To those of whom th' Almighty Boy is Lord:
So to Leander's heart he whispered low
A way to bliss, albeit the end was woe.

"Sweet! for thy love," he cried, "the sea I'd cleave,
"Though foam were fire, and waves with flame did heave,
"I fear not billows if they bear to thee;
"Nor tremble at the hissing of the sea!
"And I will come — oh! let me come — each night,
"Swimming the swift flood to my dear delight:
"For white Abydos, where I live, doth front
"Thy city here, across our Hellespont.
"Do but this thing, set thine own lamp on high,
"To shine at evening through the dark'ling sky,
"And I will be Love's ship — my pilot-star
"That beam, whereto, oaring my way afar,
"I shall not see Bootes, nor his wain,
"And bright Orion will be bright in vain.
"Only take heed, Dear, of the winds, and shield
"The light, that when I toil, by waves concealed,
"It be not quenched by any envious blast,
"Lest I go down — a ship and venture lost:
"Sweetheart! do this: my name if thou dost sue,
"I am Leander, Hero's lover true."

Nothing she answered, save by one soft kiss,
Which sealed the contract of their sudden bliss;

Then lip to lip they plighted faith for life,
He to be husband leal, she loving wife,
Albeit unwed ; and also did agree
That she should light the lamp, he swim the sea.
All which deep bargain being got by heart,
With lingering words and looks they tore apart, —
She to her tower ; he through the gathering gloom,
Noting the landmarks, joyfully is come
Down to the beach, and ships with th' others there
For white Abydos, with its ramparts fair ;
Then waits till night gives him his new-won bride,
And Hero watches on the other side.

Soon o'er the sky Eve's purple curtains creep,
To all but young Leander bringing sleep :
He, when the darkness deepened, eager stood
Beside the white marge of the rolling flood,
His eyes quick-searching through the hollow night,
To see the first flash of his lady's light ;
Far-shining light, that gleams to make him blest !
Dear light, that guides to Hero's beating breast !
She, when the darkness covered land and sea,
Kindled her lamp, and set it. Instantly

Love with that spark lighted Leander's soul;
Eager he hailed the beam; yet loud did roll
The thundering breakers on the shingly shore;—
The first wave something chilled;—but love is more
Than fear; he laid his outer garb aside,
And spake unto himself by the cold tide:

"Awful is love, and dreadful is the sea,
"But fire is more than water unto me;
"And this that burns is stronger than much brine:
"Think most of Eros, foolish heart of mine!
"Care not for tumbling billows; let us go
"Straight over them to Hero; why shrink so?
"Hast thou forgotten that Queen Venus came
"Forth from the floods, and ever rules the same?"

Then with both hands from off his fair, smooth skin
He stripped his cloth, and tied his long locks in;
And ran upon the reef, and sprang, and clove
The keen salt waves. So, swimming to his love,
He steered with face set hard where that ray shone,
Ship — pilot — rower — merchant, all in one.

Hero, the while, upon her turret-stair,
Guarded the beacon-lamp from every air;
Spreading her gown that side and this, to keep
The breezes off; but when, up from the deep,
Leander, breathless, came safe to the strand,
Down flew she to the sea-gate — caught his hand —
In gladness past all words, her white arms flung
Round him, and on his heaving bosom hung;
And led him from the cold and foamy beach
Up to her tower; and when her room they reach,
She wiped his pearly body clean of brine,
And took the salt smell off with unguents fine,
Stained with rose-essences and scented rare,
And then she clothed him in her long dark hair,
Yet panting from his voyage; while in his ear
She poured these dulcet accents: —

"Husband dear!
"Sore thou hast toiled, as never one save thee
"Battling the horrid deep, to come to me;
"Forget upon my lips the wave's harsh taste,
"The fierce sea-monsters and the roaring waste;
"The port is reached! Anchor, dear ship! and hav
"The goods you sailed for in your Hero's love."

With that soft leave he loosed her virgin zone,
And took her — pure and perfect — for his own.
No marriage-rite, no festal-dance was there,
None raised the hymn to Herë for the pair;
No nuptial-torches blazed around the bed,
The merry long procession was not led;
No sire the hymenæal blessing spoke,
No tender mother "Hymen" did invoke;
But Silence spread their wedding-couch; and she
Drew the close curtains of their ecstasy;
The Night wore all her starry gems of pride,
To be bridesmaiden to that peerless bride;
Hesper kept watch, and lingered over long,
Lest Dawn should find him there, and do them wrong.
Dawn never saw Leander! ere 'twas grey
To still Abydos' walls he made his way,
Full of love's comfort, but insatiate yet;
While Hero in her turret did forget
All things save him — in that one day of life
Changed soul and body, grown from maid to wife;
And mightily did each on either shore
Pray dusk to come and daylight to be o'er.

Thus many a summer night they met unseen,
And had great bliss of love from Venus queen:
But no joy long endureth, and not long
Lived theirs, the gentle lovers of my song;
For Winter came apace, with snow and frost,
And wild storms whistling up and down the coast:
Lashed to its depths the tortured ocean shrank,
While the wind drove its billows, rank on rank,
Scourging their crests milk-white; all sailors then
Drew up their ships upon the shore, for men
Fear the fierce winter and the furious sea;
But no fear, young Leander, hindered thee!
As oft as Hero showed the guiding light
So oft, through storm, and foam, and murky night,
Swam he with steadfast passion to that guide,
Daring the dangers of the sweeping tide.
Ah! Hero, wherefore call o'er such a sea?
Too fond thou wert; too bold and faithful he!
Thou should'st have left unlit thy lamp of love,
And waited till kind spring made green the grove;
But love and fate compelled her! so, o'ercome,
She set her light, and lured him to his doom.

There came one night, the wildest of the year,

When the wind smote like edge of hissing spear,
And the pale breakers thundered on the beach;
While in mid-sea Leander toiled to reach
The far off haven of his Hero's breast.
Sore-tossed he was from raging crest to crest;
Billow on billow rolled, the great seas roared
Furiously leaping to the clouds, which poured
Sleet and brine back, with scream of winds that met
Midway from all the quarters: — Eurus set
His blast against the West Wind; Notus blew
His cheeks to bursting, Boreas to subdue.
Ceaseless the tumult of the tempest was,
And young Leander in its midst, alas!
Battling th' inexorable bitter sea,
Called on the gods in his calamity.
To foam-born Venus many a prayer he made,
And oft the name of great Poseidon said;
And oft grim Boreas he did implore
For Orithyia's sake to help him o'er.
Nothing he gained! Fate was too strong for Love!
The chill spray-laden storm beat him above;
Below, the monstrous buffets of the sea
Struck the strength from him; till, all helplessly,

over lip and nostril now th
Gasping for breath, he brea
Yet gleamed that light, and
Sudden — a cruel gust blew
The gust extinguished Hero
Hid young Leander and his

Hero, when that he came
Into the darkness straining h
And morning breaking — and
With aching heart she scanne
Fearing to look, because that
He was not there ! but, castin
Lo ! — at the turret's foot his
Rolled on the stones, and soal
She rent her robe upon her, a
Headlong, distracted, from th
There on his corpse she breat

THE FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR.

(This poem gained the Newdigate Prize in the University of Oxford in 1852.)

SYNOPSIS.

"Belshazzar's impious feast; a handwriting, unknown to the magicians, troubleth the king. At the commendation of the queen, Daniel is brought. He, reproving the king of pride and idolatry, readeth and interpreteth the writing. The monarchy is translated to the Medes." *Daniel*, ch. 5.

ἀλλ' ἴσθι τοι τὰ σκληρ' ἄγαν φρονήματα
πίπτειν μάλιστα.

NOT by one portal, or one path alone
God's holy messages to men are known;
Waiting the glances of his awful eyes
Silver-winged Seraphs do him embassies;
And stars interpreting his high behest
Guide the lone feet and glad the failing breast:
The rolling thunder and the raging sea
Speak the stern purpose of the Deity,

And storms beneath and rainbow hues above
Herald his anger or proclaim his love:
The still small voices of the summer day,
The red Sirocco and the breath of May,
The lingering harmony in Ocean shells,
The fairy music of the meadow bells,
Earth and void Air — Water and wasting Flame
Have words to whisper, tongues to tell his name.
Once — with no cloak of careful mystery
Himself was herald of his own decree;
The hand that edicts on the marble drew
Graved the stern sentence of their scorner too.
Listen and learn! Tyrants have heard the tale,
And turned from hearing terror-struck and pale,
Spiritless captives sinking with the chain
Have read this page and taken heart again. —

From sunlight unto starlight trumpets told
Her King's command in Babylon the old,
From sunlight unto starlight, west and east,
A thousand satraps girt them for the feast,
And reined their chargers to the palace hall
Where King Belshazzar held high festival:

A pleasant palace under pleasant skies
With cloistered courts and gilded galleries,
And gay kiosk and painted balustrade
For winter terraces and summer shade;
By court and terrace, minaret and dome,
Euphrates, rushing from his mountain home,
Rested his rage, and curbed his crested pride
To belt that palace with his bluest tide;
Broad-fronted bulls with chiselled feathers barred
In silent vigil keeping watch and ward,
Giants of granite wrought by cunning hand
Guard in the gate and frown upon the land:
Not summer's glow nor yellow autumn's glare
Pierced the broad tamarisks that blossomed there;
The moonbeam darting through their leafy screen
Lost half its silver in the softened green,
And fell with lessened lustre, broken light,
Tracing quaint arabesque of dark and white;
Or dimly tinting on the graven stones
The pictured annals of Chaldæan thrones. —
There, from the rising to the setting day
Birds of bright feather sang the light away,

And fountain waters on the palace-floor
Made even answer to the river's roar,
Rising in silver from the crystal well
And breaking into spangles as they fell;
Though now ye heard them not — for far along
Rang the broad chorus of the banquet song,
And sounds as gentle, echoes soft as these
Died out of hearing from the revelries.

High on a throne of ivory and gold,
From crown to footstool clad in purple fold,
Lord of the east from sea to distant sea
The king Belshazzar feasteth royally —
And not that dreamer in the desert cave
Peopled his paradise with pomp as brave:
Vessels of silver, cups of crusted gold
Blush with a brighter red than all they hold;
Pendulous lamps like planets of the night
Flung on the diadems a fragrant light,
Or slowly swinging in the midnight sky
Gilded the ripples as they glided by: —
And sweet and sweeter rang the cittern-string
Soft as the beating of a Seraph's wing,

And swift and swifter in the measured dance
The tresses gather and the sandals glance,
And bright and brighter at the festal board
The flagons bubble and the wines are poured;
No lack of goodly company was there,
No lack of laughing eyes to light the cheer;
From Dara trooped they, from Daremma's grove
The suns of battle and the moons of love;
From where Arsissa's silver waters sleep
To Imla's marshes and the inland deep,
From pleasant Calah and from Sittacene
The horseman's captain and the Harem's queen, —

It seemed no summer-cloud of passing woe
Could fling its shadow on so fair a show —
It seemed the gallant forms that feasted there
Were all too grand for woe, too great for care: —
Whence came the anxious eye, the altered tone,
The dull presentiment no heart would own,
That ever changed the smiling to a sigh
Sudden as sea-bird flashing from the sky: —
It is not that they know the spoiler waits
Harnessed for battle at the brazen gates,

It is not that they hear the watchman's call
Mark the slow minutes on the leaguered wall,
The clash of quivers and the ring of spears
Make pleasant music in a soldier's ears,
And not a scabbard hideth sword to-night
That hath not glimmered in the front of fight:—
May not the blood in every beating vein
Have quick foreknowledge of the coming pain?
Even as the prisoned silver,* dead and dumb
Shrinks at cold Winter's footfall ere he come.—

The king hath felt it and the heart's unrest
Heaved the broad purple of his belted breast;
Sudden he speaks—"What! doth the beaded juice
"Savor like hyssop that ye scorn its use?
"Wear ye so pitiful and sad a soul
"That tramp of foeman scares ye from the bowl?
"Think ye the gods on yonder starry floor
"Tremble for terror, when the thunders roar?
"Are we not gods? have we not fought with God?
"And shall we shiver at a robber's nod?

* The quicksilver in the tube of the thermometer.

" No — let them batter till the brazen bars
" Ring merry mocking of their idle wars —
" Their fall is fated for to-morrow's sun,
" The lion rouses when his feast is done: —
" Crown me a cup — and fill the bowls we brought
" From Judah's temple when the fight was fought —
" Drink, till the merry madness fill the soul
" To Salem's conqueror in Salem's bowl —
" Each from the goblet of a God shall sip
" And Judah's gold tread heavy on the lip." *

The last loud answer dies along the line,
The last light bubble bursts upon the wine,
His eager lips are on the jewelled brink,
Hath the cup poison that he doubts to drink?
Is there a spell upon the sparkling gold,
That so his fevered fingers quit their hold?
Whom sees he where he gazes? what is there
Freezing his vision into fearful stare?
Follow his lifted arm and lighted eye
And watch with them the wondrous mystery. —

* " He never drinks
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip." SHAK. *Tit. Andr.*

There cometh forth a hand — upon the stone,
Graving the symbols of a speech unknown;
Fingers like mortal fingers — leaving there
The blank wall flashing characters of fear; —
And still it glideth silently and slow,
And still beneath the spectral letters grow —
Now the scroll endeth — now the seal is set —
The hand is gone — the record tarries yet. —

As one who waits the warrant of his death,
With pale lips parted and with bridled breath —
They watch the sign and dare not turn to seek
Their fear reflected in their fellows' cheek —
But stand as statues where the life is none,
Half the jest uttered — half the laughter done —
Half the flask empty — half the flagon poured, —
Each where the phantom found him at the board
Struck into silence — as December's moon
Curbs the quick ripples into crystal swoon. —

With wand of ebony and sable stole
Chaldæa's wisest scan the spectral scroll —

Strong in the lessons of a lying art
Each comes to gaze, but gazes to depart —
And still for mystic sign and muttered spell
The graven letters guard their secret well —
Gleam they for warning — glare they to condemn —
God speaketh, — but he speaketh not for them. —

Oh ! ever, when the happy laugh is dumb,
All the joy gone, and all the anguish come —
When strong adversity and subtle pain
Wring the sad soul and rack the throbbing brain —
When friends once faithful, hearts once all our own
Leave us to weep, to bleed and die alone —
When fears and cares the lonely thought employ,
And clouds of sorrow hide the sun of joy —
When weary life, breathing reluctant breath
Hath no hope sweeter than the hope of death ; —
Then the best counsel and the last relief
To cheer the spirit or to cheat the grief,
The only calm, the only comfort heard
Comes in the music of a woman's word —
Like beacon-bell on some wild island-shore,
Silverly ringing in the tempest's roar,

Whose sound borne shipward through the midnight
gloom
Tells of the path, and turns her from her doom.

So in the silence of that awful hour
When baffled magic mourned its parted power —
When kings were pale and satraps shook for fear,
A woman speaketh — and the wisest hear; —
She — the high daughter of a thousand thrones
Telling with trembling lip and timid tones
Of him the Captive, in the feast forgot,
Who readeth visions — him, whose wondrous lot
Sends him to lighten doubt and lessen gloom,
And gaze undazzled on the days to come —
Daniel the Hebrew, such his name and race,
Held by a monarch highest in his grace,
He may declare — Oh! — bid them quickly send,
So may the mystery have happy end! —

Calmly and silent as the fair full moon
Comes sailing upward in the sky of June —
Fearfully as the troubled clouds of night
Shrink from before the coming of its light —

So through the hall the Prophet passed along,
So from before him fell the festal throng.
By broken wassail-cup, and wine o'erthrown
Pressed he still onward for the monarch's throne.
His spirit failed him not — his quiet eye
Lost not its light for earthly majesty;
His lip was steady and his accent clear,
"The king hath needed me, and I am here." —

"Art thou the Prophet? read me yonder scroll
"Whose undeciphered horror daunts my soul —
"There shall be guerdon for the grateful task,
"Fitted for me to give, for thee to ask —
"A chain to deck thee — and a robe to grace,
"Thine the third throne and thou the third in place."

He heard — and turned him where the lighted wall
Dimmed the red torches of the festival,
Gazed on the sign with steady gaze and set,
And he who quailed not at a kingly threat
Bent the true knee and bowed the silver hair,
For that he knew the King of kings was there —

Then nerved his soul the sentence to unfold,
While his tongue trembled at the tale it told —
And never tongue shall echo tale as strange
Till that change cometh which must never change.

" Keep for thyself the guerdon and the gold —
" What God hath graved, God's prophet must unfold;
" Could not thy father's crime, thy father's fate
" Teach thee the terror thou hast learnt too late —
" Hast thou not read the lesson of his life,
" Who wars with God shall strive a losing strife?
" His was a kingdom mighty as thine own,
" The sword his sceptre and the earth his throne —
" The nations trembled when his awful eye
" Gave to them leave to live or doom to die —
" The Lord of Life — the Keeper of the grave,
" His frown could wither and his smile could save —
" Yet when his heart was hard, his spirit high
" God drave him from his kingly majesty,
" Far from the brotherhood of fellow men
" To seek for dwelling in the desert den;
" Where the wild asses feed and oxen roam
" He sought his pasture and he made his home,

" And bitter-biting frost and dews of night
" Schooled him in sorrow till he knew the right,
" That God is ruler of the rulers still
" And setteth up the sovereign that he will :
" Oh ! hadst thou treasured in repentant breast
" His pride and fall, his penitence and rest,
" And bowed submissive to Jehovah's will,
" Then had thy sceptre been a sceptre still —
" But thou hast mocked the majesty of heaven,
" And shamed the vessels to its service given,
" And thou hast fashioned idols of thine own
" Idols of gold, of silver, and of stone ;
" To them hast bowed the knee, and breathed the breath,
" And they must help thee in the hour of death.
" Woe for the sign unseen, the sin forgot,
" God was among ye, and ye knew it not !
" Hear what he sayeth now, ' Thy race is run,
" The years are numbered and the days are done,
" Thy soul hath mounted in the scale of fate,
" The Lord hath weighed thee and thou lackest weight ;
" Now in thy palace porch the spoilers stand,
" To seize thy sceptre, to divide thy land.' "

He ended — and his passing foot was heard,
But none made answer, not a lip was stirred —
Mute the free tongue and bent the fearless brow, —
The mystic letters had their meaning now!
Soon came there other sound — the clash of steel,
The heavy ringing of the iron heel —
The curse in dying, and the cry for life,
The bloody voices of the battle strife. —

That night they slew him on his father's throne,
The deed unnoticed and the hand unknown;
Crownless and sceptreless Belshazzar lay,
A robe of purple, round a form of clay.

THE THREE ROSES.

Three roses, wan as moonlight, and weighed down
Each with its loveliness as with a crown,
Drooped in a florist's window in a town.
The first a lover bought. It lay at rest,
Like flower on flower that night, on beauty's breast.
The second rose, as virginal and fair,
Shrank in the tangles of a harlot's hair.
The third a widow, with new grief made wild,
Shut in the icy palm of her dead child.

ALDRICH, *Flower and Thorn.*

ESE Roses (in the world we do not see)
ve for the palm. Thus spake the beauteous Three:

THE MAIDEN'S ROSE.

I AM the happiest flower. I lay
  Dying, as suits sweet blossoms best;
It was not pain to pass away
  Upon her warm and fragrant breast.

Blossom on blossoms, so we slept;
  My odors richer with her breath,

My white leaves whitest where I crept
  Closer, to die delightful death.

I heard her secrets, pure and soft;
  She kissed me, prayed for him, and laid
His gift where, since, his cheek full oft
  Nestles; he knows what words she said,

And how, when morn oped the bright eyes,
  She locked me in a casket close;
Nothing can take away my prize,
  The kiss she gave her faded Rose.

The crown, fair sisters, I must hold;
  I died upon that heavenly bed;
She buried me in silk and gold;
  I made them lovers, being dead.

THE WIDOW'S ROSE.

I AM the wisest Rose: there lay
  A dew-drop on me when she shut
  The little ice-cold palm, and put
My blossom there to fade away.

It was a tear for her and me
  That she should grieve, and I should go
  Clasped in a hand that did not know,
And set to eyes that could not see.

Torn from my garden green and bright,
  As he too ; first-born of her spring,
  Once flower-fair, now a lost, dead thing,
Hidden with me in graveyard night.

But, lo ! it was not thus at all !
  I did not think that flowers could see
  The wonder of the worlds to be
When the poor leaves of this life fall.

For while they wept, and sadly threw
  The black earth on our coffin-lid,
  A light came there where we were hid,
A wind breathed softer than I knew.

There shine no sunbeams so on earth,
  There is no air blows in such wise
  As this that swept from Paradise,
And turned grave-gloom to grace and mirth.

I saw him rise unspeakably;
  I saw how subtle Life receives
  New gifts from Death. It was but leaves —
Dead leaves — we left there, I and he.

And clasped in that small hand I came —
  A spirit-Rose as he was spirit —
  The further marvels to inherit
Of Life, which is for all the same.

Crown me, white sisters! When she bent —
  That tender mother by his grave —
  'Twas I who, with a rose-waft, gave
The thought that filled her with content.

THE HARLOT'S ROSE.

I WAS the blessed flower! Give back
The crown, dear sisters! for you lack
My joy — you! that her bosom bore;
You they entombed! — my deeper lore.

'Twas sweet in lovely death to fade,
Rose-blossom on rose-bosom laid;

'Twas rare in grasp of Death, to see
The flower of Life blow changelessly.

But I, most happy of all three,
Rejoice for what he did to me;
Binding my bud on locks that rolled
Their wasted wealth in rippled gold.

For loveless love he set me there;
With thankless thanks she found me fair;
Laughed with sad eyes to hear him tell
The gold, with white and green, "went well."

We did our kind: she to bestow
God's grace in her rich beauty so
That good grew evil; I to scent
Her steps and be Sin's ornament.

Yet 'twas my duty to seem sweet,
She had such bitter bread to eat!
She put me at her breast — I heard
Her heart-beats speaking, without word.

"Each spring I plucked such long ago,"
She said — "Ah, God! if we could grow
Clean like spring-roses — white again —
Forgetting last year's rain and stain!"

She said, "Ah, God! ah, mother! — some
Are blooming so about my home,
The home-scent makes me dream — let be!
I have no lover that loves me.

"What was it that we read in class?
'*And she supposing Him*' — alas!
'*The gardener.*' Fool! as if God's Son
Cares for the flowers that are done!"

Thereat our lips and leaves did kiss —
I was as sweet and soft in this
To her as any Rose could be —
"God's flowers forgive," she sighed, — "Doth He?"

And fondling me, as though she felt
Her mother's kisses on her melt,
The tear-drops from her painted lids
Ran on the rouge. "What eye forbids,"

She said, "to try if any hear?"
Mocking herself she sighed this prayer:
"Oh, Christ! I am Thy wilted Rose,
Renew me! Thou renewest those!"

Then laughed, — but did not see, as I,
The angels gather at her cry,
Their fine plots weaving out of sight
To help this soul that strove aright.

She did not feel the great wings fold
Thenceforward o'er her locks of gold;
Nor know thenceforward that the place
Was sentinelled by Shapes of grace.

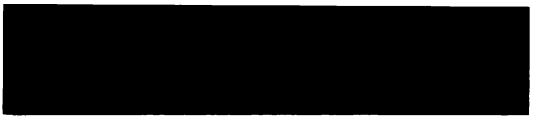
But when again she bound her hair,
And set me in its tresses fair,
I did not "shrink," (as he has said:)
I was too proud! for we were led

By holy hands through lane and street,
Past things to speak of is not meet;
Till when the tender plot had place,
God's mercy met her face to face.

In all this earth there is not one
So desolate and so undone,
Who hath not rescue if they knew
A heart-cry goes the whole world through.

Of thousands cruel one was kind;
We found the hand she could not find;
The fragrance of me brought her cry —
We saved her: those Wise Ones and I,

I and her angels! She hath rest!
Of all Rose-service mine was best.
Oh, sisters sweet! no longer boast;
Give me the crown! My joy was most!



SHE AND HE.

"SHE is dead!" they said to him. "Come away;
Kiss her! and leave her!—thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of marble they laid it fair:

Over her eyes, which gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows, and her dear, pale face
They tied her veil and her marriage-lace;

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes;—
Which were the whiter no eye could choose!

And over her bosom they crossed her hands;
"Come away," they said, — "God understands!"

And then there was Silence; — and nothing there
But the Silence — and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;
For they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she!"

And they held their breath as they left the room,
With a shudder to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he — who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead, —

He lit his lamp, and took the key,
And turn'd it! — Alone again — he and she!

He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kiss'd, in the old place, the quiet cheek;

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he call'd her the name that was fondest erewhile.

He and she; and she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love!

Then he said, "Cold lips! and breast without breath!
Is there no voice? — no language of death

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct, — intense?

"See, now, — I listen with soul, not ear —
What was the secret of dying, Dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all,
That you ever could let life's flower fall?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

"Was the miracle greatest to find how deep,
Beyond all dreams, sank downward that sleep?

"Did life roll backward its record, Dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so what a wisdom love is?

"Oh, perfect Dead! oh, Dead most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear;

"I listen — as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven! — and you do not tell!

"There must be pleasures in dying, Sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet!

"I would tell *you*, Darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon *my* brow shed.

"I would say, though the angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"*You* should not ask, vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which in Death's touch was the chiefest surprise;

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

* * * *

Ah ! foolish world ! Oh ! most kind Dead !
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the soft rich voice, in the dear old way : —

" The utmost wonder is this, — I hear,
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, Dear ;

" I can speak, now you listen with soul alone ,
If your soul could see, it would all be shewn

" What a strange delicious amazement is Death,
To be without body and breathe without breath.

" I should laugh for joy if you did not cry ;
Oh, listen ! Love lasts ! — Love never will die.

" I am only your Angel who was your Bride ;
And I know, that though dead, I have never died."

REST.

His mother was a prince's child,
His sire a crownèd king;
There lacked not to his wishes wild
What the broad earth could bring:
Strong knees were supple at his word,
Swords glimmered at his will.
Brave fortune! but it wearied him, —
His spirit thirsted still.

For him the glorious music rolled
Of singers silent long;
The Roman and the Grecian told
Their wars of Right and Wrong;
For him Philosophy unveiled
Athenian Plato's lore;

Might these not serve to stead a life?
Not these! — he sighed for more.

* * * *

He loved, — the truest, newest lip
That ever lover pressed, —
The queenliest mouth of all the South
Long love for him confessed.
Round him his children's joyousness
Rang silverly and shrill;
Thrice happy! save that happiness
Lacked something, — something still.

* * * *

It came! the studded sceptre lay
An unregarded thing;
Velvets and gold did bravely hold
The body of the king.
Why! strange that Love, and Lore, and Sway
Looked ever on before,
And those pale, quiet lips of clay
Asked nothing — nothing more!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

"ILICET."

In Roman households, when their dear ones died,
Thrice by his name the living called the dead;
And, silence only answering as they cried,
Ilicet — "go thou then!" — the mourners said.

Ilicet! let her part! the Poet's child,
Herself a mistress of the lyric song:
Ilicet! — to a world so sad and wild
To wish her back were far less love than wrong.

Ilicet! hard the word for those to say
Who know what gentleness is gone from earth;
Harder for those whose dwelling, day by day,
Shone with her presence — echoed to her mirth:

Yet, if HE wills it — whom she soars to meet
— The Lord of this world's vineyard — shall *we* ask
Who toil on, in the burden and the heat,
A later wage for her — a longer task?

Ilicet! let her go! though it were brave, —
In the hot vintage, where the strongest fail,
Weeding God's grapes from thistles — still to have
Her silver hymns o'er weariness prevail!

To hear her gentle, certain spirit of ruth
Share its great sureties with less happy brothers,
And — from eyes bright with Heav'n's light — teach the truth
Of "*little children pleading for their mothers.*"

Ilicet! Otherwhere they need those strains,
Sounding so true for men — albeit low;
A throne was vacant (though its steps were pains),
For a soul, tried, pure, perfect — let her go!

Sigh not "so young!" — "such promise!" — "ah! a flower
That longer life had sunned to fruit of gold."

Be still and see! — God's year, and day, and hour,
By lapse of mortal minutes is not told.

Who go are called — *ilicet!* let her go!
Though a sweet harp is silent in the land,
A soft voice hushed — and, never more below,
Poet and poet's child join song and hand.

Ilicet! ilicet! nos ibimus! —
To that divinest region of the skies,
Whence with clear sight she sees, knows, pities us.
We shall attain! — Vex not the dead with sighs.

AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA.

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head,
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this,—
"*I* am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! What the women lave
For its last bed of the grave,

Is a tent which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room, —
The wearer, not the garb, — the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from these splendid stars.

Loving friends! Be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye, —
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell, — one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends;
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By such light as shines for you;
But in light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity, —
In enlarging paradise,
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepped
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain, —
Sunshine still must follow rain;

Only not at death, — for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! yea!
Thou love divine! Thou love alway!

He that died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

IN MEMORIAM.

Ah ! not because our Soldier died before his field was won ;
Ah ! not because life would not last till life's long task were done,
Wreathe one less leaf, grieve with less grief, — of all our hosts that led
Not last in work and worth approved, — Lord Raglan lieth dead.

His nobleness he had of none, War's Master taught him war,
And prouder praise that Master gave than meaner lips can mar ;
Gone to his grave, his duty done ; if farther any seek,
He left his life to answer them, — a soldier's, — let it speak !

'Twas his to sway a blunted sword, — to fight a fated field,
While idle tongues talked victory, to struggle not to yield:
Light task for placeman's ready pen to plan a field for fight,
Hard work and hot with steel and shot to win that field aright.

Tears have been shed for the brave dead; mourn him who mourned for all!
Praise hath been given for strife well striven, praise him who strove o'er all,
Nor count that conquest little, though no banner flaunt it far,
That under him our English hearts beat Pain and Plague and War.

And if he held those English hearts too good to pave the path
To idle victories, shall we grudge what noble palm he hath?
Like ancient Chief he fought a-front, and mid his soldiers seen,
His work was aye as stern as theirs; oh! make his grave as green.

They know him well, — the Dead who died that Russian
wrong should cease,
Where Fortune doth not measure men, — their souls and
his have peace ;
Aye ! as well spent in sad sick tent as they in bloody
strife,
For English Homes our English Chief gave what he had,
— his life.

1853.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

If on this verse of mine
Those eyes shall ever shine,
Whereto sore-wounded men have looked for life,
Think not that for a rhyme,
Nor yet to fit the time,
I name thy name, — true victress in this strife!
But let it serve to say
That, when we kneel to pray,
Prayers rise for thee thine ear shall never know;
And that thy gallant deed,
For God, and for our need,
Is in all hearts, as deep as love can go.

'Tis good that thy name springs
From two of Earth's fair things —

A stately city and a soft-voiced bird;
'Tis well that in all homes,
When thy sweet story comes,
And brave eyes fill — that pleasant sounds be heard.
Oh voice! in night of fear,
As night's bird, soft to hear,
Oh great heart! raised like city on a hill;
Oh watcher! worn and pale,
Good Florence Nightingale,
Thanks, loving thanks, for thy large work and will!
England is glad of thee —
Christ, for thy charity,
Take thee to joy when hand and heart are still!

1853.

DEDICATION OF A POEM FROM THE SANSKRIT.

—•—

SWEET, on the daisies of your English grave
I lay this little wreath of Indian flowers,
Fragrant for me because the scent they have
Breathes of the memory of our wedded hours;

For others scentless; and for you, in heaven,
Too pale and faded, dear dead wife! to wear,
Save that they mean — what makes all fault forgiven —
That he who brings them lays his heart, too, there.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK POETS.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK POETS.

FROM THE ODYSSEY.

THEREUPON, stripping his tatters away, many-counselled Ulysses
Strode to the threshold, and stood there, upholding his bow, and his quiver
Brim-full of shafts; on the ground poured he forth the light-wingèd arrows
All in a pile at his feet, then turned to the suitors and spake this:
"Yonder match has been played; ye have seen my skill at the target:
Now I will shoot a shot that no man, I fancy, will better,
Into a different mark — if I may — and Apollo shall aid me."

Straight at Antinous then a keen-bladed arrow he levelled.

Grasping a golden cup stood the chief — a cup with two handles;

Deep in the draught he was, no thought in his mind of destruction!

How should a lord at the feast, in the midst of the banqueters, drinking,

Dream that, one against many — nay, though the strongest of mortals,

Thus could do him to death, and send him to sudden perdition?

Even as he quaffed, in the jowl the shaft of Odusseus transfixed him:

Right thro' the soft o' the neck the steel point travelled; his body

Tottered, bent, and fell; from his fingers the two-handled goblet

Clattered; a gush of blood burst thick and hot from his nostrils!

Sprawling and writhing, the feet of him kicked the board and o'erset it,

Spilling the viands and wine, overturning the roast meat and boiled meat,

Mixing the cates and fruit with his blood. The suitors, affrighted,
Sprang from the benches on this side and that side, and ran to the dead man,
Glaring for shield or for spear along the walls of the palace :
Not one spear there was, nor sword, nor target to help them ;
Then they turned with furious words on Odusseus, and cursed him.
"Stranger, thou shootest too well ; but this is the last of thy shooting !
Death shall have thee for this ! Thou hast killed with thy villanous arrow
One of the Ithaca princes, as noble and lordly as any,
Great in birth and deed : for this thing the vultures shall pick thee."

Each of them waited, expecting the man would surely crave pardon,
Saying, "the arrow slipped," that "the deed was wrought maladventure."
Fools, who did not feel Death's portals yawning to take them !

Then with terrible eyes broke forth the wrathful Odusseus:

"Dogs! ye did not think I should ever live to come hither,

Back from the city of Troy; and so ye harried my palace,

Ravished my handmaids, and, I being breathing, ye dared to beset her —

Her! my wife, Penelope — her! with your impudent suings,

Nothing regarding the gods, who reign in infinite heaven,

Neither believing that any man lived who would shrewdly requite you.

Now for all of you — all! — the hour is arrived of your judgment."

Sickly their visages waxed with fear as his accents resounded;

Hither and thither they rolled their eyes to find any refuge;

Only Eurymachus gathered his breath, and answered in this way:

"If, of a truth, thou art he, the Odusseus of Ithaca, living,

Just are thy words, and rightful thy wrath at the deeds of the princes,
Done without shame in thy halls, and done in thy fields, without number.
Yet this dead man here was the head and front of the sinning:
He, Antinous, set us on to the worst of our doings;
Caring not half so much for thy beauteous queen, nor to win her,
As that this thing might be, the which dread Zeus has forbidden,
Namely, to reign alone over all thine Ithacan kingdom,
King and Lord — having slain thy son and gotten his birthright.
Now he is dead for his scheme; but do thou have mercy and spare us —
Liegemen of thine and submissive — then we, going home to our houses,
Thence will bring for whatever was eaten or drunk in thy palace
Each of us twenty-fold back to thee here, a great restitution.

us."

Him, with a look of fire, the migl
answered : —

" Not if ye brought me, Eurymachus, al
the islands,

All that is yours to-day, and all ye may

Would I for this hold back my hand
death here.

Deed for deed I will have my price in
bodies.

Now, then, choose ye your way to die,
fight me ;

Else turn about and fly from the fates
my bowstring —

If, indeed, ye can fly — for I think I
faster."

Yet once more Eurymachus spake — this time to the suitors:

"Friends, the man is in earnest; he will not be stayed from his purpose,

But while an arrow is left he will shoot from his terrible bow there

Shot upon shot from the threshold, till each of us fall by his fellow,

Slain in a pile. Recall, then, our manhood! Stand not to be butchered!

Draw what swords we have, and hold the board up before us,

So, with its fence, let us rush in close order upon him! If one man

Thrust his way past the door, he may come to the town and call succor,

Then peradventure this shooter will pull his bow for the last time."

So, as he spoke, from its scabbard Eurymachus drew forth his falchion,

Bronze in the blade, two-edged, and rushed with a yell to the portal,

Waving it high; but right as he came the watchful Odusseus
Let go a whistling shaft which took him under the breast-bone,
Plunging barb-deep in the liver. Down out of his grasp fell the falchion,
Clattering he rolled in the wreck of the festival, screaming and twisting:
Platters and food flew about, and cups whirled hither and thither,
While the wretch hit this way and that his head on the pavement,
Mad with the anguish, and struck with his feet the boards and the benches,
Beating a horrid tune, till death's fog clouded his eye-balls.

Next Amphinomus faced his fate, and ran at Odusseus
Headlong, drawing his keen-edged blade, and desperately hoping
If he might break his way; but him Telemachus dealt with,

Striking him quick as he passed with the bronze-barbed spear in the shoulders —
Right through the back it drove, and out at the ribs made its passage.
Down with a crash he fell, full-front on the stones of the pavement:
Nay, and Telemachus left him so, with the spear in his shoulders,
Dreading lest one of the suitors, the while he tugged at the weapon,
Either with sword or club should find him helpless, and slay him;
Therefore back to his father he came, and spoke in his ear this:

"Father, 'twere good I fetched thee shield and spears and a helmet;
Armed thou shouldst be for the rest of this matter, and I, having donned it,
Armor will bring for the swineherd and cowherd, if thou canst abide here."

FROM HOMER.

THE heavenly Muses Three
A branch of laurel gave, which they had plucked,
To be my sceptre ; and they breathed a song
In music on my soul, and bade me set
Things past and things to be to that high strain ;
Also they bade me sing the race of gods,
Themselves, at first and last, ever remembering.

FROM HESIOD.

ONCE a hawk said this to a nightingale ; —
The robber had the singer in his claws,
High up among the clouds, and Philomel,
Trembling, and nipped in those sharp crooked talons,
Bewailed ; whereat the hawk savagely screamed :
"Why pipe, my friend? I am too strong to heed ;
I take you where I will, for all your singing ;
To eat you if I like, or let you go ;
And he 's a fool that fights against his fate.
He loses, and gets shame, beside his tears."

FROM HESIOD.

THEN Zeus let loose his wrath ! his awful heart,
Brimfull of anger, gave his will its way !

From Heaven's vault and high Olympus' crags
Impetuous he bade start the leashed-up fires:
Lightning and thunder and the thunderbolts
Flew from his mighty hand — flame with the crash,
And bolts with both — fire, noise, and bolts all mixed!
Groaned fruitful Mother Earth, wrapped in the war;
All her vast forests crackled, lightning-scorched;
The parched fields heaved and split; the ocean-floods
Bubbled, with all the streams, and lurid smoke
Curled round the Titans fighting — whence the glare
Blazed up across and through the infinite air;
So that those warrior-ranks, albeit like gods,
Were blinded with the dazzle of the flash,
And deaf with leaping peals.

FROM HESIOD.

"THE WOMAN BORN OF A BEE."

FROM youth to age she grows dear to her spouse;
Fills with fair girls and sturdy boys his house;
Among all women womanliest seems,
And heavenly grace about her mild brow gleams

A gentle wife, a noble friend she walks,
Nor ever with the gossipmongers talks;
Such women sometimes Zeus to mortals gives,
The glory and the solace of their lives.

FROM SIMONIDES OF AMORGOS.

SPLENDOR-THRONED Queen! immortal Aphrodite!
Daughter of Jove — Enchantress! I implore thee
Vex not my soul with agonies and anguish;
Slay me not, Goddess!
Come in thy pity — come, if I have prayed thee;
Come at the cry of my sorrow; in the old times
Oft thou hast heard and left thy father's heaven,
Left the gold houses,
Yoking thy chariot. Swiftly did the doves fly,
Swiftly they brought thee, waving plumes of wonder —
Waving their pale plumes all across the æther,
All down the azure!
Very soon they lighted. Then didst thou, Divine one,
Laugh a bright laugh from lips and eyes eternal,
Ask me, "What ailed me — wherefore out of heaven
"Thus I had called thee?

"What it was made me madden in my heart so?"
Question me, smiling — say to me, "My Sappho,
"Who is it wrongs thee? tell me who refuses
"Thee, vainly sighing."
"Be it who it may be, he that flies shall follow;
"He that rejects gifts, he shall bring thee many;
"He that hates now shall love thee dearly, madly —
"Ay, though thou wouldst not."
So once again come, Mistress; and, releasing
Me from my sadness, give me what I sue for,
Grant me my prayer, and be as heretofore now
Friend and protectress!

FROM SAPPHO.

HESPERUS brings all things back
Which the day-light made us lack,
Brings the sheep and goats to rest,
Brings the baby to the breast.

FROM SAPPHO.

LOVE once among the roses
Perceived a bee reposing,
And wondered what the beast was,
And touched it, so it stung him.

Sorely his finger smarted,
And bitterly he greeted,
And wrung his hands together;
And half he ran, half fluttered
Unto Cythera's bosom,
Unto his fair, sweet mother.
Loud sobbed he, "Ai! ai! mother!
Olola! I am murdered!
Olola! it has killed me!
A small brown snake with winglets,
That men the bumble-bee call,
Has bit me." But Cythera
Said, laughing, "Ah, my baby,
If bees' stings hurt so sorely,
Bethink thee what the smart is
Of those, Love, that thou piercest."

FROM ANACREON.

DAUGHTER of Justice, wingèd Nemesis;
Thou of the awful eyes,
Whose silent sentence judgeth mortal life!
Thou with thy curb of steel,
Which proudest jaws must feel,

Stayest the snort and champ of human strife ;
And, hating miserable pride of men,
Dost tame fierce hearts, and turn them meek agen.
Under thy wheel, unresting, trackless, all
Our joys and griefs befall ;
In thy full sight our secret things go on ;
Step after step thy wrath
Follows the caitiff's path,
And at his triumph breaks his vile neck-bone.
To all alike thou metest out their due,
Cubit for cubit, inch for inch — stern — true.

FROM MESOMEDES.

LIFE without golden love — what bliss is this?
Oh, let me die when love is dead with me !
The stolen words, the honeyed gifts, the kiss,
These are the blossoms of youth's glorious tree.

FROM MIMNERMUS

TWO IDYLS FROM THEOCRITUS.

THUS begins the first idyl of Theocritus; the pine music and the bubble of the fountain whisper and tinkle through its lines: —

THYRSIS.

SOFTLY the sway oi the pine-branches murmurs a melody, Shepherd!
Down by the rim of the fountain, and softly dost thou, on the Pan-pipes,
Pipe to the pines: next to Pan thou bearest the bell for rare music.
Say that he wins a great-horn'd goat, then thine is a she-goat;
Say that the she-goat is his, but thine is the kid, then; and tender
Savors the meat of a kid — till she comes to the bearing and milking.

GOATHERD.

Sweeter I call thy strain than the tinkle of water that trickles,

Tinkling, and trickling, and rippling adown the green shelves of the mountain.

If we must grant the high Muses their prize from the pick of the wethers,

Certainly thine is a ewe: or if a ewe pleases their fancy,

Then at the least a lamb comes to thee — to drive to thy sheep-folds.

THYRSIS.

Sit thee adown, good friend — sit down, and pipe to us, Shepherd!

Here where the side of the hill slopes fair, and the myrtles are thickest,

Blow the fine music out: the yearlings can pasture around us!

GOATHERD.

Nay! 'twere a sin, 'twere a sin — the sun 's at his highest, my Thyrsis;

Pan would be anger'd to hear me — just now, he breaks off from hunting,

Stretches his hairy limbs in the shade, and puffs his great nostrils,

Panting, and surly for lack of breath, and longing for slumber.

You now, Thyrsis, might sing! you know the ballad of Daphnis:

None of our woodside singers have half such a trick at the measure.

Couch we here under these elms, on the grass at the foot of the stone-god,

Facing the fountain, and looking right on to the mountains and meadows,

Over the tops of the oaks; and if you sing only so deftly

As you did once on the day when Chromis the African dared you,

Look! I'll give you yon she-goat; the dam of a couplet of weanlings;

Udder she carries for both, and then to fill two of thy milk-bowls.

Her, and a cup cut in beech, two-handled and polished with beeswax,

Clean and new, with the smell of the chisel and fresh wood about it;

All round its rim, on the top, there creeps a string of ground ivy,

Twisted and tangled with woodbine, while here and there, in the circle,

Tendrils curl and clasp — with bunches of berries among them.

Outside a damsel is carved — so fair the gods might have wrought her!

Neat and trim, with her mantle and net — and — this hand and that hand —

Two youths — both long-hair'd — both comely — contend for her favors

Angrily — never a jot cares my pretty jade for their anger!

Sometimes she flings a smile to one, and frowns to his fellow,

Sometimes she softens to t'other — and there they stand in the beechwood,

Laugh'd at, but mad with love — half-teased, half-pleased at the wanton.

Next a fisherman comes, cut out on a rock, and its ledges

Jut up rough and stark;—the old boy, done to a marvel,

Staggers and sweats at his work — just like a fisherman hauling;

Looking upon it you'd swear the work was alive, and no picture,
So do the veins knot up and swell in his neck and his shoulders,
For, though he 's wrinkled and grey, there 's stuff left yet in the ancient.
Next to this old sea-dog you see a vine — all its branches
Heavy with globing grapes — a little lad sits by a thicket,
Guarding the grapes, but close at hand two foxes come creeping,
One in the vineyard munches the clusters — one 's after the wallet :
Gods ! you can see his scheme — he 'll keep his eye on the youngster,
Till that he finds a chance, and leaves him dinnerless. Blind one !
Why do you sit there weaving with grasses a cage for your crickets,
Plaiting the grasses, and wholly forgetting your wallet and dinner,
Wholly forgetting your grapes — wrapped up in those grasshopper-engines ?

All the work in this cup 's filled in with leaves of acanthus;
'Tis an Æolic thing — and sooth, of a wonderful fancy,
Sirs! it cost me to buy of the Calydon sailor, a big cheese
Made of snow-white curds, and a she-goat into the bargain;
Yet it has touch'd no lip, but lies this while in my cottage.
See now! I mean it for you! 'tis yours, if you sing us that ditty
Half so well as you sang it before to the Himera shepherds.
No thanks! do but sing! — there 's no more sunshine nor singing
Under the grass — in the realm of the dead — where all is forgotten!

Such is the pastoral vein of the great poet of Trinacria; the second idyll is a good specimen of his picturesque and passionate manner, and of the exquisite melody of his line. It is a love piece, tender and fierce alternately, as were the dark eyes of the island girls. The English version given below of this remarkable poem is a paraphrase in part, rather than an exact translation; but there

are passages in the "Pharmakeutria" which go almost beyond the grace of English. In this idyll Simœtha, a Syracusan girl, deserted by her lover Delphis, performs, to bring him back to her, the "Incantation of the Bird;" wherein the bird called the wryneck was bound to a wheel, and whirled round, while prayers were made to the Moon and the deities of the Night. The sweet Greek runs thus: —

THESTYLIS! where are the laurel-leaves? Quick, girl!
bring me the love-spells!
Fasten the scarlet thread in and out round the brim of
the beaker!
Quick! for I mean to charm my lover, my false-hearted
lover.
Twelve long days are passed, and he never has once come
to see me,
Knows not if I be living or dead — never sends me a
message,
No! not even a word at my door! Has he gone to some
new love,
Light as the wings of Eros, and fleeting as Queen Aphro
dite?

Down to the town I will hasten to-morrow, and see him, and ask him
Face to face, why he treats me so coldly: but Thestylis! thou now
Help me to try him with charms, and oh Moon! glitter thy brightest!
Shine, pale Moon! for thee I invoke, and thy sister and shadow
Hecate — the under-world Moon, whom even the little dogs howl at
When she goes forth o'er the graves, and all her footmarks are bloody:
Make my magic to-night as strong as ever was Circe's,
Potent as white Perimede's, and mighty as Colchian Medea's!

Little bird! whirl and scream, and whirl, and bring me my lover!
Turn wheel, turn! and burn, cake, burn! Ah! Thestylis, sprinkle!
What are you doing to tremble so? sprinkle the salt on the brazier!

Where are your wits gone, girl? or is it that you too must
vex me?
Sprinkle the salt, and say, "Flesh and blood of Delphis I
scatter!"

Little bird! scream, and whirl, and scream, and bring me
my lover!

Delphis grieves me — in my turn
I will grieve him. Laurel, burn!
As thy bright leaves curl and crack,
Smoke and blaze and vanish black,
Leaving not a leaf to see:
May his heart love-scorchèd be!

Little bird! whirl, and scream, little bird! and bring me
my lover!

As I melt this waxen ball
May the great gods hear me call,
And Delphis melt with love for me!
And as this wheel turns rapidly
So may Queen Venus speed the charms
And bring him quickly to my arms!

ittle bird, whirl, whirl, whirl! scream! scream! and bring me my lover!

Now I scatter on the flame
Bran. Oh! Artemis! thy name
Moves the Judge of Hell to fear,
Rhadamanth himself! Then hear!
Hear! oh, hear me! Thestylis,
Did the dogs bark? Yes, it is!
'Tis the goddess in the street!
Beat the cymbals! quick, girl! beat!

ittle bird, scream — scream louder! and bring me my false-hearted lover!

Look! the restless sea is sleeping,
Milk-white ripples curling, creeping!
Listen! all the winds are quiet,
Folded up from rage and riot!
Only in my heart the pain
Wakes, and will not sleep again!
Bitter pain the sport to be
Of him who hath unmaidened me.

Little bird, whirl — whirl fast! scream sharp — scream! call me my lover!

Thrice libations due I pay,
Thrice, great goddess! this I say,
Whom he loves now I know not,
But let her come to be forgot!
Clean forgot from head to feet
As Ariadne was of Crete.

Scream, little bird! more — more! and whirl, and fetch me my lover!

In Arcady there grows a flower,
Stings the herds with subtle power,
Drives them mad on vale and height:
Would I had that flower to-night!
Delphis should come quick to me,
Come, whate'er his company!

Scream for me still, little bird! scream once, and call me my lover!

Delphis left this gift with me:
In the fire I fling it. See!
Burn it red and burn it black,
Angry hissing flames! Alack!
It leaps away — he 'll not return!
It only burneth as I burn,
And now 'tis ashes, pale and grey,
As pale as I grow day by day.

ream ere you die, little bird! one cry to call me my lover!

Lizards green and gold I take
(Mighty magic this will make),
Slit them down from chin to tail,
Squeeze their cold blood, cold and pale.
Thestylis, take this to-morrow
(It can work him bliss or sorrow),
Lay it on his threshold stone,
Spit to the left, and say alone,
"She whose heart you tread on here
Charms you, Delphis! Love to fear!"

Dead are you, poor little fool? and you could not bring me my lover!

Ah, me! what shall I do? Alone, alone!—
I 'll think the story over of my love,
How it began — what made the sweet pain come.
It was the day Anaxo was to walk
Bearing the basket for great Artemis,
With striped and spotted beasts in the procession.
Oh! — and you recollect — a lioness!

Lady Moon! listen and pity! and help me, bringing my lover!

And my old Thracian nurse, Theucharila
Came — you remember — teasing, tempting me
To go and see them pass, and so I went.
O fool! I went wearing the yellow bodice,
And Clearista's purple train from Tyre.

Lady Moon! listen and pity, and say where tarries my lover!

And when we came hard by where Lycon lives
Upon the paved way, there I saw him first,
Delphis, with Eudamippus — oh, you know!
His hair danced back from off his brow, like sprays
Of bright amaracus, when the west wind blows,
And all his neck, flushed with the heat of the games,
Shone as thou shinest, Moon! but rosier pearl!

ady Moon! Lady Moon, listen, and pity, and bring me
my lover!

I saw him — looked! loved! oh, my foolish eyes!
Oh me! the coward color of my cheeks!
Oh, heart that straight went mad! I did not mark
Those tame beasts any more; how I came home
I cannot call to mind; you know I lay
Ten days and nights indoors, and never rose.

ady Moon! sweet pale Moon! have mercy, and bring
me this lover!

I grew as pale — as white as thapsus-wood!
Say if I braided up my hair, or sang!

Say if I grew not to a ghost, with thinking !
When was the day you sought not who he was,
Where was the crone we did not plague for charms
To bring him? All in vain ; he never came !

)h, Moon ! hide not thy face. Oh, white Moon ! listen
and pity !

So I grew sick with waiting, and I said,
" Ah, Thestylis, help ! — heal me, or I die !
" This Greek boy hath bewitched me. Go, my friend !
" Watch at the gateway of the wrestling-school.
" He cometh there, I think, to play or sit,

Silver-faced Queen of the Stars, thou know'st we are not
as immortals !

" And when he is alone, whisper full soft
" And say, ' Simœtha bids thee come,' and then
" If he will, bring him ! " So you went and came
Bringing my love to me. But when I heard
His sandals on the step, and saw his face —

Lady Moon! hear this now, and pity, and shine while I tell you!

And saw his face, I turned as cold as snow,
And tears — I wot not why — sprang to my lids,
And how to speak I knew not; not so much
As little children startled in the night,
That sob, and know it is all well — but sob,
And will not stint even for their mother's voice.
I was as dumb as dead things, Thestylis.

Queen of the planets and stars! forgive, and listen, and pity!

For he with a bright gladness — not too bold —
Entered; and looked hard once, and then looked down,
And sat against my feet; and sitting, said,
"Only so little, sweet Simœtha! thou
"Hast been the first to speak — as I was first
"Against Philinus in the race to-day, —

White-sandalled Mistress of Night! have patience, and hear me and help me.

"I should have come, I swear it by my head!
"To-morrow at the dusk. I meant to bring
"Some choice rose-apples in my breast. Mayhap
"You love them; and a crown of poplar leaves
"Twisted with myrtle-buds and tied with red;

Lady Moon, where is he now? so soft, so gentle, so fickle!

"And if you had seemed kind I should have spoke.
"I was not hopeless, for I won the prize
"At running, and the maidens call me fair.
"The one prize I have longed for since the feast
"Was once to touch the goal of those dear lips;
"Then I could rest — not else! But had you frowned,
"And bade me go, and barred your door on me,
"Oh, Sweet! I think I should have come with lamps
"And axes, and have stolen you like gold!

Lady Moon, where is he now? so gentle, so earnest, so winning!

"How shall I," he went on, "thank the gods first,
"And next you — you! the queen and life of me!

" My kindest love — who badst me hither come
" When I did burn for leave — yea ! for I think
" Hephæstus hath no flame like Eros lights ! "

Lady Moon, look out of heaven, and find him, and bring him for pity.

So he spake, low and fair, and I, alas !
What could I do, but reach my hand to him,
And let him take it, and take me, and have
The kiss he sued for, and another such ?
My cheeks were white no more, nor my heart sad,
Nor any trouble left ; but we sat close,
And the soft talk bubbled from lip to lip
Like fountains in the roses. All that time,
And many a time we sat so : never once
He failed to keep his word, and never once
Left, save with lingering foot. But one ill day
He did not come, and then it was I heard
Stories, that vexed me, of another love :
Melixa's mother, and the harp-player
Told me — and both are friends — he'd come no more,
And that his house was loud with pipes and songs,

And gay with crowns, not woven now for me.
Oh, Thestylis! twelve days ago this was,
And never have I seen him since that day,
And never shall, unless my magic works:
Therefore blow up the flame, and whirl the wheel!

Lady Moon! speed this spell; and fetch me my false hearted lover.

Speed this spell! if it brings you,
Delphis, love shall live anew:
If in vain I watch and wait,
Delphis, love will turn to hate!
Subtle drugs I treasure here,
Drugs of awful force and fear:
A Syrian witch culled these for me
In lonely caverns by the sea.
Delphis, if I brew this drink
It will send you, as I think,
Down to Hades' gate, to seek
A sweeter lip, a fairer cheek.
Oh, Moon! spare me this at last!
Oh, Moon! speed it — if I must.

And now farewell! for one day more
I wait, and love him as before!
Farewell, pale Moon, and planets bright,
Watchers with me this silent night!

FROM THEOCRITUS.

LAMENT OF ADONIS.

WOE is me for Adonis! gone dead is the comely Adonis!
Dead is the god-like Adonis! the young Loves wail for him, ai! ai!
Sleep no more, wrapped in thy mantles of Tyrian, lady of Cyprus!
Rise, don thy raiment of azure, pale mourner, and beat on thy bosom!
Tell out thy sorrow to all — he is dead, thy darling Adonis.

Ai! ai! wail for Adonis! — the young Loves wail for him, ai! ai!
Hurt on the hill lies Adonis the beautiful; torn with the boar's tusk,

Torn on the ivory thigh with the ivory tusk, his lo[illegible]
gasping
Anguishes Cypris' soul: the dark blood trickles in rivers
Down from his snowy side — his eyes are dreamily dim[illegible]
ming
Under their lids; and the rose leaves his lip, and th[illegible]
kisses upon it
Fade, and wax fainter, and faintest, and die, befor[illegible]
Cypris can snatch them;
Dear to the Goddess his kiss, though it be not the kiss [illegible] of
the living;
Dear — but Adonis wists nought of the mouth that kiss[illegible]
him a-dying.

Ai! ai! wail for Adonis! — ai! ai! say the Loves for [illegible]
Adonis.
Cruel! ah, cruel the wound on the thigh of the hunter [illegible]
Adonis,
Yet in her innermost heart a deeper wears Queen Cy[illegible]
theræa.
Round the fair dead boy his hounds pace, dismally howl[illegible]
ing;
Round him the hill-spirits weep; but chiefest of all [illegible]
Aphrodite,

Letting her bright hair loose, goes wild through the depths
of the forest
Passionate, panting, unkempt; with feet unsandalled, whose beauty
Thorn-bushes tear as she passes, and drip with the bl
of the Goddess.
Bitterly bitterly wailing, down all the long hollows she hurries,
Calling him Husband and Love — her Boy — her Syrian Hunter.
Meantime dead in his gore lieth he — from groin unto shoulder
Bloody; from breast to thigh; the fair young flank of Adonis,
Heretofore white as the snow, dull now, and dabbled with purple.

Ai! ai! woe for Adonis! the Loves say, "woe for Adonis!"
That which hath killed her sweet lover hath killed a grace which was god-like!
Perfect the grace seemed of Cypris so long as Adonis was living;

Gone is her beauty now — ai! ai! gone dead with Adonis:

All the hills echo it — all the oaks whisper it, "Ah, for Adonis!"

Even the river-waves ripple the sorrows of sad Aphrodite,

Even the springs on the hills drop tears for the hunter Adonis;

Yea, and the rose-leaves are redder for grief; for the grief Cytheræa

Tells in the hollow dells, and utters to townland and woodland.

Ai! ai! Lady of Cyprus, "Lo! dead is my darling Adonis!"

Echo answers thee back, "Oh! dead is thy darling Adonis."

Who, good sooth, but would say, Ai! ai! for her passionate story?

When that she saw and knew the wound of Adonis — the death-wound —

Saw the blood come red from the gash, and the white thigh a-waning,

Wide outraught she her arms, and cried, "Ah! stay, my Adonis!

Stay for me, ill-starred love! — stay! stay! till I take thee
the last time,
Hold thee and fold thee, and lips meet lips, and mingle
together.
Rouse thee — a little, Adonis! kiss back for the last time,
beloved!
Kiss me — kiss me — only so long as the life of a kiss is!
So I may suck from thy soul to my mouth, to my inner-
most heart-beat,
All the breath of thy life, and take the last of its love spell
Unto the uttermost end — one kiss! I will tenderly
keep it
As I did thee, my Adonis, sith thou dost leave me,
Adonis!
Far thou dost go and for long — thou goest to the region
of shadows,
Unto a hateful and pitiless Power, and I, the unhappy,
Live! and alack! am a goddess, and cannot die and go
after;
Take thou my spouse, dark Queen, have here my hus-
band, as thou art
Stronger by far than I, and to thee goeth all that is
goodly.

Utterly hapless my fate, and utterly hopeless my grief is,
Weeping my love who is dead, and hating the Fate that hath slain him.
Fled is my joy, like a dream; thou art dead, thrice lovely and longed for!
Queen Cytheræa is widowed — the Loves in my bowers are idle —
Gone my charmed girdle with thee; why, rash one, went'st thou a-hunting?
Mad wert thou, being so fair, to match thee with beasts of the forest."

So grieved the Lady of Cyprus — the young Loves wept for her sorrow,
Saying "Ai! ai! Cytheræa! gone dead is her darling Adonis."
Drop by drop as the hunter bleeds, the tears of the Goddess
Fall and blend with the blood, and both on the ground become flowers;
Rose-blossoms grow from the blood, and wind-lilies out of the tear-drops.

Ai! ai! comely Adonis — gone dead is the god-like Adonis;

Wander no longer bewailing in glade and in thicket, sad lady!

Fair is his bed of leaves, and fragrant the couch where thy dead lies,

Dead, but as lovely as life — yea, dead — but as lovely as sleep is;

Lap him in mantles of silk — such robes as he once took delight in

When by thy side he passed in caresses the season of starbeams,

Lulled on a couch of gold — though dead, the raiments become him;

Heap on him garlands and blossoms and buds, entomb them together;

When that Adonis died, the flowers died too, and were withered!

Rain on him perfumes and odors, shed myrtle and spices upon him;

Let all delightful things die and go with him, for dead is the dearest.

So lies he lovely, in death-shroud of purple, the fair young Adonis;

Round about his couch the Loves go piteously wailing,

Tearing their hair for Adonis; and one has charge of his arrows,
One of his polished bow, and one of his well-feathered quiver;
One unclasps his sandal, and one in a water-pot golden
Brings bright water to lave his limbs, and one at the bier-head
Fans with her pinions the forehead and eyes of the sleeping Adonis.

Ah! but for Cypris herself the young Loves sorrow the sorest;
Quenched are the marriage-lamps in the halls of the God Hymenæus,
Scattered his marriage crowns; no more he sings, "Hymen, oh! Hymen,"
"Hymen!" no more is the song he goes singing, but evermore ai! ai!
"Ah, for Adonis," he cries, and "Ah!" say the Graces, "Adonis!"
More than the marriage-god even, they weep for the Syrian huntsman,
One to the other still saying, "Dead — dead is the lovely Adonis!"

All the nine Muses bewail — but he hears no more music
and singing,
Nay, not if that he would; Fate holds him fast and for
ever.

Cease, Cytheræa, thy sobs; a little while rest from thine
anguish,
Soon must thy tears flow again, and again comes the
season of sorrow.

FROM BION.

PRAYER TO THE MUSES.

GLORY and praise to those sweet lamps of earth,
The nine fair Daughters of Almighty Jove,
Who all the passage dark to death from birth
Lead wandering souls with their bright beams of love.

Through cares of mortal life, through pain and woe,
The tender solace of their counsel saves;
The healing secrets of their songs forego
Despair; and when we tremble at the waves

On life's wild sea of murk incertitude,
Their gentle touch upon the helm is pressed,
Their hand points out the beacon-star of good,
Where we shall make our harbor, and have rest —

The planet of our home wherefrom we fell,
Allured by this poor show of lower things,
Tempted among earth's dull deceits to dwell:
But oh! great Sisters, hear his prayer who sings,

And calm the restless flutter of his breast,
And fill him with the thirst for wisdom's stream;
Nor ever suffer earthly sights unblest
To turn his vision from the eternal beam.

Ever and ever higher, from the throng
Lawless and witless, lead his feet aright
Life's perils and perplexities among,
To the white centre of the sacred light.

Feed him with food of that rich fruit which grows
On stems of splendid learning — dower him still
With gifts of eloquence to vanquish those
Who err: — let soft persuasion change their will.

Hear, heavenly Sisters, hear! oh, ye who know
The winds of wisdom's sea, the course to steer;
Who light the flame that lightens all below,
And bring the spirits of the perfect there

Where the immortals are, when this life's fever
Is left behind as a dread gulf o'erpassed;
And souls, like mariners, escaped for ever,
Throng on the happy foreland, saved at last.

So bring, high Muses! open me the scroll
Where Truth is writ in characters of fire;
Roll from my eyes the mists of life — oh! roll,
That I may have my spirit's deep desire,

Discerning the divine in undivine,
The god in man — the life of me in death;
Nor let dire powers pluck this soul of mine
From its most precious hope — to merge beneath

Deep floods of black oblivion, far from bliss,
From light, from wisdom — never let their doom
Shut my lost soul in such despair as this,
My soul that is so weary of the gloom!

But hear and help, ye wise and shining Nine!
I yearn and strive towards your heavenly side;
Teach me the secret of the mystic sign,
Give me the lore that guards, the words that guide.

FROM PROCLUS

THE

LIGHT OF ASIA;

OR,

THE GREAT RENUNCIATION

(MAHÂBHINISHKRAMANA).

BEING

THE LIFE AND TEACHING OF GAUTAMA,

Prince of India and Founder of Buddhism

(AS TOLD IN VERSE BY AN INDIAN BUDDHIST).

PREFACE.

In the following Poem I have sought, by the medium of an imaginary Buddhist votary, to depict the life and character and indicate the philosophy of that noble hero and reformer, Prince Gautama of India, the founder of Buddhism.

A generation ago little or nothing was known in Europe of this great faith of Asia, which had nevertheless existed during twenty-four centuries, and at this day surpasses, in the number of its followers and the area of its prevalence, any other form of creed. Four hundred and seventy millions of our race live and die in the tenets of Gautama; and the spiritual dominions of this ancient teacher extend, at the present time, from Nepaul and Ceylon over the whole Eastern Peninsula to China, Japan, Thibet, Central Asia, Siberia, and even Swedish Lapland. India itself might fairly be included in this magnificent empire of belief, for though the profession of Buddhism has for the most part passed away from the land of its birth, the mark

of Gautama's sublime teaching is stamped ineffaceably upon modern Brahmanism, and the most characteristic habits and convictions of the Hindus are clearly due to the benign influence of Buddha's precepts. More than a third of mankind, therefore, owe their moral and religious ideas to this illustrious prince, whose personality, though imperfectly revealed in the existing sources of information, cannot but appear the highest, gentlest, holiest, and most beneficent, with one exception, in the history of Thought. Discordant in frequent particulars, and sorely overlaid by corruptions, inventions, and misconceptions, the Buddhistical books yet agree in the one point of recording nothing — no single act or word — which mars the perfect purity and tenderness of this Indian teacher, who united the truest princely qualities with the intellect of a sage and the passionate devotion of a martyr. Even M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, totally misjudging, as he does, many points of Buddhism, is well cited by Professor Max Müller as saying of Prince Siddârtha, " Sa vie n'a point de tache. Son constant héroïsme égale sa conviction ; et si la théorie qu'il préconise est fausse, les exemples personnels qu'il donne sont irréprochables. Il est le modèle achevé de toutes les vertus qu'il prêche ; son abnégation, sa charité, son inaltérable douceur ne se démentent point un seul instant. . . . Il prépare silencieusement

sa doctrine par six années de retraite et de méditation ; il la propage par la seule puissance de la parole et de la persuasion pendant plus d'un demi-siècle, et quand il meurt entre les bras de ses disciples, c'est avec la sérénité d'un sage qui a pratiqué le bien toute sa vie, et qui est assuré d'avoir trouvé le vrai." To Gautama has consequently been given this stupendous conquest of humanity; and — though he discountenanced ritual, and declared himself, even when on the threshold of Nirvana, to be only what all other men might become — the love and gratitude of Asia, disobeying his mandate, have given him fervent worship. Forests of flowers are daily laid upon his stainless shrines, and countless millions of lips daily repeat the formula, "I take refuge in Buddha!"

The Buddha of this poem — if, as need not be doubted, he really existed — was born on the borders of Nepaul, about 620 B.C., and died about 543 B.C. at Kusinagara in Oudh. In point of age, therefore, most other creeds are youthful compared with this venerable religion, which has in it the eternity of a universal hope, the immortality of a boundless love, an indestructible element of faith in final good, and the proudest assertion ever made of human freedom. The extravagances which disfigure the record and practice of Buddhism are to be referred to that inevitable degradation which priesthoods always

inflict upon great ideas committed to their charge. The power and sublimity of Gautama's original doctrines should be estimated by their influence, not by their interpreters; nor by that innocent but lazy and ceremonious church which has arisen on the foundations of the Buddhistic Brotherhood or "Sangha."

I have put my poem into a Buddhist's mouth, because, to appreciate the spirit of Asiatic thoughts, they should be regarded from the Oriental point of view; and neither the miracles which consecrate this record, nor the philosophy which it embodies, could have been otherwise so naturally reproduced. The doctrine of Transmigration, for instance — startling to modern minds — was established and thoroughly accepted by the Hindus of Buddha's time; that period when Jerusalem was being taken by Nebuchadnezzar, when Nineveh was falling to the Medes, and Marseilles was founded by the Phocæans. The exposition here offered of so antique a system is of necessity incomplete, and — in obedience to the laws of poetic art — passes rapidly by many matters philosophically most important, as well as over the long ministry of Gautama. But my purpose has been obtained if any just conception be here conveyed of the lofty character of this noble prince, and of the general purport of his doctrines. As to these there has arisen prodigious controversy among the erudite,

who will be aware that I have taken the imperfect Buddhistic citations much as they stand in Spence Hardy's work, and have also modified more than one passage in the received narratives. The views, however, here indicated of "Nirvana," "Dharma," "Karma," and the other chief features of Buddhism, are at least the fruits of considerable study, and also of a firm conviction that a third of mankind would never have been brought to believe in blank abstractions, or in Nothingness as the issue and crown of Being.

Finally, in reverence to the illustrious Promulgator of this "Light of Asia," and in homage to the many eminent scholars who have devoted noble labors to his memory, for which both repose and ability are wanting to me, I beg that the shortcomings of my too-hurried study may be forgiven. It has been composed in the brief intervals of days without leisure, but is inspired by an abiding desire to aid in the better mutual knowledge of East and West. The time may come, I hope, when this book and my "Indian Song of Songs" will preserve the memory of one who loved India and the Indian peoples.

EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

LONDON, *July*, 1879.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA.

Book the First.

The Scripture of the Saviour of the World,
Lord Buddha — Prince Siddârtha styled on earth —
In Earth and Heavens and Hells Incomparable,
All-honored, Wisest, Best, most Pitiful;
The Teacher of Nirvâna and the Law.

Thus came he to be born again for men.

Below the highest sphere four Regents sit
Who rule our world, and under them are zones

Nearer, but high, where saintliest spirits dead
Wait thrice ten thousand years, then live again ;
And on Lord Buddha, waiting in that sky,
Came for our sakes the five sure signs of birth
So that the Devas knew the signs, and said
" Buddha will go again to help the World."
" Yea ! " spake He, " now I go to help the World
This last of many times ; for birth and death
End hence for me and those who learn my Law.
I will go down among the Sâkyas,
Under the southward snows of Himalay,
Where pious people live and a just King."

That night the wife of King Suddhôdana,
Maya the Queen, asleep beside her Lord,
Dreamed a strange dream ; dreamed that a star from heaven —
Splendid, six-rayed, in color rosy-pearl,
Whereof the token was an Elephant
Six-tusked and whiter than Vahuka's milk —

Shot through the void and, shining into her,
Entered her womb upon the right. Awaked,
Bliss beyond mortal mother's filled her breast,
And over half the earth a lovely light
Forewent the morn. The strong hills shook; the waves
Sank lulled; all flowers that blow by day came forth
As 'twere high noon; down to the farthest hells
Passed the Queen's joy, as when warm sunshine thrills
Wood-glooms to gold, and into all the deeps
A tender whisper pierced. "Oh ye," it said,
"The dead that are to live, the live who die,
Uprise, and hear, and hope! Buddha is come!"
Whereat in Limbos numberless much peace
Spread, and the world's heart throbbed, and a wind blew
With unknown freshness over lands and seas.
And when the morning dawned, and this was told,
The grey dream-readers said "The dream is good!
The Crab is in conjunction with the Sun;
The Queen shall bear a boy, a holy child
Of wondrous wisdom, profiting all flesh.

Who shall deliver men from ignorance,
Or rule the world, if he will deign to rule."

In this wise was the holy Buddha born.

Queen Maya stood at noon, her days fulfilled,
Under a Palsa in the Palace-grounds,
A stately trunk, straight as a temple-shaft,
With crown of glossy leaves and fragrant blooms;
And, knowing the time come — for all things knew —
The conscious tree bent down its boughs to make
A bower about Queen Maya's majesty,
And Earth put forth a thousand sudden flowers
To spread a couch, while, ready for the bath,
The rock hard by gave out a limpid stream
Of crystal flow. So brought she forth her child
Pangless — he having on his perfect form
The marks, thirty and two, of blessed birth;
Of which the great news to the Palace came.
But when they brought the painted palanquin

To fetch him home, the bearers of the poles
Were the four Regents of the Earth, come down
From Mount Sumeru — they who write men's deeds
On brazen plates — the Angel of the East,
Whose hosts are clad in silver robes, and bear
Targets of pearl: the Angel of the South,
Whose horsemen, the Kumbhandas, ride blue steeds,
With sapphire shields: the Angel of the West,
By Nâgas followed, riding steeds blood-red,
With coral shields: the Angel of the North,
Environed by his Yakshas, all in gold,
On yellow horses, bearing shields of gold.
These, with their pomp invisible, came down
And took the poles, in caste and outward garb
Like bearers, yet most mighty gods; and gods
Walked free with men that day, though men knew not:
For Heaven was filled with gladness for Earth's sake,
Knowing Lord Buddha thus was come again.

But King Suddhôdana wist not of this;

The portents troubled, till his dream-readers
Augured a Prince of earthly dominance,
A Chakravartîn, such as rise to rule
Once in each thousand years; seven gifts he has—
The Chakra-ratna, disc divine; the gem;
The horse, the Aswa-ratna, that proud steed
Which tramps the clouds; a snow-white elephant,
The Hasti-ratna, born to bear his King;
The crafty Minister, the General
Unconquered, and the wife of peerless grace,
The Istrî-ratna, lovelier than the Dawn.
For which gifts looking with this wondrous boy,
The King gave order that his town should keep
High festival; therefore the ways were swept,
Rose-odors sprinkled in the street, the trees
Were hung with lamps and flags, while merry crowds
Gaped on the sword-players and posturers,
The jugglers, charmers, swingers, rope-walkers,
The nautch-girls in their spangled skirts and bells
That chime light laughter round their restless feet;

The masquers wrapped in skins of bear and deer.
The tiger-tamers, wrestlers, quail-fighters,
Beaters of drum and twanglers of the wire,
Who made the people happy by command.
Moreover from afar came merchant-men,
Bringing, on tidings of this birth, rich gifts
In golden trays; goat-shawls, and nard and jade,
Turkises, "evening-sky" tint, woven webs —
So fine twelve folds hide not a modest face —
Waist-cloths sewn thick with pearls, and sandal-wood;
Homage from tribute cities; so they called
Their Prince Savârthasiddh, "All-Prospering,"
Briefer, Siddârtha.
'Mongst the strangers came
A grey-haired saint, Asita, one whose ears,
Long closed to earthly things, caught heavenly sounds,
And heard at prayer beneath his peepul-tree
The Devas singing songs at Buddha's birth.
Wondrous in lore he was by age and fasts;
Him, drawing nigh, seeming so reverend,

The King saluted, and Queen Maya made
To lay her babe before such holy feet;
But when he saw the Prince the old man cried
"Ah, Queen, not so!" and thereupon he touched
Eight times the dust, laid his waste visage there,
Saying, "O Babe! I worship! Thou art He!
I see the rosy light, the foot-sole marks,
The soft curled tendril of the Swastika,
The sacred primal signs thirty and two,
The eighty lesser tokens. Thou art Buddh,
And thou wilt preach the Law and save all flesh
Who learn the Law, though I shall never hear,
Dying too soon, who lately longed to die;
Howbeit I have seen Thee. Know, O King!
This is that Blossom on our human tree
Which opens once in many myriad years —
But opened, fills the world with Wisdom's scent
And Love's dropped honey; from thy royal root
A Heavenly Lotus springs: Ah, happy House!
Yet not all-happy, for a sword must pierce

Thy bowels for this boy — whilst thou, sweet Queen !
Dear to all gods and men for this great birth,
Henceforth art grown too sacred for more woe,
And life is woe, therefore in seven days
Painless thou shalt attain the close of pain."

Which fell : for on the seventh evening
Queen Maya smiling slept, and waked no more,
Passing content to Trâyastrinshas-Heaven,
Where countless Devas worship her and wait
Attendant on that radiant Motherhead.
But for the Babe they found a foster-nurse,
Princess Mahâprajâpati — her breast
Nourished with noble milk the lips of Him
Whose lips comfort the Worlds.
When th' eighth year passed
The careful King bethought to teach his son
All that a Prince should learn, for still he shunned
The too vast presage of those miracles,
The glories and the sufferings of a Buddh.

So, in full council of his Ministers,
"Who is the wisest man, great sirs," he asked,
"To teach my Prince that which a Prince should know
Whereto gave answer each with instant voice
"King! Viswamitra is the wisest one,
The farthest-seen in Scriptures, and the best
In learning, and the manual arts, and all."
Thus Viswamitra came and heard commands;
And, on a day found fortunate, the Prince
Took up his slate of ox-red sandal-wood,
All-beautified by gems around the rim,
And sprinkled smooth with dust of emery,
These took he, and his writing-stick, and stood
With eyes bent down before the Sage, who said,
"Child, write this Scripture," speaking slow the vers
"*Gáyatrí*" named, which only High-born hear:—

Om, tatsaviturvarenyam
Bhargo devasya dhîmahi
Dhiyo yo na prachodayât.

"Acharya, I write," meekly replied
The Prince, and quickly on the dust he drew —
Not in one script, but many characters —
The sacred verse ; Nagri and Dakshin, Nî,
Mangal, Parusha, Yava, Tirthi, Uk,
Darad, Sikhyani, Mana, Madhyachar,
The pictured writings and the speech of signs,
Tokens of cave-men and the sea-peoples,
Of those who worship snakes beneath the earth,
And those who flame adore and the sun's orb,
The Magians and the dwellers on the mounds ;
Of all the nations all strange scripts he traced
One after other with his writing-stick,
Reading the master's verse in every tongue ;
And Viswamitra said, " It is enough,
Let us to numbers.
After me repeat
Your numeration till we reach the Lakh,
One, two, three, four, to ten, and then by tens
To hundreds, thousands." After him the child

Named digits, decads, centuries; nor paused,
The round lakh reached, but softly murmured on
"Then comes the kôti, nahut, ninnahut,
Khamba, viskhamba, abab, attata,
To kumuds, gundhikas, and utpalas,
By pundarîkas unto padumas,
Which last is how you count the utmost grains
Of Hastagiri ground to finest dust;
But beyond that a numeration is,
The Kâtha, used to count the stars of night;
The Kôti-Kâtha, for the ocean drops;
Ingga, the calculus of circulars;
Sarvanikchepa, by the which you deal
With all the sands of Gunga, till we come
To Antah-Kalpas, where the unit is
The sands of ten crore Gungas. If one seeks
More comprehensive scale, th' arithmic mounts
By the Asankya, which is the tale
Of all the drops that in ten thousand years
Would fall on all the worlds by daily rain;

Thence unto Maha Kalpas, by the which
The Gods compute their future and their past."

"'Tis good," the Sage rejoined, "Most noble Prince,
If these thou know'st, needs it that I should teach
The mensuration of the lineal?"
Humbly the boy replied, "Acharya!"
"Be pleased to hear me. Paramânus ten
A parasukshma make; ten of those build
The trasarene, and seven trasarenes
One mote's-length floating in the beam, seven motes
The whisker-point of mouse, and ten of these
One likhya; likhyas ten a yuka, ten
Yukas a heart of barley, which is held
Seven times a wasp-waist; so unto the grain
Of mung and mustard and the barley-corn,
Whereof ten give the finger-joint, twelve joints
The span, wherefrom we reach the cubit, staff,
Bow-length, lance-length; while twenty lengths of lance

Mete what is named a 'breath,' which is to say
Such space as man may stride with lungs once filled,
Whereof a gow is forty, four times that
A yojana ; and, Master ! if it please,
I shall recite how many sun-motes lie
From end to end within a yôjana."
Thereat, with instant skill, the little Prince
Pronounced the total of the atoms true.
But Viswamitra heard it on his face
Prostrate before the boy ; " For thou," he cried,
" Art Teacher of thy teachers — thou, not I,
Art Gûrû. Oh, I worship thee, sweet Prince !
That comest to my school only to show
Thou knowest all without the books, and know'st
Fair reverence besides."
Which reverence
Lord Buddha kept to all his schoolmasters,
Albeit beyond their learning taught ; in speech
Right gentle, yet so wise ; princely of mien,
Yet softly-mannered ; modest, deferent,

And tender-hearted, though of fearless blood;
No bolder horseman in the youthful band
E'er rode in gay chase of the shy gazelles;
No keener driver of the chariot
In mimic contest scoured the Palace-courts;
Yet in mid-play the boy would ofttimes pause,
Letting the deer pass free; would ofttimes yield
His half-won race because the laboring steeds
Fetched painful breath; or if his princely mates
Saddened to lose, or if some wistful dream
Swept o'er his thoughts. And ever with the years
Waxed this compassionateness of our Lord,
Even as a great tree grows from two soft leaves
To spread its shade afar; but hardly yet
Knew the young child of sorrow, pain, or tears,
Save as strange names for things not felt by kings,
Nor ever to be felt. But it befell
In the Royal garden on a day of spring,
A flock of wild swans passed, voyaging north
To their nest-places on Himâla's breast.

Calling in love-notes down their snowy line
The bright birds flew, by fond love piloted;
And Devadatta, cousin of the Prince,
Pointed his bow, and loosed a wilful shaft
Which found the wide wing of the foremost swan
Broad-spread to glide upon the free blue road,
So that it fell, the bitter arrow fixed,
Bright scarlet blood-gouts staining the pure plumes.
Which seeing, Prince Siddârtha took the bird
Tenderly up, rested it in his lap —
Sitting with knees crossed, as Lord Buddha sits —
And, soothing with a touch the wild thing's fright,
Composed its ruffled vans, calmed its quick heart,
Caressed it into peace with light kind palms
As soft as plantain-leaves an hour unrolled;
And while the left hand held, the right hand drew
The cruel steel forth from the wound and laid
Cool leaves and healing honey on the smart.
Yet all so little knew the boy of pain
That curiously into his wrist he pressed

The arrow's barb, and winced to feel it sting,
And turned with tears to soothe his bird again.
Then some one came who said, "My Prince hath shot
A swan, which fell among the roses here,
He bids me pray you send it. Will you send?"
"Nay," quoth Siddârtha, "if the bird were dead
To send it to the slayer might be well,
But the swan lives; my cousin hath but killed
The god-like speed which throbbed in this white wing."
And Devadatta answered, "The wild thing,
Living or dead, is his who fetched it down;
'Twas no man's in the clouds, but fall'n 'tis mine,
Give me my prize, fair Cousin." Then our Lord
Laid the swan's neck beside his own smooth cheek
And gravely spake, "Say no! the bird is mine,
The first of myriad things which shall be mine
By right of mercy and love's lordliness.
For now I know, by what within me stirs,
That I shall teach compassion unto men
And be a speechless world's interpreter,

Abating this accursed flood of woe,
Not man's alone; but, if the Prince disputes,
Let him submit this matter to the wise
And we will wait their word." So was it done;
In full divan the business had debate,
And many thought this thing and many that,
Till there arose an unknown priest who said,
"If life be aught, the savior of a life
Owns more the living thing than he can own
Who sought to slay — the slayer spoils and wastes,
The cherisher sustains, give him the bird:"
Which judgment all found just; but when the King
Sought out the sage for honor, he was gone;
And some one saw a hooded snake glide forth, —
The gods come ofttimes thus! So our Lord Buddh
Began his works of mercy.

Yet not more
Knew he as yet of grief than that one bird's,
Which, being healed, went joyous to its kind.
But on another day the King said, "Come,

Sweet son ! and see the pleasaunce of the spring,
And how the fruitful earth is wooed to yield
Its riches to the reaper ; how my realm —
Which shall be thine when the pile flames for me —
Feeds all its mouths and keeps the King's chest filled.
Fair is the season with new leaves, bright blooms,
Green grass, and cries of plough-time." So they rode
Into a land of wells and gardens, where,
All up and down the rich red loam, the steers
Strained their strong shoulders in the creaking yoke
Dragging the ploughs ; the fat soil rose and rolled
In smooth dark waves back from the plough ; who drove
Planted both feet upon the leaping share
To make the furrow deep ; among the palms
The tinkle of the rippling water rang,
And where it ran the glad earth 'broidered it
With balsams and the spears of lemon-grass.
Elsewhere were sowers who went forth to sow ;
And all the jungle laughed with nesting-songs,
And all the thickets rustled with small life

Of lizard, bee, beetle, and creeping things
Pleased at the spring-time. In the mango-sprays
The sun-birds flashed; alone at his green forge
Toiled the loud coppersmith; bee-eaters hawked
Chasing the purple butterflies; beneath,
Striped squirrels raced, the mynas perked and picked,
The nine brown sisters chattered in the thorn,
The pied fish-tiger hung above the pool,
The egrets stalked among the buffaloes,
The kites sailed circles in the golden air;
About the painted temple peacocks flew,
The blue doves cooed from every well, far off
The village drums beat for some marriage-feast;
All things spoke peace and plenty, and the Prince
Saw and rejoiced. But, looking deep, he saw
The thorns which grow upon this rose of life:
How the swart peasant sweated for his wage,
Toiling for leave to live; and how he urged
The great-eyed oxen through the flaming hours,
Goading their velvet flanks: then marked he, too,

How lizard fed on ant, and snake on him,
And kite on both; and how the fish-hawk robbed
The fish-tiger of that which it had seized;
The shrike chasing the bulbul, which did chase
The jewelled butterflies: till everywhere
Each slew a slayer and in turn was slain,
Life living upon death. So the fair show
Veiled one vast, savage, grim conspiracy
Of mutual murder, from the worm to man,
Who himself kills his fellow; seeing which —
The hungry ploughman and his laboring kine,
Their dewlaps blistered with the bitter yoke,
The rage to live which makes all living strife —
The Prince Siddârtha sighed. "Is this," he said,
"That happy earth they brought me forth to see?
How salt with sweat the peasant's bread! how hard
The oxen's service! in the brake how fierce
The war of weak and strong! i' th' air what plots!
No refuge e'en in water. Go aside
A space, and let me muse on what ye show."

So saying, the good Lord Buddha seated him
Under a jambu-tree, with ankles crossed —
As holy statues sit — and first began
To meditate this deep disease of life,
What its far source and whence its remedy.
So vast a pity filled him, such wide love
For living things, such passion to heal pain,
That by their stress his princely spirit passed
To ecstasy, and, purged from mortal taint
Of sense and self, the boy attained thereat
Dhyâna, first step of "the path."
There flew
High overhead that hour five holy ones,
Whose free wings faltered as they passed the tree.
"What power superior draws us from our flight?"
They asked, for spirits feel all force divine,
And know the sacred presence of the pure.
Then, looking downward, they beheld the Buddh
Crowned with a rose-hued aureole, intent
On thoughts to save; while from the grove a voice

Cried, "Rishis! this is He shall help the world,
Descend and worship." So the Bright Ones came
And sang a song of praise, folding their wings,
Then journeyed on, taking good news to Gods.

But certain from the King seeking the Prince
Found him still musing, though the noon was past,
And the sun hastened to the western hills:
Yet, while all shadows moved, the jambu-tree's
Stayed in one quarter, overspreading him,
Lest the sloped rays should strike that sacred head;
And he who saw this sight heard a voice say,
Amid the blossoms of the rose-apple,
"Let be the King's son! till the shadow goes
Forth from his heart my shadow will not shift."

Book the Second.

Now, when our Lord was come to eighteen years,
The King commanded that there should be built
Three stately houses, one of hewn square beams
With cedar lining, warm for winter days;
One of veined marbles, cool for summer heat;
And one of burned bricks, with blue tiles bedecked,
Pleasant at seed-time, when the champaks bud —
Subha, Suramma, Ramma, were their names.
Delicious gardens round about them bloomed,
Streams wandered wild and musky thickets stretched,
With many a bright pavilion and fair lawn
In midst of which Siddârtha strayed at will,
Some new delight provided every hour;
And happy hours he knew, for life was rich,

With youthful blood at quickest; yet still came
The shadows of his meditation back,
As the lake's silver dulls with driving clouds.

Which the King marking, called his Ministers:
"Bethink ye, sirs! how the old Rishi spake,"
He said, "and what my dream-readers foretold.
This boy, more dear to me than mine heart's blood,
Shall be of universal dominance,
Trampling the neck of all his enemies,
A King of kings — and this is in my heart; —
Or he shall tread the sad and lowly path
Of self-denial and of pious pains,
Gaining who knows what good, when all is lost
Worth keeping; and to this his wistful eyes
Do still incline amid my palaces.
But ye are sage, and ye will counsel me;
How may his feet be turned to that proud road
Where they should walk, and all fair signs come true
Which gave him Earth to rule, if he would rule?"

The eldest answered, "Maharaja! love
Will cure these thin distempers; weave the spell
Of woman's wiles about his idle heart.
What knows this noble boy of beauty yet,
Eyes that make heaven forgot, and lips of balm?
Find him soft wives and pretty playfellows;
The thoughts ye cannot stay with brazen chains
A girl's hair lightly binds."

And all thought good,
But the King answered, "If we seek him wives,
Love chooseth ofttimes with another eye;
And if we bid range Beauty's garden round,
To pluck what blossom pleases, he will smile
And sweetly shun the joy he knows not of."
Then said another, "Roams the barasingh
Until the fated arrow flies; for him,
As for less lordly spirits, some one charms,
Some face will seem a Paradise, some form
Fairer than pale Dawn when she wakes the world
This do, my King! Command a festival

Where the realm's maids shall be competitors
In youth and grace, and sports that Sâkyas use.
Let the Prince give the prizes to the fair,
And, when the lovely victors pass his seat,
There shall be those who mark if one or two
Change the fixed sadness of his tender cheek;
So we may choose for Love with Love's own eyes,
And cheat his Highness into happiness."
This thing seemed good; wherefore upon a day
The criers bade the young and beautiful
Pass to the palace, for 'twas in command
To hold a court of pleasure, and the Prince
Would give the prizes, something rich for all,
The richest for the fairest judged. So flocked
Kapilavastu's maidens to the gate,
Each with her dark hair newly smoothed and bound,
Eyelashes lustred with the soorma-stick,
Fresh-bathed and scented; all in shawls and cloths
Of gayest; slender hands and feet new-stained
With crimson, and the tilka-spots stamped bright.

Fair show it was of all those Indian girls
Slow-pacing past the throne with large black eyes
Fixed on the ground, for when they saw the Prince
More than the awe of Majesty made beat
Their fluttering hearts, he sate so passionless,
Gentle, but so beyond them. Each maid took
With down-dropped lids her gift, afraid to gaze;
And if the people hailed some lovelier one
Beyond her rivals worthy royal smiles,
She stood like a scared antelope to touch
The gracious hand, then fled to join her mates
Trembling at favor, so divine he seemed,
So high and saint-like and above her world.
Thus filed they, one bright maid after another,
The city's flowers, and all this beauteous march
Was ending and the prizes spent, when last
Came young Yasôdhara, and they that stood
Nearest Siddârtha saw the princely boy
Start, as the radiant girl approached. A form
Of heavenly mould; a gait like Parvati's:

Eyes like a hind's in love-time, face so fair
Words cannot paint its spell; and she alone
Gazed full — folding her palms across her breasts —
On the boy's gaze, her stately neck unbent.
"Is there a gift for me?" she asked, and smiled.
"The gifts are gone," the Prince replied, "yet take
This for amends, dear sister, of whose grace
Our happy city boasts;" therewith he loosed
The emerald necklet from his throat, and clasped
Its green beads round her dark and silk-soft waist;
And their eyes mixed, and from the look sprang love.

Long after — when enlightenment was full —
Lord Buddha — being prayed why thus his heart
Took fire at first glance of the Sâkya girl,
Answered, "We were not strangers, as to us
And all it seemed; in ages long gone by
A hunter's son, playing with forest girls
By Yamun's springs, where Nandadevi stands,
Sate umpire while they raced beneath the firs

Like hares at eve that run their playful rings;
One with flower-stars crowned he, one with long plumes
Plucked from eyed pheasant and the jungle-cock,
One with fir-apples; but who ran the last
Came first for him, and unto her the boy
Gave a tame fawn and his heart's love beside.
And in the wood they lived many glad years,
And in the wood they undivided died.
Lo! as hid seed shoots after rainless years,
So good and evil, pains and pleasures, hates
And loves, and all dead deeds, come forth again
Bearing bright leaves or dark, sweet fruit or sour.
Thus I was he and she Yasôdhara;
And while the wheel of birth and death turns round,
That which hath been must be between us two."

But they who watched the Prince at prize-giving
Saw and heard all, and told the careful King
How sate Siddârtha heedless, till there passed
Great Suprabuddha's child, Yasôdhara;

And how — at sudden sight of her — he changed,
And how she gazed on him and he on her,
And of the jewel-gift, and what beside
Passed in their speaking glance.
The fond King smiled:
"Look! we have found a lure; take counsel now
To fetch therewith our falcon from the clouds.
Let messengers be sent to ask the maid
In marriage for my son." But it was law
With Sâkyas, when any asked a maid
Of noble house, fair and desirable,
He must make good his skill in martial arts
Against all suitors who should challenge it;
Nor might this custom break itself for kings.
Therefore her father spake: "Say to the King,
The child is sought by princes far and near;
If thy most gentle son can bend the bow,
Sway sword, and back a horse better than they,
Best would he be in all and best to us:
But how shall this be, with his cloistered ways?"

Then the King's heart was sore, for now the Prince
Begged sweet Yasôdhara for wife — in vain,
With Devadatta foremost at the bow,
Ardjuna master of all fiery steeds,
And Nanda chief in sword-play; but the Prince
Laughed low and said, "These things, too, I have learned;
Make proclamation that thy son will meet
All comers at their chosen games. I think
I shall not lose my love for such as these."
So 'twas given forth that on the seventh day
The Prince Siddârtha summoned whoso would
To match with him in feats of manliness,
The victor's crown to be Yasôdhara.

Therefore, upon the seventh day, there went
The Sâkya lords and town and country round
Unto the maidân; and the maid went too
Amid her kinsfolk, carried as a bride,
With music, and with litters gayly dight,
And gold-horned oxen, flower-caparisoned.

Whom Devadatta claimed, of royal line,
And Nanda and Ardjuna, noble both,
The flower of all youths there, till the Prince came
Riding his white horse Kantaka, which neighed,
Astonished at this great strange world without:
Also Siddârtha gazed with wondering eyes
On all those people born beneath the throne,
Otherwise housed than kings, otherwise fed,
And yet so like — perchance — in joys and griefs.
But when the Prince saw sweet Yasôdhara,
Brightly he smiled, and drew his silken rein,
Leaped to the earth from Kantaka's broad back,
And cried, "He is not worthy of this pearl
Who is not worthiest; let my rivals prove
If I have dared too much in seeking her."
Then Nanda challenged for the arrow-test
And set a brazen drum six gows away,
Ardjuna six and Devadatta eight;
But Prince Siddârtha bade them set his drum
Ten gows from off the line, until it seemed

A cowry-shell for target. Then they loosed,
And Nanda pierced his drum, Ardjuna his,
And Devadatta drove a well-aimed shaft
Through both sides of his mark, so that the crowd
Marvelled and cried; and sweet Yasôdhara
Dropped the gold sari o'er her fearful eyes,
Lest she should see her Prince's arrow fail.
But he, taking their bow of lacquered cane,
With sinews bound, and strung with silver wire,
Which none but stalwart arms could draw a span,
Thrummed it — low laughing — drew the twisted string
Till the horns kissed, and the thick belly snapped:
"That is for play, not love," he said; "hath none
A bow more fit for Sâkya lords to use?"
And one said, "There is Sinhahânu's bow,
Kept in the temple since we know not when,
Which none can string, nor draw if it be strung."
"Fetch me," he cried, "that weapon of a man!"
They brought the ancient bow, wrought of black steel,
Laid with gold tendrils on its branching curves

Like bison-horns; and twice Siddârtha tried
Its strength across his knee, then spake — "Shoot now
With this, my cousins!" but they could not bring
The stubborn arms a hand's-breadth nigher use;
Then the Prince, lightly leaning, bent the bow,
Slipped home the eye upon the notch, and twanged
Sharply the cord, which, like an eagle's wing
Thrilling the air, sang forth so clear and loud
That feeble folk at home that day inquired
"What is this sound?" and people answered them,
"It is the sound of Sinhahânu's bow,
Which the King's son has strung and goes to shoot;"
Then fitting fair a shaft, he drew and loosed,
And the keen arrow clove the sky, and drave
Right through that farthest drum, nor stayed its flight,
But skimmed the plain beyond, past reach of eye.

Then Devadatta challenged with the sword,
And clove a Talas-tree six fingers thick;
Ardjuna seven; and Nanda cut through nine;

But two such stems together grew, and both
Siddârtha's blade shred at one flashing stroke,
Keen, but so smooth that the straight trunks upstood,
And Nanda cried, "His edge turned!" and the maid
Trembled anew seeing the trees erect,
Until the Devas of the air, who watched,
Blew light breaths from the south, and both green crowns
Crashed in the sand, clean-felled.

Then brought they steeds
High-mettled, nobly-bred, and three times scoured
Around the maidân, but white Kantaka
Left even the fleetest far behind — so swift,
That ere the foam fell from his mouth to earth
Twenty spear-lengths he flew; but Nanda said,
"We too might win with such as Kantaka;
Bring an unbroken horse, and let men see
Who best can back him." So the syces brought
A stallion dark as night, led by three chains,
Fierce-eyed, with nostrils wide and tossing mane,
Unshod, unsaddled, for no rider yet

Had crossed him. Three times each young Sâkya
Sprang to his mighty back, but the hot steed
Furiously reared, and flung them to the plain
In dust and shame; only Ardjuna held
His seat awhile, and, bidding loose the chains,
Lashed the black flank, and shook the bit, and held
The proud jaws fast with grasp of master-hand,
So that in storms of wrath and rage and fear
The savage stallion circled once the plain
Half-tamed; but sudden turned with naked teeth,
Gripped by the foot Ardjuna, tore him down,
And would have slain him, but the grooms ran in
Fettering the maddened beast. Then all men cried,
"Let not Siddârtha meddle with this Bhût,
Whose liver is a tempest, and his blood
Red flame;" but the Prince said, "Let go the chains;
Give me his forelock only," which he held
With quiet grasp, and, speaking some low word,
Laid his right palm across the stallion's eyes,
And drew it gently down the angry face,

And all along the neck and panting flanks,
Till men astonished saw the night-black horse
Sink his fierce crest and stand subdued and meek,
As though he knew our Lord and worshipped him.
Nor stirred he while Siddârtha mounted, then
Went soberly to touch of knee and rein
Before all eyes, so that the people said,
"Strive no more, for Siddârtha is the best."

And all the suitors answered "He is best!"
And Suprabuddha, father of the maid,
Said, "It was in our hearts to find thee best,
Being dearest, yet what magic taught thee more
Of manhood 'mid thy rose-bowers and thy dreams
Than war and chase and world's work bring to these?
But wear, fair Prince, the treasure thou hast won."
Then at a word the lovely Indian girl
Rose from her place above the throng, and took
A crown of môgra-flowers and lightly drew
The veil of black and gold across her brow,

Proud pacing past the youths, until she came
To where Siddârtha stood in grace divine,
New lighted from the night-dark steed, which bent
Its strong neck meekly underneath his arm.
Before the Prince lowly she bowed, and bared
Her face celestial beaming with glad love ;
Then on his neck she hung the fragrant wreath,
And on his breast she laid her perfect head,
And stooped to touch his feet with proud glad eyes,
Saying, " Dear Prince, behold me, who am thine ! "
And all the throng rejoiced, seeing them pass
Hand fast in hand, and heart beating with heart,
The veil of black and gold drawn close again.

Long after — when enlightenment was come —
They prayed Lord Buddha touching all, and why
She wore this black and gold, and stepped so proud
And the World-honored answered, " Unto me
This was unknown, albeit it seemed half known ;
For while the wheel of birth and death turns round,

Past things and thoughts, and buried lives come back.
I now remember, myriad rains ago,
What time I roamed Himâla's hanging woods,
A tiger, with my striped and hungry kind;
I, who am Buddh, couched in the kusa grass
Gazing with green blinked eyes upon the herds
Which pastured near and nearer to their death
Round my day-lair; or underneath the stars
I roamed for prey, savage, insatiable,
Sniffing the paths for track of man and deer.
Amid the beasts that were my fellows then,
Met in deep jungle or by reedy jheel,
A tigress, comeliest of the forest, set
The males at war; her hide was lit with gold,
Black-broidered like the veil Yasôdhara
Wore for me; hot the strife waxed in that wood
With tooth and claw, while underneath a neem
The fair beast watched us bleed, thus fiercely wooed.
And I remember, at the end she came
Snarling past this and that torn forest-lord

Which I had conquered, and with fawning jaws
Licked my quick-heaving flank, and with me went
Into the wild with proud steps, amorously.
The wheel of birth and death turns low and high."

Therefore the maid was given unto the Prince
A willing spoil; and when the stars were good —
Mesha, the Red Ram, being Lord of heaven —
The marriage feast was kept, as Sâkyas use.
The golden gadi set, the carpet spread,
The wedding garlands hung, the arm-threads tied,
The sweet cake broke, the rice and attar thrown,
The two straws floated on the reddened milk,
Which, coming close, betokened "love till death;"
The seven steps taken thrice around the fire,
The gifts bestowed on holy men, the alms
And temple offerings made, the mantras sung,
The garments of the bride and bridegroom tied.
Then the grey father spake: "Worshipful Prince,
She that was ours henceforth is only thine;

Be good to her, who hath her life in thee."
Wherewith they brought home sweet Yasôdhara,
With songs and trumpets, to the Prince's arms,
And love was all in all.

Yet not to love
Alone trusted the King; love's prison-house
Stately and beautiful he bade them build,
So that in all the earth no marvel was
Like Vishramvan, the Prince's pleasure-place.

Midway in those wide palace-grounds there rose
A verdant hill whose base Rohini bathed,
Murmuring adown from Himalay's broad feet,
To bear its tribute into Gunga's waves.
Southward a growth of tamarind trees and sâl,
Thick set with pale sky-colored ganthi flowers,
Shut out the world, save if the city's hum
Came on the wind no harsher than when bees
Hum out of sight in thickets. Northwards soared
The stainless ramps of huge Himâla's wall,
Ranged in white ranks against the blue — untrod,

Infinite, wonderful — whose uplands vast,
And lifted universe of crest and crag,
Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn,
Riven ravine, and splintered precipice
Led climbing thought higher and higher, until
It seemed to stand in heaven and speak with gods.
Beneath the snows dark forests spread, sharp laced
With leaping cataracts and veiled with clouds:
Lower grew rose-oaks and the great fir groves
Where echoed pheasant's call and panther's cry,
Clatter of wild sheep on the stones, and scream
Of circling eagles: under these the plain
Gleamed like a praying-carpet at the foot
Of those divinest altars. Fronting this
The builders set the bright pavilion up,
Fair-planted on the terraced hill, with towers
On either flank and pillared cloisters round.
Its beams were carved with stories of old time —
Radha and Krishna and the sylvan girls —
Sita and Hanuman and Draupadi;

And on the middle porch God Ganesha,
With disc and hook — to bring wisdom and wealth —
Propitious sate, wreathing his sidelong trunk.
By winding ways of garden and of court
The inner gate was reached, of marble wrought,
White with pink veins; the lintel lazuli,
The threshold alabaster, and the doors
Sandal-wood, cut in pictured panelling;
Whereby to lofty halls and shadowy bowers
Passed the delighted foot, on stately stairs,
Through latticed galleries, 'neath painted roofs
And clustering columns, where cool fountains — fringed
With lotus and nelumbo — danced, and fish
Gleamed through their crystal, scarlet, gold, and blue.
Great-eyed gazelles in sunny alcoves browsed
The blown red roses; birds of rainbow wing
Fluttered among the palms; doves, green and grey,
Built their safe nests on gilded cornices;
Over the shining pavements peacocks drew
The splendors of their trains, sedately watched

By milk-white herons and the small house-owls.
The plum-necked parrots swung from fruit to fruit ;
The yellow sunbirds whirred from bloom to bloom,
The timid lizards on the lattice basked
Fearless, the squirrels ran to feed from hand,
For all was peace : the shy black snake, that gives
Fortune to households, sunned his sleepy coils
Under the moon-flowers, where the musk-deer played,
And brown-eyed monkeys chattered to the crows.
And all this house of love was peopled fair
With sweet attendance, so that in each part
With lovely sights were gentle faces found,
Soft speech and willing service, each one glad
To gladden, pleased at pleasure, proud to obey ;
Till life glided beguiled, like a smooth stream
Banked by perpetual flow'rs, Yasôdhara
Queen of the enchanting Court.

But innermost,
Beyond the richness of those hundred halls,
A secret chamber lurked, where skill had spent
All lovely fantasies to lull the mind.

The entrance of it was a cloistered square —
Roofed by the sky, and in the midst a tank —
Of milky marble built, and laid with slabs
Of milk-white marble; bordered round the tank
And on the steps, and all along the frieze
With tender inlaid work of agate-stones.
Cool as to tread in summer-time on snows
It was to loiter there; the sunbeams dropped
Their gold, and, passing into porch and niche,
Softened to shadows, silvery, pale, and dim,
As if the very Day paused and grew Eve
In love and silence at that bower's gate;
For there beyond the gate the chamber was,
Beautiful, sweet; a wonder of the world!
Soft light from perfumed lamps through windows fell
Of nakre and stained stars of lucent film
On golden cloths outspread, and silken beds,
And heavy splendor of the purdah's fringe,
Lifted to take only the loveliest in.
Here, whether it was night or day none knew,
For always streamed that softened light, more bright

Than sunrise, but as tender as the eve's;
And always breathed sweet airs, more joy-giving
Than morning's, but as cool as midnight's breath;
And night and day lutes sighed, and night and day
Delicious foods were spread, and dewy fruits,
Sherbets new chilled with snows of Himalay,
And sweetmeats made of subtle daintiness,
With sweet tree-milk in its own ivory cup.
And night and day served there a chosen band
Of nautch girls, cup-bearers, and cymballers,
Delicate, dark-browed ministers of love,
Who fanned the sleeping eyes of the happy Prince,
And when he waked, led back his thoughts to bliss
With music whispering through the blooms, and charm
Of amorous songs and dreamy dances, linked
By chime of ankle-bells and wave of arms
And silver vina-strings; while essences
Of musk and champak and the blue haze spread
From burning spices soothed his soul again
To drowse by sweet Yasôdhara; and thus
Siddârtha lived forgetting.

Furthermore,
The King commanded that within those walls
No mention should be made of death or age,
Sorrow, or pain, or sickness. If one drooped
In the lovely Court — her dark glance dim, her feet
Faint in the dance — the guiltless criminal
Passed forth an exile from that Paradise,
Lest he should see and suffer at her woe.
Bright-eyed intendants watched to execute
Sentence on such as spake of the harsh world
Without, where aches and plagues were, tears and fears,
And wail of mourners, and grim fume of pyres.
'Twas treason if a thread of silver strayed
In tress of singing-girl or nautch-dancer;
And every dawn the dying rose was plucked,
The dead leaves hid, all evil sights removed:
For said the King, "If he shall pass his youth
Far from such things as move to wistfulness,
And brooding on the empty eggs of thought,
The shadow of this fate, too vast for man,
May fade, belike, and I shall see him grow

To that great stature of fair sovereignty
When he shall rule all lands — if he will rule —
The King of kings and glory of his time."

Wherefore, around that pleasant prison-house —
Where love was gaoler and delights its bars,
But far removed from sight — the King bade build
A massive wall, and in the wall a gate
With brazen folding-doors, which but to roll
Back on their hinges asked a hundred arms;
Also the noise of that prodigious gate
Opening, was heard full half a yôjana.
And inside this another gate he made,
And yet within another — through the three
Must one pass if he quit that Pleasure-house.
Three mighty gates there were, bolted and barred,
And over each was set a faithful watch;
And the King's order said, "Suffer no man
To pass the gates, though he should be the Prince.
This on your lives — even though it be my son."

Book the Third.

In which calm home of happy life and love
Ligged our Lord Buddha, knowing not of woe,
Nor want, nor pain, nor plague, nor age, nor death,
Save as when sleepers roam dim seas in dreams,
And land awearied on the shores of day,
Bringing strange merchandise from that black voyage.
Thus ofttimes when he lay with gentle head
Lulled on the dark breasts of Yasôdhara,
Her fond hands fanning slow his sleeping lids,
He would start up and cry, "My world! Oh, world!
I hear! I know! I come!" And she would ask,
"What ails my Lord?" with large eyes terror-struck;
For at such times the pity in his look
Was awful, and his visage like a god's.

Then would he smile again to stay her tears,
And bid the vinas sound; but once they set
A stringed gourd on the sill, there where the wind
Could linger o'er its notes and play at will —
Wild music makes the wind on silver strings —
And those who lay around heard only that;
But Prince Siddârtha heard the Devas play,
And to his ears they sang such words as these: —

We are the voices of the wandering wind,
Which moan for rest and rest can never find;
Lo!' as the wind is so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

Wherefore and whence we are ye cannot know,
Nor where life springs nor whither life doth go;
We are as ye are, ghosts from the inane,
What pleasure have we of our changeful pain?

What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss?
Nay, if love lasted, there were joy in this;
But life's way is the wind's way, all these things
Are but brief voices breathed on shifting strings.

O Maya's son! because we roam the earth
Moan we upon these strings; we make no mirth,
So many woes we see in many lands,
So many streaming eyes and wringing hands.

Yet mock we while we wail, for, could they know,
This life they cling to is but empty show;
'Twere all as well to bid a cloud to stand,
Or hold a running river with the hand.

But thou that art to save, thine hour is nigh!
The sad world waiteth in its misery,
The blind world stumbleth on its round of pain;
Rise, Maya's child! wake! slumber not again!

We are the voices of the wandering wind:
Wander thou, too, O Prince, thy rest to find;
Leave love for love of lovers, for woe's sake
Quit state for sorrow, and deliverance make.

So sigh we, passing o'er the silver strings,
To thee who know'st not yet of earthly things;
So say we; mocking, as we pass away,
These lovely shadows wherewith thou dost play.

Thereafter it befell he sate at eve
Amid his beauteous Court, holding the hand
Of sweet Yasôdhara, and some maid told —
With breaks of music when her rich voice dropped —
An ancient tale to speed the hour of dusk,
Of love, and of a magic horse, and lands
Wonderful, distant, where pale peoples dwelled,
And where the sun at night sank into seas.
Then spake he, sighing, "Chitra brings me back
The wind's song in the strings with that fair tale.
Give her, Yasôdhara, thy pearl for thanks.
But thou, my pearl! is there so wide a world?
Is there a land which sees the great sun roll
Into the waves, and are there hearts like ours,
Countless, unknown, not happy — it may be —
Whom we might succor if we knew of them?
Ofttimes I marvel, as the Lord of day
Treads from the east his kingly road of gold,
Who first on the world's edge hath hailed his beam,
The children of the morning; oftentimes,

Even in thine arms and on thy breasts, bright wife,
Sore have I panted, at the sun's decline,
To pass with him into that crimson west
And see the peoples of the evening.
There must be many we should love — how else?
Now have I in this hour an ache, at last,
Thy soft lips cannot kiss away: oh, girl!
O Chitra! you that know of fairyland!
Where tether they that swift steed of the tale?
My palace for one day upon his back,
To ride and ride and see the spread of the earth!
Nay, if I had yon callow vulture's plumes —
The carrion heir of wider realms than mine —
How would I stretch for topmost Himalay,
Light where the rose-gleam lingers on those snows,
And strain my gaze with searching what is round!
Why have I never seen and never sought?
Tell me what lies beyond our brazen gates."

Then one replied, "The city first, fair Prince!

The temples, and the gardens, and the groves,
And then the fields, and afterwards fresh fields,
With nullahs, maidâns, jungle, koss on koss;
And next King Bimbasâra's realm, and then
The vast flat world, with crores on crores of folk."
"Good," said Siddârtha, "let the word be sent
That Channa yoke my chariot — at noon
To-morrow I shall ride and see beyond."

Whereof they told the King: "Our Lord, thy son,
Wills that his chariot be yoked at noon,
That he may ride abroad and see mankind."

"Yea!" spake the careful King, "'tis time he see!
But let the criers go about and bid
My city deck itself, so there be met
No noisome sight; and let none blind or maimed,
None that is sick or stricken deep in years,
No leper, and no feeble folk come forth."
Therefore the stones were swept, and up and down

The water-carriers sprinkled all the streets
From spirting skins, the housewives scattered fresh
Red powder on their thresholds, strung new wreaths,
And trimmed the tulsi-bush before their doors.
The paintings on the walls were heightened up
With liberal brush, the trees set thick with flags,
The idols gilded; in the four-went ways
Suryadeva and the great gods shone
'Mid shrines of leaves; so that the city seemed
A capital of some enchanted land.
Also the criers passed, with drum and gong,
Proclaiming loudly, "Ho! all citizens,
The King commands that there be seen to-day
No evil sight: let no one blind or maimed,
None that is sick or stricken deep in years,
No leper, and no feeble folk go forth.
Let none, too, burn his dead nor bring them out
Till nightfall. Thus Suddhôdana commands."

So all was comely and the houses trim

Throughout Kapilavastu, while the Prince
Came forth in painted car, which two steers drew,
Snow-white, with swinging dewlaps and huge humps
Wrinkled against the carved and lacquered yoke.
Goodly it was to mark the people's joy
Greeting their Prince; and glad Siddârtha waxed
At sight of all those liege and friendly folk
Bright-clad and laughing as if life were good.
"Fair is the world," he said, "it likes me well!
And light and kind these men that are not kings,
And sweet my sisters here, who toil and tend;
What have I done for these to make them thus?
Why, if I love them, should those children know?
I pray take up yon pretty Sâkya boy
Who flung us flowers, and let him ride with me.
How good it is to reign in realms like this!
How simple pleasure is, if these be pleased
Because I come abroad! How many things
I need not if such little households hold
Enough to make our city full of smiles!

Drive, Channa! through the gates, and let me see
More of this gracious world I have not known."

So passed they through the gates, a joyous crowd
Thronging about the wheels, whereof some ran
Before the oxen, throwing wreaths, some stroked
Their silken flanks, some brought them rice and cakes
All crying, "*Jai! jai!* for our noble Prince!"
Thus all the path was kept with gladsome looks
And filled with fair sights — for the King's word was
That such should be — when midway in the road,
Slow tottering from the hovel where he hid,
Crept forth a wretch in rags, haggard and foul,
An old, old man, whose shrivelled skin, sun-tanned,
Clung like a beast's hide to his fleshless bones.
Bent was his back with load of many days,
His eyepits red with rust of ancient tears,
His dim orbs blear with rheum, his toothless jaws
Wagging with palsy and the fright to see
So many and such joy. One skinny hand

Clutched a worn staff to prop his quavering limbs,
And one was pressed upon the ridge of ribs
Whence came in gasps the heavy painful breath.
"Alms!" moaned he, "give, good people! for I die
To-morrow or the next day!" then the cough
Choked him, but still he stretched his palm, and stood
Blinking, and groaning 'mid his spasms, "Alms!"
Then those around had wrenched his feeble feet
Aside, and thrust him from the road again,
Saying, "The Prince! dost see? get to thy lair!"
But that Siddârtha cried, "Let be! let be!
Channa! what thing is this who seems a man,
Yet surely only seems, being so bowed,
So miserable, so horrible, so sad?
Are men born sometimes thus? What meaneth he
Moaning 'to-morrow or next day I die?'
Finds he no food that so his bones jut forth?
What woe hath happened to this piteous one?"
Then answer made the charioteer, "Sweet Prince!

This is no other than an aged man.
Some fourscore years ago his back was straight,
His eye bright, and his body goodly: now
The thievish years have sucked his sap away,
Pillaged his strength and filched his will and wit;
His lamp has lost its oil, the wick burns black;
What life he keeps is one poor lingering spark
Which flickers for the finish: such is age;
Why should your Highness heed?" Then spake the Prince —
"But shall this come to others, or to all,
Or is it rare that one should be as he?"
"Most noble," answered Channa, "even as he,
Will all these grow if they shall live so long."
"But," quoth the Prince, "if I shall live as long
Shall I be thus; and if Yasôdhara
Live fourscore years, is this old age for her,
Jâlîni, little Hasta, Gautami,
And Gunga, and the others?" "Yea, great Sir!"
The charioteer replied. Then spake the Prince:

"Turn back, and drive me to my house again!
I have seen that I did not think to see."

Which pondering, to his beauteous Court returned
Wistful Siddârtha, sad of mien and mood;
Nor tasted he the white cakes nor the fruits
Spread for the evening feast, nor once looked up
While the best palace-dancers strove to charm:
Nor spake — save one sad thing — when wofully
Yasôdhara sank to his feet and wept,
Sighing, "Hath not my Lord comfort in me?"
"Ah, Sweet!" he said, "such comfort that my soul
Aches, thinking it must end, for it will end,
And we shall both grow old, Yasôdhara!
Loveless, unlovely, weak, and old, and bowed.
Nay, though we locked up love and life with lips
So close that night and day our breaths grew one,
Time would thrust in between to filch away
My passion and thy grace, as black Night steals
The rose-gleams from yon peak, which fade to grey

And are not seen to fade. This have I found,
And all my heart is darkened with its dread,
And all my heart is fixed to think how Love
Might save its sweetness from the slayer, Time,
Who makes men old." So through that night he sate
Sleepless, uncomforted.

And all that night
The King Suddhôdana dreamed troublous dreams.
The first fear of his vision was a flag
Broad, glorious, glistening with a golden sun,
The mark of Indra; but a strong wind blew,
Rending its folds divine, and dashing it
Into the dust; whereat a concourse came
Of shadowy Ones, who took the spoiled silk up
And bore it eastward from the city gates.
The second fear was ten huge elephants,
With silver tusks and feet that shook the earth,
Trampling the southern road in mighty march;
And he who sate upon the foremost beast
Was the King's son — the others followed him.

The third fear of the vision was a car,
Shining with blinding light, which four steeds drew,
Snorting white smoke and champing fiery foam ;
And in the car the Prince Siddârtha sate.
The fourth fear was a wheel which turned and turned,
With nave of burning gold and jewelled spokes,
And strange things written on the binding tire,
Which seemed both fire and music as it whirled.
The fifth fear was a mighty drum, set down
Midway between the city and the hills,
On which the Prince beat with an iron mace,
So that the sound pealed like a thunderstorm,
Rolling around the sky and far away.
The sixth fear was a tower, which rose and rose
High o'er the city till its stately head
Shone crowned with clouds, and on the top the Prince
Stood, scattering from both hands, this way and that,
Gems of most lovely light, as if it rained
Jacynths and rubies ; and the whole world came,
Striving to seize those treasures as they fell

Towards the four quarters. But the seventh fear was
A noise of wailing, and behold six men
Who wept and gnashed their teeth, and laid their palms
Upon their mouths, walking disconsolate.

These seven fears made the vision of his sleep,
But none of all his wisest dream-readers
Could tell their meaning. Then the King was wroth,
Saying, "There cometh evil to my house,
And none of ye have wit to help me know
What the great gods portend sending me this."
So in the city men went sorrowful
Because the King had dreamed seven signs of fear
Which none could read; but to the gate there came
An aged man, in robe of deer-skin clad,
By guise a hermit, known to none; he cried,
"Bring me before the King, for I can read
The vision of his sleep;" who, when he heard
The sevenfold mysteries of the midnight dream,
Bowed reverent and said, "O Maharâj!

I hail this favored House, whence shall arise
A wider-reaching splendor than the sun's !
Lo ! all these seven fears are seven joys,
Whereof the first, where thou didst see a flag —
Broad, glorious, gilt with Indra's badge — cast down
And carried out, did signify the end
Of old faiths and beginning of the new,
For there is change with gods not less than men,
And as the days pass kalpas pass at length.
The ten great elephants that shook the earth
The ten great gifts of wisdom signify,
In strength whereof the Prince shall quit his state
And shake the world with passage of the Truth.
The four flame-breathing horses of the car
Are those four fearless virtues which shall bring
Thy son from doubt and gloom to gladsome light ;
The wheel that turned with nave of burning gold
Was that most precious Wheel of perfect Law
Which he shall turn in sight of all the world.
The mighty drum whereon the Prince did beat,

Till the sound filled all lands, doth signify
The thunder of the preaching of the Word
Which he shall preach; the tower that grew to heaven
The growing of the Gospel of this Buddh
Sets forth; and those rare jewels scattered thence
The untold treasures are of that good Law
To gods and men dear and desirable.
Such is the interpretation of the tower;
But for those six men weeping with shut mouths,
They are the six chief teachers whom thy son
Shall, with bright truth and speech unanswerable,
Convince of foolishness. O King! rejoice;
The fortune of my Lord the Prince is more
Than kingdoms, and his hermit-rags will be
Beyond fine cloths of gold. This was thy dream!
And in seven nights and days these things shall fall."
So spake the holy man, and lowly made
The eight prostrations, touching thrice the ground;
Then turned and passed; but when the King bade send
A rich gift after him, the messengers

Brought word, "We came to where he entered in
At Chandra's temple, but within was none
Save a grey owl which fluttered from the shrine."
The gods come sometimes thus.
But the sad King
Marvelled, and gave command that new delights
Be compassed to enthrall Siddârtha's heart
Amid those dancers of his pleasure-house,
Also he set at all the brazen doors
A doubled guard.

Yet who shall shut out Fate?

For once again the spirit of the Prince
Was moved to see this world beyond his gates,
This life of man, so pleasant if its waves
Ran not to waste and woful finishing
In Time's dry sands. "I pray you let me view
Our city as it is," such was his prayer
To King Suddhôdana. "Your Majesty
In tender heed hath warned the folk before

To put away ill things and common sights,
And make their faces glad to gladden me,
And all the causeways gay; yet have I learned
This is not daily life, and if I stand
Nearest, my father, to the realm and thee,
Fain would I know the people and the streets,
Their simple usual ways, and workday deeds,
And lives which those men live who are not kings.
Give me good leave, dear Lord! to pass unknown
Beyond my happy gardens; I shall come
The more contented to their peace again,
Or wiser, father, if not well content.
Therefore, I pray thee, let me go at will
To-morrow, with my servants, through the streets."
And the King said, among his Ministers,
"Belike this second flight may mend the first.
Note how the falcon starts at every sight
New from his hood, but what a quiet eye
Cometh of freedom; let my son see all,
And bid them bring me tidings of his mind."

Thus on the morrow, when the noon was come,
The Prince and Channa passed beyond the gates,
Which opened to the signet of the King;
Yet knew not they who rolled the great doors back
It was the King's son in that merchant's robe,
And in the clerkly dress his charioteer.
Forth fared they by the common way afoot,
Mingling with all the Sâkya citizens,
Seeing the glad and sad things of the town:
The painted streets alive with hum of noon,
The traders cross-legged 'mid their spice and grain,
The buyers with their money in the cloth,
The war of words to cheapen this or that,
The shout to clear the road, the huge stone wheels,
The strong slow oxen and their rustling loads,
The singing bearers with the palanquins,
The broad-necked hamals sweating in the sun,
The housewives bearing water from the well
With balanced chatties, and athwart their hips
The black-eyed babes; the fly-swarmed sweetmeat shops,

The weaver at his loom, the cotton-bow
Twanging, the millstones grinding meal, the dogs
Prowling for orts, the skilful armorer
With tong and hammer linking shirts of mail,
The blacksmith with a mattock and a spear
Reddening together in his coals, the school
Where round their Guru, in a grave half-moon,
The Sâkya children sang the mantras through,
And learned the greater and the lesser gods;
The dyers stretching waistcloths in the sun
Wet from the vats — orange, and rose, and green;
The soldiers clanking past with swords and shields,
The camel-drivers rocking on the humps,
The Brahman proud, the martial Kshatriya,
The humble toiling Sudra; here a throng
Gathered to watch some chattering snake-tamer
Wind round his wrist the living jewellery
Of asp and nâg, or charm the hooded death
To angry dance with drone of beaded gourd;
There a long line of drums and horns, which went,

With steeds gay painted and silk canopies,
To bring the young bride home; and here a wife
Stealing with cakes and garlands to the god
To pray her husband's safe return from trade,
Or beg a boy next birth; hard by the booths
Where the swart potters beat the noisy brass
For lamps and lotas; thence, by temple walls
And gateways, to the river and the bridge
Under the city walls.
These had they passed
When from the roadside moaned a mournful voice,
"Help, masters! lift me to my feet; oh, help!
Or I shall die before I reach my house!"
A stricken wretch it was, whose quivering frame,
Caught by some deadly plague, lay in the dust
Writhing, with fiery purple blotches specked;
The chill sweat beaded on his brow, his mouth
Was dragged awry with twitchings of sore pain,
The wild eyes swam with inward agony.
Gasping, he clutched the grass to rise, and rose

Half-way, then sank, with quaking feeble limbs
And scream of terror, crying, "Ah, the pain!
Good people, help!" whereon Siddârtha ran,
Lifted the woful man with tender hands,
With sweet looks laid the sick head on his knee,
And while his soft touch comforted the wretch,
Asked, "Brother, what is ill with thee? what harm
Hath fallen? wherefore canst thou not arise?
Why is it, Channa, that he pants and moans,
And gasps to speak and sighs so pitiful?"
Then spake the charioteer: "Great Prince! this man
Is smitten with some pest; his elements
Are all confounded; in his veins the blood,
Which ran a wholesome river, leaps and boils
A fiery flood; his heart, which kept good time,
Beats like an ill-played drum-skin, quick and slow;
His sinews slacken like a bow-string slipped;
The strength is gone from ham, and loin, and neck,
And all the grace and joy of manhood fled:
This is a sick man with the fit upon him.

See how he plucks and plucks to seize his grief,
And rolls his bloodshot orbs, and grinds his teeth,
And draws his breath as if 'twere choking smoke.
Lo ! now he would be dead, but shall not die
Until the plague hath had its work in him,
Killing the nerves which die before the life ;
Then, when his strings have cracked with agony
And all his bones are empty of the sense
To ache, the plague will quit and light elsewhere.
Oh, sir ! it is not good to hold him so !
The harm may pass, and strike thee, even thee."
But spake the Prince, still comforting the man,
" And are there others, are there many thus?
Or might it be to me as now with him? "
" Great Lord ! " answered the charioteer, " this comes
In many forms to all men ; griefs and wounds,
Sickness and tetters, palsies, leprosies,
Hot fevers, watery wastings, issues, blains
Befall all flesh and enter everywhere."
" Come such ills unobserved? " the Prince inquired.

And Channa said, "Like the sly snake they come
That stings unseen; like the striped murderer,
Who waits to spring from the Karunda bush,
Hiding beside the jungle path; or like
The lightning, striking these and sparing those,
As chance may send."

"Then all men live in fear?"

"So live they, Prince!"

"And none can say, 'I sleep
Happy and whole to-night, and so shall wake?'"

"None say it."

"And the end of many aches,
Which come unseen, and will come when they come,
Is this, a broken body and sad mind,
And so old age?"

"Yea, if men last as long."

"But if they cannot bear their agonies,
Or if they will not bear, and seek a term;
Or if they bear, and be, as this man is,

Too weak except for groans, and so still live,
And growing old, grow older, then what end?"

"They die, Prince."

"Die?"

"Yea, at the last comes death,
In whatsoever way, whatever hour.
Some few grow old, most suffer and fall sick,
But all must die — behold, where comes the Dead!'

Then did Siddârtha raise his eyes, and see
Fast pacing towards the river brink a band
Of wailing people, foremost one who swung
An earthen bowl with lighted coals, behind
The kinsmen shorn, with mourning marks, ungirt,
Crying aloud, "O Rama, Rama, hear!
Call upon Rama, brothers;" next the bier,
Knit of four poles with bamboos interlaced,
Whereon lay, stark and stiff, feet foremost, lean,
Chapfallen, sightless, hollow-flanked, a-grin,

Sprinkled with red and yellow dust — the Dead,
Whom at the four-went ways they turned head first,
And crying "Rama, Rama!" carried on
To where a pile was reared beside the stream;
Thereon they laid him, building fuel up —
Good sleep hath one that slumbers on that bed!
He shall not wake for cold albeit he lies
Naked to all the airs — for soon they set
The red flame to the corners four, which crept,
And licked, and flickered, finding out his flesh
And feeding on it with swift hissing tongues,
And crackle of parched skin, and snap of joint
Till the fat smoke thinned and the ashes sank
Scarlet and grey, with here and there a bone
White midst the grey — the total of the man.

Then spake the Prince: "Is this the end which comes
To all who live?"

"This is the end that comes
To all," quoth Channa; "he upon the pyre —

Whose remnants are so petty that the crows
Caw hungrily, then quit the fruitless feast —
Ate, drank, laughed, loved, and lived, and liked life well.
Then came — who knows? — some gust of jungle-wind,
A stumble on the path, a taint in the tank,
A snake's nip, half a span of angry steel,
A chill, a fishbone, or a falling tile,
And life was over and the man is dead;
No appetites, no pleasures, and no pains
Hath such; the kiss upon his lips is nought,
The fire-scorch nought; he smelleth not his flesh
A-roast, nor yet the sandal and the spice
They burn; the taste is emptied from his mouth,
The hearing of his ears is clogged, the sight
Is blinded in his eyes; those whom he loved
Wail desolate, for even that must go,
The body, which was lamp unto the life,
Or worms will have a horrid feast of it.
Here is the common destiny of flesh:
The high and low, the good and bad, must die,

And then, 'tis taught, begin anew and live
Somewhere, somehow, — who knows? — and so again
The pangs, the parting, and the lighted pile: —
Such is man's round."

But lo! Siddârtha turned
Eyes gleaming with divine tears to the sky,
Eyes lit with heavenly pity to the earth;
From sky to earth he looked, from earth to sky,
As if his spirit sought in lonely flight
Some far-off vision, linking this and that,
Lost — past — but searchable, but seen, but known.
Then cried he, while his lifted countenance
Glowed with the burning passion of a love
Unspeakable, the ardor of a hope
Boundless, insatiate: "Oh! suffering world,
Oh! known and unknown of my common flesh,
Caught in this common net of death and woe,
And life which binds to both! I see, I feel
The vastness of the agony of earth,
The vainness of its joys, the mockery

Of all its best, the anguish of its worst;
Since pleasures end in pain, and youth in age,
And love in loss, and life in hateful death,
And death in unknown lives, which will but yoke
Men to their wheel again to whirl the round
Of false delights and woes that are not false.
Me too this lure hath cheated, so it seemed
Lovely to live, and life a sunlit stream
For ever flowing in a changeless peace;
Whereas the foolish ripple of the flood
Dances so lightly down by bloom and lawn
Only to pour its crystal quicklier
Into the foul salt sea. The veil is rent
Which blinded me! I am as all these men
Who cry upon their gods and are not heard
Or are not heeded — yet there must be aid!
For them and me and all there must be help!
Perchance the gods have need of help themselves
Being so feeble that when sad lips cry
They cannot save! I would not let one cry

Whom I could save! How can it be that Brahm
Would make a world and keep it miserable,
Since, if all-powerful, he leaves it so,
He is not good, and if not powerful,
He is not God? — Channa! lead home again!
It is enough! mine eyes have seen enough!"

Which when the King heard, at the gates he set
A triple guard, and bade no man should pass
By day or night, issuing or entering in,
Until the days were numbered of that dream.

Book the Fourth.

But when the days were numbered, then befell
The parting of our Lord — which was to be —
Whereby came wailing in the Golden Home,
Woe to the King and sorrow o'er the land,
But for all flesh deliverance, and that Law
Which — whoso hears — the same shall make him free.
Softly the Indian night sinks on the plains
At full moon in the month of Chaitra Shud,
When mangoes redden and the asôka buds
Sweeten the breeze, and Rama's birthday comes,
And all the fields are glad and all the towns.
Softly that night fell over Vishramvan,
Fragrant with blooms and jewelled thick with stars,
And cool with mountain airs sighing adown

From snow-flats on Himâla high-outspread;
For the moon swung above the eastern peaks,
Climbing the spangled vault, and lighting clear
Rohini's ripples and the hills and plains,
And all the sleeping land, and near at hand
Silvering those roof-tops of the pleasure-house,
Where nothing stirred nor sign of watching was,
Save at the outer gates, whose warders cried
Mudra, the watchword, and the countersign
Angana, and the watch-drums beat a round;
Whereat the earth lay still, except for call
Of prowling jackals, and the ceaseless trill
Of crickets on the garden grounds.

Within —
Where the moon glittered through the lace-worked stone,
Lighting the walls of pearl-shell and the floors
Paved with veined marble — softly fell her beams
On such rare company of Indian girls,
It seemed some chamber sweet in Paradise

Where Devîs rested. All the chosen ones
Of Prince Siddârtha's pleasure-home were there,
The brightest and most faithful of the Court,
Each form so lovely in the peace of sleep,
That you had said "This is the pearl of all!"
Save that beside her or beyond her lay
Fairer and fairer, till the pleasured gaze
Roamed o'er that feast of beauty as it roams
From gem to gem in some great goldsmith-work,
Caught by each color till the next is seen.
With careless grace they lay, their soft brown limbs
Part hidden, part revealed; their glossy hair
Bound back with gold or flowers, or flowing loose
In black waves down the shapely nape and neck.
Lulled into pleasant dreams by happy toils,
They slept, no wearier than jewelled birds
Which sing and love all day, then under wing
Fold head till morn bids sing and love again.
Lamps of chased silver swinging from the roof
In silver chains, and fed with perfumed oils,

Made with the moonbeams tender lights and shades,
Whereby were seen the perfect lines of grace,
The bosom's placid heave, the soft stained palms
Drooping or clasped, the faces fair and dark,
The great arched brows, the parted lips, the teeth
Like pearls a merchant picks to make a string,
The satin-lidded eyes, with lashes dropped
Sweeping the delicate cheeks, the rounded wrists,
The smooth small feet with bells and bangles decked,
Tinkling low music where some sleeper moved,
Breaking her smiling dream of some new dance
Praised by the Prince, some magic ring to find,
Some fairy love-gift. Here one lay full-length,
Her vina by her cheek, and in its strings
The little fingers still all interlaced
As when the last notes of her light song played
Those radiant eyes to sleep and sealed her own.
Another slumbered folding in her arms
A desert-antelope, its slender head
Buried with back-sloped horns between her breasts

Soft nestling; it was eating — when both drowsed —
Red roses, and her loosening hand still held
A rose half-mumbled, while a rose-leaf curled
Between the deer's lips. Here two friends had dozed
Together, weaving môgra-buds, which bound
Their sister-sweetness in a starry chain,
Linking them limb to limb and heart to heart,
One pillowed on the blossoms, one on her.
Another, ere she slept, was stringing stones
To make a necklet — agate, onyx, sard,
Coral, and moonstone — round her wrist it gleamed
A coil of splendid color, while she held,
Unthreaded yet, the bead to close it up
Green turkis, carved with golden gods and scripts.
Lulled by the cadence of the garden stream,
Thus lay they on the clustered carpets, each
A girlish rose with shut leaves, waiting dawn
To open and make daylight beautiful.
This was the antechamber of the Prince;
But at the purdah's fringe the sweetest slept —

Gunga and Gotami — chief ministers
In that still house of love.
The purdah hung,
Crimson and blue, with broidered threads of gold,
Across a portal carved in sandal-wood,
Whence by three steps the way was to the bower
Of inmost splendor, and the marriage-couch
Set on a dais soft with silver cloths,
Where the foot fell as though it trod on piles
Of neem-blooms. All the walls were plates of pearl,
Cut shapely from the shells of Lanka's wave;
And o'er the alabaster roof there ran
Rich inlayings of lotus and of bird,
Wrought in skilled work of lazulite and jade,
Jacynth and jasper; woven round the dome,
And down the sides, and all about the frames
Wherein were set the fretted lattices,
Through which there breathed, with moonlight and cool
airs,
Scents from the shell-flowers and the jasmine sprays;

Not bringing thither grace or tenderness
Sweeter than shed from those fair presences
Within the place — the beauteous Sâkya Prince,
And hers, the stately, bright Yasôdhara.

Half risen from her soft nest at his side,
The chuddah fallen to her waist, her brow
Laid in both palms, the lovely Princess leaned
With heaving bosom and fast falling tears.
Thrice with her lips she touched Siddârtha's hand,
And at the third kiss moaned, "Awake, my Lord!
Give me the comfort of thy speech!" Then he —
"What is it with thee, O my life?" but still
She moaned anew before the words would come;
Then spake, "Alas, my Prince! I sank to sleep
Most happy, for the babe I bear of thee
Quickened this eve, and at my heart there beat
That double pulse of life and joy and love
Whose happy music lulled me, but — aho! —
In slumber I beheld three sights of dread,

With thought whereof my heart is throbbing yet.
I saw a white bull with wide branching horns,
A lord of pastures, pacing through the streets,
Bearing upon his front a gem which shone
As if some star had dropped to glitter there,
Or like the kantha-stone the great Snake keeps
To make bright daylight underneath the earth.
Slow through the streets towards the gates he paced,
And none could stay him, though there came a voice
From Indra's temple, 'If ye stay him not,
The glory of the city goeth forth.'
Yet none could stay him. Then I wept aloud,
And locked my arms about his neck, and strove,
And bade them bar the gates; but that ox-king
Bellowed, and, lightly tossing free his crest,
Broke from my clasp, and bursting through the bars,
Trampled the warders down and passed away.
The next strange dream was this: Four Presences
Splendid, with shining eyes, so beautiful
They seemed the Regents of the Earth who dwell

On Mount Sumeru, lighting from the sky
With retinue of countless heavenly ones,
Swift swept unto our city, where I saw
The golden flag of Indra on the gate
Flutter and fall; and lo! there rose instead
A glorious banner, all the folds whereof
Rippled with flashing fire of rubies sewn
Thick on the silver threads, the rays wherefrom
Set forth new words and weighty sentences
Whose message made all living creatures glad;
And from the east the wind of sunrise blew
With tender waft, opening those jewelled scrolls
So that all flesh might read; and wondrous blooms —
Plucked in what clime I know not — fell in showers,
Colored as none are colored in our groves."

Then spake the Prince: "All this, my Lotus-flower!
Was good to see."

"Ay, Lord," the Princess said,
"Save that it ended with a voice of fear

Crying, 'The time is nigh! the time is nigh!'
Thereat the third dream came; for when I sought
Thy side, sweet Lord! ah, on our bed there lay
An unpressed pillow and an empty robe —
Nothing of thee but those! — nothing of thee,
Who art my life and light, my king, my world!
And sleeping still I rose, and sleeping saw
Thy belt of pearls, tied here below my breasts,
Change to a stinging snake; my ankle-rings
Fall off, my golden bangles part and fall;
The jasmines in my hair wither to dust;
While this our bridal-couch sank to the ground,
And something rent the crimson purdah down;
Then far away I heard the white bull low,
And far away the embroidered banner flap,
And once again that cry, 'The time is come!'
But with that cry — which shakes my spirit still —
I woke! O Prince! what may such visions mean
Except I die, or — worse than any death —
Thou shouldst forsake me or be taken?"

Sweet
As the last smile of sunset was the look
Siddârtha bent upon his weeping wife.
"Comfort thee, dear!" he said, "if comfort lives
In changeless love; for though thy dreams may be
Shadows of things to come, and though the gods
Are shaken in their seats, and though the world
Stands nigh, perchance, to know some way of help,
Yet, whatsoever fall to thee and me,
Be sure I loved and love Yasôdhara.
Thou knowest how I muse these many moons,
Seeking to save the sad earth I have seen;
And when the time comes, that which will be will.
But if my soul yearns sore for souls unknown,
And if I grieve for griefs which are not mine,
Judge how my high-winged thoughts must hover here
O'er all these lives that share and sweeten mine —
So dear! and thine the dearest, gentlest, best,
And nearest. Ah, thou mother of my babe!
Whose body mixed with mine for this fair hope,

When most my spirit wanders, ranging round
The lands and seas — as full of ruth for men
As the far-flying dove is full of ruth
For her twin nestlings — ever it has come
Home with glad wing and passionate plumes to thee,
Who art the sweetness of my kind best seen,
The utmost of their good, the tenderest
Of all their tenderness, mine most of all.
Therefore, whatever after this betide,
Bethink thee of that lordly bull which lowed,
That jewelled banner in thy dream which waved
Its folds departing, and of this be sure,
Always I loved and always love thee well,
And what I sought for all sought most for thee.
But thou, take comfort; and, if sorrow falls,
Take comfort still in deeming there may be
A way of peace on earth by woes of ours;
And have with this embrace what faithful love
Can think of thanks or frame for benison —
Too little, seeing love's strong self is weak —

Yet kiss me on the mouth, and drink these words
From heart to heart therewith, that thou mayst know —
What others will not — that I loved thee most
Because I loved so well all living souls.
Now, Princess ! rest, for I will rise and watch."

Then in her tears she slept, but sleeping sighed —
As if that vision passed again — "The time !
The time is come !" Whereat Siddârtha turned,
And, lo ! the moon shone by the Crab ! the stars
In that same silver order long foretold
Stood ranged to say, "This is the night ! — choose thou
The way of greatness or the way of good :
To reign a King of kings, or wander lone,
Crownless and homeless, that the world be helped."
Moreover, with the whispers of the gloom
Came to his ears again that warning song,
As when the Devas spoke upon the wind :
And surely Gods were round about the place
Watching our Lord, who watched the shining stars.

"I will depart," he spake; "the hour is come!
Thy tender lips, dear sleeper, summon me
To that which saves the earth but sunders us;
And in the silence of yon sky I read
My fated message flashing. Unto this
Came I, and unto this all nights and days
Have led me; for I will not have that crown
Which may be mine: I lay aside those realms
Which wait the gleaming of my naked sword:
My chariot shall not roll with bloody wheels
From victory to victory, till earth
Wears the red record of my name. I choose
To tread its paths with patient, stainless feet,
Making its dust my bed, its loneliest wastes
My dwelling, and its meanest things my mates:
Clad in no prouder garb than outcasts wear,
Fed with no meats save what the charitable
Give of their will, sheltered by no more pomp
Than the dim cave lends or the jungle-bush.
This will I do because the woful cry

Of life and all flesh living cometh up
Into my ears, and all my soul is full
Of pity for the sickness of this world;
Which I will heal, if healing may be found
By uttermost renouncing and strong strife.
For which of all the great and lesser Gods
Have power or pity? Who hath seen them — who?
What have they wrought to help their worshippers?
How hath it steaded man to pray, and pay
Tithes of the corn and oil, to chant the charms,
To slay the shrieking sacrifice, to rear
The stately fane, to feed the priests, and call
On Vishnu, Shiva, Surya, who save
None — not the worthiest — from the griefs that teach
Those litanies of flattery and fear
Ascending day by day, like wasted smoke?
Hath any of my brothers 'scaped thereby
The aches of life, the stings of love and loss,
The fiery fever and the ague-shake,
The slow, dull sinking into withered age,

The horrible dark death — and what beyond
Waits — till the whirling wheel comes up again,
And new lives bring new sorrows to be borne,
New generations for the new desires
Which have their end in the old mockeries?
Hath any of my tender sisters found
Fruit of the fast or harvest of the hymn,
Or bought one pang the less at bearing-time
For white curds offered and trim tulsi-leaves?
Nay; it may be some of the Gods are good
And evil some, but all in action weak;
Both pitiful and pitiless, and both —
As men are — bound upon this wheel of change,
Knowing the former and the after lives.
For so our scriptures truly seem to teach,
That — once, and wheresoe'er, and whence begun —
Life runs its rounds of living, climbing up
From mote, and gnat, and worm, reptile, and fish,
Bird and shagged beast, man, demon, deva, God,
To clod and mote again; so are we kin

To all that is; and thus, if one might save
Man from his curse, the whole wide world should share
The lightened horror of this ignorance
Whose shadow is chill fear, and cruelty
Its bitter pastime. Yea, if one might save!
And means must be! There must be refuge! Men
Perished in winter-winds till one smote fire
From flint-stones coldly hiding what they held,
The red spark treasured from the kindling sun.
They gorged on flesh like wolves, till one sowed corn,
Which grew a weed, yet makes the life of man;
They mowed and babbled till some tongue struck speech,
And patient fingers framed the lettered sound.
What good gift have my brothers, but it came
From search and strife and loving sacrifice?
If one, then, being great and fortunate,
Rich, dowered with health and ease, from birth designed
To rule — if he would rule — a King of kings;
If one, not tired with life's long day but glad
I' the freshness of its morning, one not cloyed

With love's delicious feasts, but hungry still;
If one not worn and wrinkled, sadly sage,
But joyous in the glory and the grace
That mix with evils here, and free to choose
Earth's loveliest at his will: one even as I,
Who ache not, lack not, grieve not, save with griefs
Which are not mine, except as I am man;—
If such a one, having so much to give,
Gave all, laying it down for love of men,
And thenceforth spent himself to search for truth,
Wringing the secret of deliverance forth,
Whether it lurk in hells or hide in heavens,
Or hover, unrevealed, nigh unto all:
Surely at last, far off, sometime, somewhere,
The veil would lift for his deep-searching eyes,
The road would open for his painful feet,
That should be won for which he lost the world,
And Death might find him conqueror of death.
This will I do, who have a realm to lose,
Because I love my realm, because my heart

Beats with each throb of all the hearts that ache,
Known and unknown, these that are mine and those
Which shall be mine, a thousand million more
Saved by this sacrifice I offer now.
Oh, summoning stars! I come! Oh, mournful earth!
For thee and thine I lay aside my youth,
My throne, my joys, my golden days, my nights,
My happy palace — and thine arms, sweet Queen!
Harder to put aside than all the rest!
Yet thee, too, I shall save, saving this earth;
And that which stirs within thy tender womb,
My child, the hidden blossom of our loves,
Whom if I wait to bless my mind will fail.
Wife! child! father! and people! ye must share
A little while the anguish of this hour
That light may break and all flesh learn the Law.
Now am I fixed, and now I will depart,
Never to come again till what I seek
Be found — if fervent search and strife avail."

So with his brow he touched her feet, and bent
The farewell of fond eyes, unutterable,
Upon her sleeping face, still wet with tears;
And thrice around the bed in reverence,
As though it were an altar, softly stepped
With clasped hands laid upon his beating heart,
"For never," spake he, "lie I there again!"
And thrice he made to go, but thrice came back,
So strong her beauty was, so large his love:
Then, o'er his head drawing his cloth, he turned
And raised the purdah's edge:
There drooped, close-hush
In such sealed sleep as water-lilies know,
The lovely garden of his Indian girls;
That twin dark-petalled lotus-buds of all —
Gunga and Gotami — on either side,
And those, their silk-leaved sisterhood, beyond.
"Pleasant ye are to me, sweet friends!" he said,
"And dear to leave; yet if I leave ye not
What else will come to all of us save eld

Without assuage and death without avail?
Lo! as ye lie asleep so must ye lie
A-dead; and when the rose dies where are gone
Its scent and splendor? when the lamp is drained
Whither is fled the flame? Press heavy, Night!
Upon their down-dropped lids and seal their lips,
That no tear stay me and no faithful voice.
For all the brighter that these made my life,
The bitterer it is that they and I,
And all, should live as trees do — so much spring,
Such and such rains and frosts, such winter-times,
And then dead leaves, with maybe spring again,
Or axe-stroke at the root. This will not I,
Whose life here was a God's! — this would not I,
Though all my days were godlike, while men moan
Under their darkness. Therefore farewell, friends!
While life is good to give, I give, and go
To seek deliverance and that unknown Light!"

Then, lightly treading where those sleepers lay,

Into the night Siddârtha passed: its eyes,
The watchful stars, looked love on him: its breath,
The wandering wind, kissed his robe's fluttered fringe;
The garden-blossoms, folded for the dawn,
Opened their velvet hearts to waft him scents
From pink and purple censers: o'er the land,
From Himalay unto the Indian Sea,
A tremor spread, as if earth's soul beneath
Stirred with an unknown hope; and holy books —
Which tell the story of our Lord — say, too,
That rich celestial musics thrilled the air
From hosts on hosts of shining ones, who thronged
Eastward and westward, making bright the night —
Northward and southward, making glad the ground.
Also those four dread Regents of the Earth,
Descending at the doorway, two by two, —
With their bright legions of Invisibles
In arms of sapphire, silver, gold, and pearl —
Watched with joined hands the Indian Prince, who stood,

His tearful eyes raised to the stars, and lips
Close-set with purpose of prodigious love.

Then strode he forth into the gloom and cried,
"Channa, awake! and bring out Kantaka!"

"What would my Lord?" the charioteer replied —
Slow-rising from his place beside the gate —
"To ride at night when all the ways are dark?"

"Speak low," Siddârtha said, "and bring my horse,
For now the hour is come when I should quit
This golden prison where my heart lives caged
To find the truth; which henceforth I will seek,
For all men's sake, until the truth be found."

"Alas! dear Prince," answered the charioteer,
"Spake then for nought those wise and holy men
Who cast the stars and bade us wait the time
When King Suddhôdana's great son should rule

Realms upon realms, and be a Lord of lords?
Wilt thou ride hence and let the rich world slip
Out of thy grasp, to hold a beggar's bowl?
Wilt thou go forth into the friendless waste
That hast this Paradise of pleasures here?"

The Prince made answer, "Unto this I came,
And not for thrones: the kingdom that I crave
Is more than many realms — and all things pass
To change and death. Bring me forth Kantaka!"

"Most honored," spake again the charioteer,
"Bethink thee of my Lord thy father's grief!
Bethink thee of their woe whose bliss thou art —
How shalt thou help them, first undoing them?"

Siddârtha answered, "Friend, that love is false
Which clings to love for selfish sweets of love;
But I, who love these more than joys of mine —
Yea, more than joy of theirs — depart to save

Them and all flesh, if utmost love avail.
Go, bring me Kantaka!"

Then Channa said,
"Master, I go!" and forthwith, mournfully,
Unto the stall he passed, and from the rack
Took down the silver bit and bridle-chains,
Breast-cord and curb, and knitted fast the straps,
And linked the hooks, and led out Kantaka:
Whom tethering to the ring, he combed and dressed,
Stroking the snowy coat to silken gloss;
Next on the steed he laid the numdah square,
Fitted the saddle-cloth across, and set
The saddle fair, drew tight the jewelled girths,
Buckled the breech-bands and the martingale,
And made fall both the stirrups of worked gold.
Then over all he cast a golden net,
With tassels of seed-pearl and silken strings,
And led the great horse to the palace door,
Where stood the Prince; but when he saw his Lord,

Right glad he waxed and joyously he neighed,
Spreading his scarlet nostrils ; and the books
Write, "Surely all had heard Kantaka's neigh,
And that strong trampling of his iron heels,
Save that the Devas laid their unseen wings
Over their ears and kept the sleepers deaf."

Fondly Siddârtha drew the proud head down,
Patted the shining neck, and said, "Be still,
White Kantaka ! be still, and bear me now
The farthest journey ever rider rode ;
For this night take I horse to find the truth,
And where my quest will end yet know I not,
Save that it shall not end until I find.
Therefore to-night, good steed, be fierce and bold !
Let nothing stay thee, though a thousand blades
Deny the road ! let neither wall nor moat
Forbid our flight ! Look ! if I touch thy flank
And cry, 'On, Kantaka !' let whirlwinds lag
Behind thy course ! Be fire and air, my horse !

To stead thy Lord, so shalt thou share with him
The greatness of this deed which helps the world ;
For therefore ride I, not for men alone,
But for all things which, speechless, share our pain
And have no hope, nor wit to ask for hope.
Now, therefore, bear thy master valorously ! "

Then to the saddle lightly leaping, he
Touched the arched crest, and Kantaka sprang forth
With armed hoofs sparkling on the stones and ring
Of champing bit ; but none did hear that sound,
For that the Suddha Devas, gathering near,
Plucked the red mohra-flowers and strewed them thick
Under his tread, while hands invisible
Muffled the ringing bit and bridle chains.
Moreover, it is written when they came
Upon the pavement near the inner gates,
The Yakshas of the air laid magic cloths
Under the stallion's feet, so that he went
Softly and still.

But when they reached the gate
Of tripled brass — which hardly fivescore men
Served to unbar and open — lo! the doors
Rolled back all silently, though one might hear
In daytime two koss off the thunderous roar
Of those grim hinges and unwieldy plates.

Also the middle and the outer gates
Unfolded each their monstrous portals thus
In silence as Siddârtha and his steed
Drew near; while underneath their shadow lay,
Silent as dead men, all those chosen guards —
The lance and sword let fall, the shields unbraced,
Captains and soldiers — for there came a wind,
Drowsier than blows o'er Malwa's fields of sleep,
Before the Prince's path, which, being breathed,
Lulled every sense aswoon: and so he passed
Free from the palace.

When the morning star
Stood half a spear's length from the eastern rim,

And o'er the earth the breath of morning sighed
Rippling Anoma's wave, the border-stream,
Then drew he rein, and leaped to earth and kissed
White Kantaka betwixt the ears, and spake
Full sweet to Channa: "This which thou hast done
Shall bring thee good and bring all creatures good.
Be sure I love thee always for thy love.
Lead back my horse and take my crest-pearl here,
My princely robes, which henceforth stead me not,
My jewelled sword-belt and my sword, and these
The long locks by its bright edge severed thus
From off my brows. Give the King all, and say
Siddârtha prays forget him till he come
Ten times a Prince, with royal wisdom won
From lonely searchings and the strife for light;
Where, if I conquer, lo! all earth is mine —
Mine by chief service! — tell him — mine by love!
Since there is hope for man only in man,
And none hath sought for this as I will seek,
Who cast away my world to save my world."

Book the Fifth.

ROUND Rajagriha five fair hills arose,
Guarding King Bimbasâra's sylvan town:
Baibhâra, green with lemon-grass and palms;
Bipulla, at whose foot thin Sarsuti
Steals with warm ripple; shadowy Tapovan,
Whose steaming pools mirror black rocks, which ooze
Sovereign earth-butter from their rugged roofs;
South-east the vulture-peak Sailâgiri;
And eastward Ratnagiri, hill of gems.
A winding track, paven with footworn slabs,
Leads thee by safflower fields and bamboo tufts
Under dark mangoes and the jujube-trees,
Past milk-white veins of rock and jasper crags,
Low cliff and flats of jungle-flowers, to where

The shoulder of that mountain, sloping west,
O'erhangs a cave with wild figs canopied.
Lo ! thou who comest thither, bare thy feet
And bow thy head ! for all this spacious earth
Hath not a spot more dear and hallowed. Here
Lord Buddha sate the scorching summers through,
The driving rains, the chilly dawns and eves ;
Wearing for all men's sakes the yellow robe,
Eating in beggar's guise the scanty meal
Chance-gathered from the charitable ; at night
Couched on the grass, homeless, alone ; while yelped
The sleepless jackals round his cave, or coughs
Of famished tiger from the thicket broke.
By day and night here dwelt the World-honored,
Subduing that fair body born for bliss
With fast and frequent watch and search intense
Of silent meditation, so prolonged
That ofttimes while he mused — as motionless
As the fixed rock his seat — the squirrel leaped
Upon his knee, the timid quail led forth

Her brood between his feet, and blue doves pecked
The rice-grains from the bowl beside his hand.

Thus would he muse from noontide — when the land
Shimmered with heat, and walls and temples danced
In the reeking air — till sunset, noting not
The blazing globe roll down, nor evening glide,
Purple and swift, across the softened fields;
Nor the still coming of the stars, nor throb
Of drum-skins in the busy town, nor screech
Of owl and night-jar; wholly wrapt from self
In keen unravelling of the threads of thought
And steadfast pacing of life's labyrinths.
Thus would he sit till midnight hushed the world,
Save where the beasts of darkness in the brake
Crept and cried out, as fear and hatred cry,
As lust and avarice and anger creep
In the black jungles of man's ignorance.
Then slept he for what space the fleet moon asks
To swim a tenth part of her cloudy sea;

But rose ere the False-dawn, and stood again
Wistful on some dark platform of his hill,
Watching the sleeping earth with ardent eyes
And thoughts embracing all its living things,
While o'er the waving fields that murmur moved
Which is the kiss of Morn waking the lands,
And in the east that miracle of Day
Gathered and grew. At first a dusk so dim
Night seems still unaware of whispered dawn,
But soon — before the jungle-cock crows twice —
A white verge clear, a widening, brightening white,
High as the herald-star, which fades in floods
Of silver, warming into pale gold, caught
By topmost clouds, and flaming on their rims
To fervent golden glow, flushed from the brink
With saffron, scarlet, crimson, amethyst;
Whereat the sky burns splendid to the blue,
And, robed in raiment of glad light, the King
Of Life and Glory cometh!

Then our Lord,
After the manner of a Rishi, hailed
The rising orb, and went — ablutions made —
Down by the winding path unto the town;
And in the fashion of a Rishi passed
From street to street, with begging-bowl in hand,
Gathering the little pittance of his needs.
Soon was it filled, for all the townsmen cried,
"Take of our store, great sir!" and "Take of ours!"
Marking his godlike face and eyes enwrapt;
And mothers, when they saw our Lord go by,
Would bid their children fall to kiss his feet,
And lift his robe's hem to their brows, or run
To fill his jar, and fetch him milk and cakes.
And ofttimes as he paced, gentle and slow,
Radiant with heavenly pity, lost in care
For those he knew not, save as fellow-lives,
The dark surprised eyes of some Indian maid
Would dwell in sudden love and worship deep
On that majestic form, as if she saw

Her dreams of tenderest thought made true, and grace
Fairer than mortal fire her breast. But he
Passed onward with the bowl and yellow robe,
By mild speech paying all those gifts of hearts,
Wending his way back to the solitudes
To sit upon his hill with holy men,
And hear and ask of wisdom and its roads.

Midway on Ratnagiri's groves of calm,
Beyond the city, but below the caves,
Lodged such as hold the body foe to soul,
And flesh a beast which men must chain and tame
With bitter pains, till sense of pain is killed,
And tortured nerves vex torturer no more —
Yogis and Brahmacharis, Bhikshus, all
A gaunt and mournful band, dwelling apart.
Some day and night had stood with lifted arms,
Till — drained of blood and withered by disease —
Their slowly-wasting joints and stiffened limbs
Jutted from sapless shoulders like dead forks

From forest trunks. Others had clenched their hands
So long and with so fierce a fortitude,
The claw-like nails grew through the festered palm.
Some walked on sandals spiked; some with sharp flints
Gashed breast and brow and thigh, scarred these with fire;
Threaded their flesh with jungle thorns and spits,
Besmeared with mud and ashes, crouching foul
In rags of dead men wrapped about their loins.
Certain there were inhabited the spots
Where death-pyres smouldered, cowering defiled
With corpses for their company, and kites
Screaming around them o'er the funeral-spoils:
Certain who cried five hundred times a day
The names of Shiva, wound with darting snakes
About their sun-tanned necks and hollow flanks
One palsied foot drawn up against the ham.
So gathered they, a grievous company;
Crowns blistered by the blazing heat, eyes bleared,
Sinews and muscles shrivelled, visages
Haggard and wan as slain men's, five days dead;

Here crouched one in the dust who noon by noon
Meted a thousand grains of millet out,
Ate it with famished patience, seed by seed,
And so starved on; there one who bruised his pulse
With bitter leaves lest palate should be pleased;
And next, a miserable saint self-maimed,
Eyeless and tongueless, sexless, crippled, deaf;
The body by the mind being thus stripped
For glory of much suffering, and the bliss
Which they shall win — say holy books — whose woe
Shames gods that send us woe, and makes men gods
Stronger to suffer than Hell is to harm.

Whom sadly eying spake our Lord to one,
Chief of the woe-begones: "Much-suffering sir!
These many moons I dwell upon the hill —
Who am a seeker of the Truth — and see
My brothers here, and thee, so piteously
Self-anguished; wherefore add ye ills to life
Which is so evil?"

Answer made the sage:

"'Tis written if a man shall mortify
His flesh, till pain be grown the life he lives
And death voluptuous rest, such woes shall purge
Sin's dross away, and the soul, purified,
Soar from the furnace of its sorrow, winged
For glorious spheres and splendor past all thought."

"Yon cloud which floats in heaven," the Prince replied,

"Wreathed like gold cloth around your Indra's throne,
Rose thither from the tempest-driven sea;
But it must fall again in tearful drops,
Trickling through rough and painful water-ways
By cleft and nullah and the muddy flood,
To Gunga and the sea, wherefrom it sprang.
Know'st thou, my brother, if it be not thus,
After their many pains, with saints in bliss?
Since that which rises falls, and that which buys
Is spent; and if ye buy heav'n with your blood

In hell's hard market, when the bargain's through
The toil begins again!"

"It may begin,"
The hermit moaned. "Alas! we know not this,
Nor surely anything; yet after night
Day comes, and after turmoil peace, and we
Hate this accursed flesh which clogs the soul
That fain would rise; so, for the sake of soul,
We stake brief agonies in game with Gods
To gain the larger joys."

"Yet if they last
A myriad years," he said, "they fade at length,
Those joys; or if not, is there then some life
Below, above, beyond, so unlike life
It will not change? Speak! do your Gods endure
For ever, brothers?"

"Nay," the Yogis said,
"Only great Brahm endures: the Gods but live."

Then spake Lord Buddha: "Will ye, being wise,
As ye seem holy and strong-hearted ones,
Throw these sore dice, which are your groans and moa
For gains which may be dreams, and must have end?
Will ye, for love of soul, so loathe your flesh,
So scourge and maim it, that it shall not serve
To bear the spirit on, searching for home,
But founder on the track before nightfall,
Like willing steed o'er-spurred? Will ye, sad sirs,
Dismantle and dismember this fair house,
Where we have come to dwell by painful pasts;
Whose windows give us light — the little light —
Whereby we gaze abroad to know if dawn
Will break, and whither winds the better road?"

Then cried they, "We have chosen this for road
And tread it, Rajaputra, till the close —
Though all its stones were fire — in trust of death.
Speak, if thou know'st a way more excellent;
If not, peace go with thee!"

Onward he passed,
Exceeding sorrowful, seeing how men
Fear so to die they are afraid to fear,
Lust so to live they dare not love their life,
But plague it with fierce penances, belike
To please the Gods who grudge pleasure to man;
Belike to balk hell by self-kindled hells;
Belike in holy madness, hoping soul
May break the better through their wasted flesh.
"Oh, flowerets of the field!" Siddârtha said,
"Who turn your tender faces to the sun —
Glad of the light, and grateful with sweet breath
Of fragrance and these robes of reverence donned
Silver and gold and purple — none of ye
Miss perfect living, none of ye despoil
Your happy beauty. Oh, ye palms! which rise
Eager to pierce the sky and drink the wind
Blown from Malaya and the cool blue seas,
What secret know ye that ye grow content,
From time of tender shoot to time of fruit,

Murmuring such sun-songs from your feathered crowns?
Ye, too, who dwell so merry in the trees —
Quick-darting parrots, bee-birds, bulbuls, doves —
None of ye hate your life, none of ye deem
To strain to better by foregoing needs!
But man, who slays ye — being lord — is wise,
And wisdom, nursed on blood, cometh thus forth
In self-tormentings!"

While the Master spake
Blew down the mount the dust of pattering feet,
White goats and black sheep winding slow their way,
With many a lingering nibble at the tufts,
And wanderings from the path, where water gleamed
Or wild figs hung. But always as they strayed
The herdsman cried, or slung his sling, and kept
The silly crowd still moving to the plain.
A ewe with couplets in the flock there was,
Some hurt had lamed one lamb, which toiled behind
Bleeding, while in the front its fellow skipped,
And the vexed dam hither and thither ran,

Fearful to lose this little one or that;
Which when our Lord did mark, full tenderly
He took the limping lamb upon his neck,
Saying, "Poor woolly mother, be at peace!
Whither thou goest I will bear thy care;
'Twere all as good to ease one beast of grief
As sit and watch the sorrows of the world
In yonder caverns with the priests who pray."

"But," spake he to the herdsmen, "wherefore, friends!
Drive ye the flocks adown under high noon,
Since 'tis at evening that men fold their sheep?"

And answer gave the peasants: "We are sent
To fetch a sacrifice of goats five score,
And five score sheep, the which our Lord the King
Slayeth this night in worship of his gods."

Then said the Master: "I will also go!"
So paced he patiently, bearing the lamb

Beside the herdsmen in the dust and sun,
The wistful ewe low-bleating at his feet.

Whom, when they came unto the river-side,
A woman — dove-eyed, young, with tearful face
And lifted hands — saluted, bending low:
"Lord! thou art he," she said, "who yesterday
Had pity on me in the fig-grove here,
Where I live lone and reared my child; but he
Straying amid the blossoms found a snake,
Which twined about his wrist, whilst he did laugh
And tease the quick forked tongue and opened mouth
Of that cold playmate. But, alas! ere long
He turned so pale and still, I could not think
Why he should cease to play, and let my breast
Fall from his lips. And one said, 'He is sick
Of poison;' and another, 'He will die.'
But I, who could not lose my precious boy,
Prayed of them physic, which might bring the light
Back to his eyes; it was so very small

That kiss-mark of the serpent, and I think
It could not hate him, gracious as he was,
Nor hurt him in his sport. And some one said,
'There is a holy man upon the hill —
Lo! now he passeth in the yellow robe —
Ask of the Rishi if there be a cure
For that which ails thy son.' Whereon I came
Trembling to thee, whose brow is like a god's,
And wept and drew the face cloth from my babe,
Praying thee tell what simples might be good.
And thou, great sir! didst spurn me not, but gaze
With gentle eyes and touch with patient hand;
Then draw the face-cloth back, saying to me,
'Yea! little sister, there is that might heal
Thee first, and him, if thou couldst fetch the thing;
For they who seek physicians bring to them
What is ordained. Therefore, I pray thee, find
Black mustard-seed, a tola; only mark
Thou take it not from any hand or house
Where father, mother, child, or slave hath died;

It shall be well if thou canst find such seed.'
Thus didst thou speak, my Lord!"
The Master smiled
Exceeding tenderly. "Yea! I spake thus,
Dear Kisagôtami! But didst thou find
The seed?"
"I went, Lord, clasping to my breast
The babe, grown colder, asking at each hut —
Here in the jungle and towards the town —
'I pray you, give me mustard, of your grace,
A tola — black;' and each who had it gave,
For all the poor are piteous to the poor;
But when I asked, 'In my friend's household here
Hath any peradventure ever died —
Husband or wife, or child, or slave?' they said:
'O Sister! what is this you ask? the dead
Are very many, and the living few!'
So with sad thanks I gave the mustard back,
And prayed of others; but the others said,
'Here is the seed, but we have lost our slave!'

'Here is the seed, but our good man is dead!'
'Here is some seed, but he that sowed it died
Between the rain-time and the harvesting!'
Ah, sir! I could not find a single house
Where there was mustard-seed and none had died!
Therefore I left my child — who would not suck
Nor smile — beneath the wild-vines by the stream,
To seek thy face and kiss thy feet, and pray
Where I might find this seed and find no death,
If now, indeed, my baby be not dead,
As I do fear, and as they said to me."

"My sister! thou hast found," the Master said,
"Searching for what none finds — that bitter balm
I had to give thee. He thou lovedst slept
Dead on thy bosom yesterday: to-day
Thou know'st the whole wide world weeps with thy woe:
The grief which all hearts share grows less for one.
Lo! I would pour my blood if it could stay
Thy tears and win the secret of that curse

Which makes sweet love our anguish, and which drives
O'er flowers and pastures to the sacrifice —
As these dumb beasts are driven — men their lords.
I seek that secret: bury thou thy child!"

So entered they the city side by side,
The herdsmen and the Prince, what time the sun
Gilded slow Sona's distant stream, and threw
Long shadows down the street and through the gate
Where the King's men kept watch. But when these saw
Our Lord bearing the lamb, the guards stood back,
The market-people drew their wains aside,
In the bazaar buyers and sellers stayed
The war of tongues to gaze on that mild face;
The smith, with lifted hammer in his hand,
Forgot to strike; the weaver left his web,
The scribe his scroll, the money-changer lost
His count of cowries; from the unwatched rice
Shiva's white bull fed free; the wasted milk
Ran o'er the lota while the milkers watched

The passage of our Lord moving so meek,
With yet so beautiful a majesty.
But most the women gathering in the doors
Asked, "Who is this that brings the sacrifice
So graceful and peace-giving as he goes?
What is his caste? whence hath he eyes so sweet?
Can he be Sâkra or the Devaraj?"
And others said, "It is the holy man
Who dwelleth with the Rishis on the hill."
But the Lord paced, in meditation lost,
Thinking, "Alas! for all my sheep which have
No shepherd; wandering in the night with none
To guide them; bleating blindly towards the knife
Of Death, as these dumb beasts which are their kin."

Then some one told the King, "There cometh here
A holy hermit, bringing down the flock
Which thou didst bid to crown the sacrifice."

The King stood in his hall of offering,
On either hand the white-robed Brahmans ranged

Muttered their mantras, feeding still the fire
Which roared upon the midmost altar. There
From scented woods flickered bright tongues of flame,
Hissing and curling as they licked the gifts
Of ghee and spices and the Soma juice,
The joy of Indra. Round about the pile
A slow, thick, scarlet streamlet smoked and ran,
Sucked by the sand, but ever rolling down,
The blood of bleating victims. One such lay,
A spotted goat, long-horned, its head bound back
With munja grass; at its stretched throat the knife
Pressed by a priest, who murmured, "This, dread gods,
Of many yajnas cometh as the crown
From Bimbasâra: take ye joy to see
The spirted blood, and pleasure in the scent
Of rich flesh roasting 'mid the fragrant flames;
Let the King's sins be laid upon this goat,
And let the fire consume them burning it,
For now I strike."

But Buddha softly said,

"Let him not strike, great King!" and therewith loosed
The victim's bonds, none staying him, so great
His presence was. Then, craving leave, he spake
Of life, which all can take but none can give,
Life, which all creatures love and strive to keep,
Wonderful, dear and pleasant unto each,
Even to the meanest; yea, a boon to all
Where pity is, for pity makes the world
Soft to the weak and noble for the strong.
Unto the dumb lips of his flock he lent
Sad pleading words, showing how man, who prays
For mercy to the gods, is merciless,
Being as god to those; albeit all life
Is linked and kin, and what we slay have given
Meek tribute of the milk and wool, and set
Fast trust upon the hands which murder them.
Also he spake of what the holy books
Do surely teach, how that at death some sink
To bird and beast, and these rise up to man

In wanderings of the spark which grows purged flame.
So were the sacrifice new sin, if so
The fated passage of a soul be stayed.
Nor, spake he, shall one wash his spirit clean
By blood; nor gladden gods, being good, with blood;
Nor bribe them, being evil; nay, nor lay
Upon the brow of innocent bound beasts
One hair's weight of that answer all must give
For all things done amiss or wrongfully,
Alone, each for himself, reckoning with that
The fixed arithmic of the universe,
Which meteth good for good and ill for ill,
Measure for measure, unto deeds, words, thoughts;
Watchful, aware, implacable, unmoved;
Making all futures fruits of all the pasts.
Thus spake he, breathing words so piteous
With such high lordliness of ruth and right,
The priests drew back their garments o'er the hands
Crimsoned with slaughter, and the King came near,
Standing with clasped palms reverencing Buddh;

While still our Lord went on, teaching how fair
This earth were if all living things be linked
In friendliness and common use of foods,
Bloodless and pure ; the golden grain, bright fruits,
Sweet herbs which grow for all, the waters wan,
Sufficient drinks and meats. Which when these heard,
The might of gentleness so conquered them,
The priests themselves scattered their altar-flames
And flung away the steel of sacrifice ;
And through the land next day passed a decree
Proclaimed by criers, and in this wise graved
On rock and column : " Thus the King's will is : —
There hath been slaughter for the sacrifice
And slaying for the meat, but henceforth none
Shall spill the blood of life nor taste of flesh,
Seeing that knowledge grows, and life is one,
And mercy cometh to the merciful."
So ran the edict, and from those days forth
Sweet peace hath spread between all living kind,
Man and the beasts which serve him, and the birds,

On all those banks of Gunga where our Lord
Taught with his saintly pity and soft speech.

For aye so piteous was the Master's heart
To all that breathe this breath of fleeting life,
Yoked in one fellowship of joys and pains,
That it is written in the holy books
How, in an ancient age — when Buddha wore
A Brahman's form, dwelling upon the rock
Named Munda, by the village of Dâlidd —
Drought withered all the land: the young rice died
Ere it could hide a quail; in forest glades
A fierce sun sucked the pools; grasses and herbs
Sickened, and all the woodland creatures fled
Scattering for sustenance. At such a time,
Between the hot walls of a nullah, stretched
On naked stones, our Lord spied, as he passed,
A starving tigress. Hunger in her orbs
Glared with green flame; her dry tongue lolled a span

Beyond the gasping jaws and shrivelled jowl;
Her painted hide hung wrinkled on her ribs,
As when between the rafters sinks a thatch
Rotten with rains; and at the poor lean dugs
Two cubs, whining with famine, tugged and sucked,
Mumbling those milkless teats which rendered nought,
While she, their gaunt dam, licked full motherly
The clamorous twins, yielding her flank to them
With moaning throat, and love stronger than want,
Softening the first of that wild cry wherewith
She laid her famished muzzle to the sand
And roared a savage thunder-peal of woe.
Seeing which bitter strait, and heeding nought
Save the immense compassion of a Buddh,
Our Lord bethought, "There is no other way
To help this murderess of the woods but one.
By sunset these will die, having no meat:
There is no living heart will pity her,
Bloody with ravin, lean for lack of blood.
Lo! if I feed her, who shall lose but I,

And how can love lose doing of its kind
Even to the uttermost?" So saying, Buddh
Silently laid aside sandals and staff,
His sacred thread, turban, and cloth, and came
Forth from behind the milk-bush on the sand,
Saying, "Ho! mother, here is meat for thee!"
Whereat the perishing beast yelped hoarse and shrill,
Sprang from her cubs, and, hurling to the earth
That willing victim, had her feast of him
With all the crooked daggers of her claws
Rending his flesh, and all her yellow fangs
Bathed in his blood: the great cat's burning breath
Mixed with the last sigh of such fearless love.

Thus large the Master's heart was long ago,
Not only now, when with his gracious ruth
He bade cease cruel worship of the Gods.
And much King Bimbasâra prayed our Lord —
Learning his royal birth and holy search —

To tarry in that city, saying oft,
" Thy princely state may not abide such fasts;
Thy hands were made for sceptres, not for alms.
Sojourn with me, who have no son to rule,
And teach my kingdom wisdom, till I die,
Lodged in my palace with a beauteous bride."
But ever spake Siddârtha, of set mind,
" These things I had, most noble King, and left,
Seeking the Truth; which still I seek, and shall;
Not to be stayed though Sâkra's palace ope'd
Its doors of pearl and Devîs wooed me in.
I go to build the Kingdom of the Law,
Journeying to Gaya and the forest shades,
Where, as I think, the light will come to me;
For nowise here among the Rishis comes
That light, nor from the Shasters, nor from fasts
Borne till the body faints, starved by the soul.
Yet there is light to reach and truth to win;
And surely, O true Friend, if I attain
I will return and quit thy love."

Thereat
Thrice round the Prince King Bimbasâra paced,
Reverently bending to the Master's feet,
And bade him speed. So passed our Lord away
Towards Uravilva, not yet comforted,
And wan of face, and weak with six years' quest.
But they upon the hill and in the grove —
Alâra, Udra, and the ascetics five —
Had stayed him, saying all was written clear
In holy Shasters, and that none might win
Higher than *Sruti* and than *Smriti* — nay,
Not the chief saints! — for how should mortal man
Be wiser than the Jnana-Kând, which tells
How Brahm is bodiless and actionless,
Passionless, calm, unqualified, unchanged,
Pure life, pure thought, pure joy? Or how should man
Be better than the Karmma-Kând, which shows
How he may strip passion and action off,
Break from the bond of self, and so, unsphered,

Be God, and melt into the vast divine,
Flying from false to true, from wars of sense
To peace eternal, where the silence lives?

But the Prince neard them, not yet comforted.

Book the Sixth.

THOU who wouldst see where dawned the light at last,
North-westwards from the "Thousand Gardens" go
By Gunga's valley till thy steps be set
On the green hills where those twin streamlets spring
Nilâjan and Mohâna; follow them,
Winding beneath broad-leaved mahúa-trees,
'Mid thickets of the sansár and the bir,
Till on the plain the shining sisters meet
In Phalgú's bed, flowing by rocky banks
To Gâya and the red Barabar hills.
Hard by that river spreads a thorny waste,
Uruwelaya named in ancient days,
With sandhills broken; on its verge a wood
Waves sea-green plumes and tassels 'thwart the sky,

With undergrowth wherethrough a still flood steals,
Dappled with lotus-blossoms, blue and white,
And peopled with quick fish and tortoises.
Near it the village of Senáni reared
Its roofs of grass, nestled amid the palms,
Peaceful with simple folk and pastoral toils.

There in the sylvan solitudes once more
Lord Buddha lived, musing the woes of men,
The ways of fate, the doctrines of the books,
The lessons of the creatures of the brake,
The secrets of the silence whence all come,
The secrets of the gloom whereto all go,
The life which lies between, like that arch flung
From cloud to cloud across the sky, which hath
Mists for its masonry and vapory piers,
Melting to void again which was so fair
With sapphire hues, garnet, and chrysoprase.
Moon after moon our Lord sate in the wood,
So meditating these that he forgot

Ofttimes the hour of food, rising from thoughts
Prolonged beyond the sunrise and the noon
To see his bowl unfilled, and eat perforce
Of wild fruit fallen from the boughs o'erhead,
Shaken to earth by chattering ape or plucked
By purple parokeet. Therefore his grace
Faded; his body, worn by stress of soul,
Lost day by day the marks, thirty and two,
Which testify the Buddha. Scarce that leaf,
Fluttering so dry and withered to his feet
From off the sâl-branch, bore less likeliness
Of spring's soft greenery than he of him
Who was the princely flower of all his land.

And once at such a time the o'erwrought Prince
Fell to the earth in deadly swoon, all spent,
Even as one slain, who hath no longer breath
Nor any stir of blood; so wan he was,
So motionless. But there came by that way
A shepherd-boy, who saw Siddârtha lie

With lids fast-closed, and lines of nameless pain
Fixed on his lips — the fiery noonday sun
Beating upon his head — who, plucking boughs
From wild rose-apple trees, knitted them thick
Into a bower to shade the sacred face.
Also he poured upon the Master's lips
Drops of warm milk, pressed from his she-goat's bag,
Lest, being of low caste, he do wrong to one
So high and holy seeming. But the books
Tell how the jambu-branches, planted thus,
Shot with quick life in wealth of leaf and flower
And glowing fruitage interlaced and close,
So that the bower grew like a tent of silk
Pitched for a king at hunting, decked with studs
Of silver-work and bosses of red gold.
And the boy worshipped, deeming him some God;
But our Lord gaining breath, arose and asked
Milk in the shepherd's lota. "Ah, my Lord,
I cannot give thee," quoth the lad; "thou seest
I am a Sudra, and my touch defiles!"

Then the World-honored spake: "Pity and need
Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood,
Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,
Which trickle salt with all; neither comes man
To birth with tilka-mark stamped on the brow,
Nor sacred thread on neck. Who doth right deeds
Is twice-born, and who doeth ill deeds vile.
Give me to drink, my brother; when I come
Unto my quest it shall be good for thee."
Thereat the peasant's heart was glad, and gave.

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And on another day there passed that road
A band of tinselled girls, the nautch-dancers
Of Indra's temple in the town, with those
Who made their music — one that beat a drum
Set round with peacock-feathers, one that blew
The piping bánsuli, and one that twitched
A three-string sitar. Lightly tripped they down
From ledge to ledge and through the chequered paths
To some gay festival, the silver bells

Chiming soft peals about the small brown feet,
Armlets and wrist-rings tattling answer shrill;
While he that bore the sitar thrummed and twanged
His threads of brass, and she beside him sang —

" Fair goes the dancing when the sitar's tuned;
Tune us the sitar neither low nor high,
And we will dance away the hearts of men.

The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies;
The string o'erslack is dumb, and music dies;
Tune us the sitar neither low nor high."

So sang the nautch-girl to the pipe and wires,
Fluttering like some vain, painted butterfly
From glade to glade along the forest path,
Nor dreamed her light words echoed on the ear
Of him, that holy man, who sate so rapt
Under the fig-tree by the path. But Buddh
Lifted his great brow as the wantons passed,
And spake: " The foolish ofttimes teach the wise;

I strain too much this string of life, belike,
Meaning to make such music as shall save.
Mine eyes are dim now that they see the truth,
My strength is waned now that my need is most;
Would that I had such help as man must have,
For I shall die, whose life was all men's hope."

Now, by that river dwelt a landholder
Pious and rich, master of many herds,
A goodly chief, the friend of all the poor;
And from his house the village drew its name —
"Senâni." Pleasant and in peace he lived,
Having for wife Sujâta, loveliest
Of all the dark-eyed daughters of the plain;
Gentle and true, simple and kind was she,
Noble of mien, with gracious speech to all
And gladsome looks — a pearl of womanhood —
Passing calm years of household happiness
Beside her lord in that still Indian home,
Save that no male child blessed their wedded love.

Wherefore with many prayers she had besought
Lukshmi; and many nights at full-moon gone
Round the great Lingam, nine times nine, with gifts
Of rice and jasmine wreaths and sandal oil,
Praying a boy; also Sujâta vowed —
If this should be — an offering of food
Unto the Wood-God, plenteous, delicate,
Set in a bowl of gold under his tree,
Such as the lips of Devs may taste and take.
And this had been: for there was born to her
A beauteous boy, now three months old, who lay
Between Sujâta's breasts, while she did pace
With grateful foot-steps to the Wood-God's shrine,
One arm clasping her crimson sari close
To wrap the babe, that jewel of her joys,
The other lifted high in comely curve
To steady on her head the bowl and dish
Which held the dainty victuals for the God.

But Radha, sent before to sweep the ground

And tie the scarlet threads around the tree,
Came eager, crying, "Ah, dear Mistress! look!
There is the Wood-God sitting in his place,
Revealed, with folded hands upon his knees.
See how the light shines round about his brow!
How mild and great he seems, with heavenly eyes!
Good fortune is it thus to meet the gods."

So, — thinking him divine, — Sujâta drew
Tremblingly nigh, and kissed the earth and said,
With sweet face bent, "Would that the Holy One
Inhabiting this grove, Giver of good,
Merciful unto me his handmaiden,
Vouchsafing now his presence, might accept
These our poor gifts of snowy curds, fresh-made,
With milk as white as new-carved ivory!"

Therewith into the golden bowl she poured
The curds and milk, and on the hands of Buddh
Dropped attar from a crystal flask — distilled

Out of the hearts of roses: and he ate,
Speaking no word, while the glad mother stood
In reverence apart. But of that meal
So wondrous was the virtue that our Lord
Felt strength and life return as though the nights
Of watching and the days of fast had passed
In dream, as though the spirit with the flesh
Shared that fine meat and plumed its wings anew,
Like some delighted bird at sudden streams
Weary with flight o'er endless wastes of sand,
Which laves the desert dust from neck and crest.
And more Sujâta worshipped, seeing our Lord
Grow fairer and his countenance more bright:
"Art thou indeed the God?" she lowly asked,
"And hath my gift found favor?"

But Buddh said,
"What is it thou dost bring me?"
"Holy one!"
Answered Sujâta, "from our droves I took

Milk of a hundred mothers, newly-calved,
And with that milk I fed fifty white cows,
And with their milk twenty-and-five, and then
With theirs twelve more, and yet again with theirs
The six noblest and best of all our herds.
That yield I boiled with sandal and fine spice
In silver lotas, adding rice, well grown
From chosen seed, set in new-broken ground,
So picked that every grain was like a pearl.
This did I of true heart, because I vowed
Under thy tree, if I should bear a boy
I would make offering for my joy, and now
I have my son and all my life is bliss!"

Softly our Lord drew down the crimson fold,
And, laying on the little head those hands
Which help the worlds, he said, "Long be thy bliss!
And lightly fall on him the load of life!
For thou hast holpen me who am no God,
But one, thy Brother; heretofore a Prince

And now a wanderer, seeking night and day
These six hard years that light which somewhere shines
To lighten all men's darkness, if they knew!
And I shall find the light; yea, now it dawned
Glorious and helpful, when my weak flesh failed
Which this pure food, fair Sister, hath restored,
Drawn manifold through lives to quicken life
As life itself passes by many births
To happier heights and purging off of sins.
Yet dost thou truly find it sweet enough
Only to live? Can life and love suffice?"

Answered Sujâta, "Worshipful! my heart
Is little, and a little rain will fill
The lily's cup which hardly moists the field.
It is enough for me to feel life's sun
Shine in my Lord's grace and my baby's smile,
Making the loving summer of our home.
Pleasant my days pass filled with household cares
From sunrise when I wake to praise the gods,

And give forth grain, and trim the tulsi-plant,
And set my handmaids to their tasks, till noon,
When my Lord lays his head upon my lap
Lulled by soft songs and wavings of the fan;
And so to supper-time at quiet eve,
When by his side I stand and serve the cakes.
Then the stars light their silver lamps for sleep,
After the temple and the talk with friends.
How should I not be happy, blest so much,
And bearing him this boy whose tiny hand
Shall lead his soul to Swerga, if it need?
For holy books teach when a man shall plant
Trees for the travellers' shade, and dig a well
For the folks' comfort, and beget a son,
It shall be good for such after their death;
And what the books say that I humbly take,
Being not wiser than those great of old
Who spake with gods, and knew the hymns and charms,
And all the ways of virtue and of peace.
Also I think that good must come of good

And ill of evil — surely — unto all —
In every place and time — seeing sweet fruit
Groweth from wholesome roots, and bitter things
From poison-stocks; yea, seeing, too, how spite
Breeds hate, and kindness friends, and patience peace
Even while we live; and when 'tis willed we die
Shall there not be as good a 'Then' as 'Now'?
Haply much better! since one grain of rice
Shoots a green feather gemmed with fifty pearls,
And all the starry champak's white and gold
Lurks in those little, naked, grey spring-buds.
Ah, Sir! I know there might be woes to bear
Would lay fond Patience with her face in dust;
If this my babe pass first I think my heart
Would break — almost I hope my heart would break!
That I might clasp him dead and wait my Lord —
In whatsoever world holds faithful wives —
Duteous, attending till his hour should come.
But if Death called Senáni, I should mount
The pile and lay that dear head in my lap,

My daily way, rejoicing when the torch
Lit the quick flame and rolled the choking smoke.
For it is written if an Indian wife
Die so, her love shall give her husband's soul
For every hair upon her head a crore
Of years in Swerga. Therefore fear I not.
And therefore, Holy Sir! my life is glad,
Nowise forgetting yet those other lives
Painful and poor, wicked and miserable,
Whereon the gods grant pity! but for me,
What good I see humbly I seek to do,
And live obedient to the law, in trust
That what will come, and must come, shall come well."

Then spake our Lord, "Thou teachest them who teach
Wiser than wisdom in thy simple lore.
Be thou content to know not, knowing thus
Thy way of right and duty: grow, thou flower!
With thy sweet kind in peaceful shade — the light
Of Truth's high noon is not for tender leaves

Which must spread broad in other suns and lift
In later lives a crowned head to the sky.
Thou who hast worshipped me, I worship thee!
Excellent heart! learnèd unknowingly.
As the dove is which flieth home by love.
In thee is seen why there is hope for man
And where we hold the wheel of life at will.
Peace go with thee, and comfort all thy days!
As thou accomplishest, may I achieve!
He whom thou thoughtest God bids thee wish this."

"May'st thou achieve," she said, with earnest eyes
Bent on her babe, who reached its tender hands
To Buddh — knowing, belike, as children know,
More than we deem, and reverencing our Lord;
But he arose — made strong with that pure meat —
And bent his footsteps where a great Tree grew,
The Bôdhi-tree (thenceforward in all years
Never to fade, and ever to be kept
In homage of the world), beneath whose leaves

It was ordained that Truth should come to Buddh:
Which now the Master knew; wherefore he went
With measured pace, steadfast, majestical,
Unto the Tree of Wisdom. Oh, ye Worlds!
Rejoice! our Lord wended unto the Tree!

Whom — as he passed into its ample shade,
Cloistered with columned dropping stems, and roofed
With vaults of glistening green — the conscious earth
Worshipped with waving grass and sudden flush
Of flowers about his feet. The forest-boughs
Bent down to shade him; from the river sighed
Cool wafts of wind laden with lotus-scents
Breathed by the water-gods. Large wondering eyes
Of woodland creatures — panther, boar, and deer —
At peace that eve, gazed on his face benign
From cave and thicket. From its cold cleft wound
The mottled deadly snake, dancing its hood
In honor of our Lord; bright butterflies
Fluttered their vans, azure and green and gold,

To be his fan-bearers; the fierce kite dropped
Its prey and screamed; the striped palm-squirrel raced
From stem to stem to see; the weaver-bird
Chirped from her swinging nest; the lizard ran;
The koïl sang her hymn; the doves flocked round;
Even the creeping things were 'ware and glad.
Voices of earth and air joined in one song,
Which unto ears that hear said, "Lord and Friend!
Lover and Saviour! Thou who hast subdued
Angers and prides, desires and fears and doubts,
Thou that for each and all hast given thyself,
Pass to the Tree! The sad world blesseth thee
Who art the Buddh that shall assuage her woes.
Pass, Hailed and Honored! strive thy last for us,
King and high Conqueror! thine hour is come;
This is the Night the ages waited for!"

Then fell the night even as our Master sate
Under that Tree. But he who is the Prince
Of Darkness, Mara — knowing this was Buddh

Who should deliver men, and now the hour
When he should find the Truth and save the worlds —
Gave unto all his evil powers command.
Wherefore there trooped from every deepest pit
The fiends who war with Wisdom and the Light,
Arati, Trishna, Raga, and their crew
Of passions, horrors, ignorances, lusts,
The brood of gloom and dread; all hating Buddh,
Seeking to shake his mind; nor knoweth one,
Not even the wisest, how those fiends of Hell
Battled that night to keep the Truth from Buddh:
Sometimes with terrors of the tempest, blasts
Of demon-armies clouding all the wind,
With thunder, and with blinding lightning flung
In jagged javelins of purple wrath
From splitting skies; sometimes with wiles and words
Fair-sounding, 'mid hushed leaves and softened airs
From shapes of witching beauty; wanton songs,
Whispers of love; sometimes with royal allures
Of proffered rule; sometimes with mocking doubts.

Making truth vain. But whether these befell
Without and visible, or whether Buddh
Strove with fell spirits in his inmost heart,
Judge ye : — I write what ancient books have writ.

The ten chief Sins came — Mara's mighty ones,
Angels of evil — Attavâda first,
The Sin of Self, who in the Universe
As in a mirror sees her fond face shown,
And crying " I " would have the world say " I,"
And all things perish so if she endure.
" If thou be'st Buddh," she said, " let others grope
Lightless ; it is enough that thou art Thou
Changelessly ; rise and take the bliss of gods
Who change not, heed not, strive not." But Buddh spake,
" The right in thee is base, the wrong a curse ;
Cheat such as love themselves." Then came wan Doubt,
He that denies — the mocking Sin — and this
Hissed in the Master's ear, " All things are shows,
And vain the knowledge of their vanity ;

Thou dost but chase the shadow of thyself;
Rise and go hence, there is no better way
Than patient scorn, nor any help for man,
Nor any staying of his whirling wheel."
But quoth our Lord, "Thou hast no part with me,
False Visikitcha, subtlest of man's foes."
And third came she who gives dark creeds their power,
Silabbat-paramâsa, sorceress,
Draped fair in many lands as lowly Faith,
But ever juggling souls with rites and prayers;
The keeper of those keys which lock up Hells
And open Heavens. "Wilt thou dare," she said,
"Put by our sacred books, dethrone our gods,
Unpeople all the temples, shaking down
That law which feeds the priests and props the realms?"
But Buddha answered, "What thou bidd'st me keep
Is form which passes, but the free Truth stands;
Get thee unto thy darkness." Next there drew
Gallantly nigh a braver Tempter, he,
Kama, the King of passions, who hath sway

Over the gods themselves, Lord of all loves,
Ruler of Pleasure's realm. Laughing he came
Unto the Tree, bearing his bow of gold
Wreathed with red blooms, and arrows of desire
Pointed with five-tongued delicate flame which stings
The heart it smites sharper than poisoned barb:
And round him came into that lonely place
Bands of bright shapes with heavenly eyes and lips
Singing in lovely words the praise of Love
To music of invisible sweet chords,
So witching, that it seemed the night stood still
To hear them, and the listening stars and moon
Paused in their orbits while these hymned to Buddh
Of lost delights, and how a mortal man
Findeth nought dearer in the three wide worlds
Than are the yielded loving fragrant breasts
Of Beauty and the rosy breast-blossoms,
Love's rubies; nay, and toucheth nought more high
Than is that dulcet harmony of form
Seen in the lines and charms of loveliness

Unspeakable, yet speaking, soul to soul,
Owned by the bounding blood, worshipped by will
Which leaps to seize it, knowing this is best,
This the true heaven where mortals are like gods,
Makers and Masters, this the gift of gifts
Ever renewed and worth a thousand woes.
For who hath grieved when soft arms shut him safe,
And all life melted to a happy sigh,
And all the world was given in one warm kiss?
So sang they with soft float of beckoning hands,
Eyes lighted with love-flames, alluring smiles;
In dainty dance their supple sides and limbs
Revealing and concealing like burst buds
Which tell their color, but hide yet their hearts.
Never so matchless grace delighted eye
As troop by troop these midnight-dancers swept
Nearer the Tree, each daintier than the last,
Murmuring "O great Siddârtha! I am thine,
Taste of my mouth and see if youth is sweet!"
Also, when nothing moved our Master's mind,

Lo! Kama waved his magic bow, and lo!
The band of dancers opened, and a shape
Fairest and stateliest of the throng came forth
Wearing the guise of sweet Yasôdhara.
Tender the passion of those dark eyes seemed
Brimming with tears; yearning those outspread arms
Opened towards him; musical that moan
Wherewith the beauteous shadow named his name,
Sighing "My Prince! I die for lack of thee!
What heaven hast thou found like that we knew
By bright Rohini in the Pleasure-house,
Where all these weary years I weep for thèe?
Return, Siddârtha! ah! return. But touch
My lips again, but let me to thy breast
Once, and these fruitless dreams will end! Ah, look!
Am I not she thou lovedst?" But Buddh said,
"For that sweet sake of her thou playest thus
Fair and false Shadow! is thy playing vain;
I curse thee not who wear'st a form so dear,
Yet as thou art so are all earthly shows.

Melt to thy void again!" Thereat a cry
Thrilled through the grove, and all that comely rout
Faded with flickering wafts of flame, and trail
Of vaporous robes.
Next under darkening skies
And noise of rising storm came fiercer Sins,
The rearmost of the Ten; Patigha — Hate —
With serpents coiled about her waist, which suck
Poisonous milk from both her hanging dugs,
And with her curses mix their angry hiss.
Little wrought she upon that Holy One
Who with his calm eyes dumbed her bitter lips
And made her black snakes writhe to hide their fangs.
Then followed Ruparaga — Lust of days —
That sensual Sin which out of greed for life
Forgets to live; and next him Lust of Fame,
Nobler Aruparaga, she whose spell
Beguiles the wise, mother of daring deeds,
Battles and toils. And haughty Mano came,
The Fiend of Pride; and smooth Self-Righteousness,

Uddhachcha; and — with many a hideous band
Of vile and formless things, which crept and flapped
Toad-like and bat-like — Ignorance, the Dam
Of Fear and Wrong, Avidya, hideous hag,
Whose footsteps left the midnight darker, while
The rooted mountains shook, the wild winds howled,
The broken clouds shed from their caverns streams
Of levin-lighted rain; stars shot from heaven,
The solid earth shuddered as if one laid
Flame to her gaping wounds; the torn black air
Was full of whistling wings, of screams and yells,
Of evil faces peering, of vast fronts
Terrible and majestic, Lords of Hell
Who from a thousand Limbos led their troops
To tempt the Master.

But Buddh heeded not,
Sitting serene, with perfect virtue walled
As is a stronghold by its gates and ramps;
Also the Sacred Tree — the Bôdhi-tree —
Amid that tumult stirred not, but each leaf

Glistened as still as when on moonlit eves
No zephyr spills the glittering gems of dew;
For all this clamor raged outside the shade
Spread by those cloistered stems:
In the third watch,
The earth being still, the hellish legions fled,
A soft air breathing from the sinking moon,
Our Lord attained *Sammâ-sambuddh*; he saw
By light which shines beyond our mortal ken
The line of all his lives in all the worlds,
Far back and farther back and farthest yet,
Five hundred lives and fifty. Even as one,
At rest upon a mountain-summit, marks
His path wind up by precipice and crag,
Past thick-set woods shrunk to a patch; through bogs
Glittering false-green; down hollows where he toiled
Breathless; on dizzy ridges where his feet
Had well-nigh slipped; beyond the sunny lawns,
The cataract and the cavern and the pool,
Backward to those dim flats wherefrom he sprang

To reach the blue; thus Buddha did behold
Life's upward steps long-linked, from levels low
Where breath is base, to higher slopes and higher
Whereon the ten great Virtues wait to lead
The climber skyward. Also, Buddha saw
How new life reaps what the old life did sow:
How where its march breaks off its march begins;
Holding the gain and answering for the loss;
And how in each life good begets more good,
Evil fresh evil; Death but casting up
Debit or credit, whereupon th' account
In merits or demerits stamps itself
By sure arithmic — where no tittle drops —
Certain and just, on some new-springing life;
Wherein are packed and scored past thoughts and deeds,
Strivings and triumphs, memories and marks
Of lives foregone:

And in the middle watch
Our Lord attained *Abhidjna* — insight vast

Ranging beyond this sphere to spheres unnamed,
System on system, countless worlds and suns
Moving in splendid measures, band by band
Linked in division, one yet separate,
The silver islands of a sapphire sea
Shoreless unfathomed, undiminished, stirred
With waves which roll in restless tides of change.
He saw those Lords of Light who hold their worlds
By bonds invisible, how they themselves
Circle obedient round mightier orbs
Which serve profounder splendors, star to star
Flashing the ceaseless radiance of life
From centres ever shifting unto cirques
Knowing no uttermost. These he beheld
With unsealed vision, and of all those worlds,
Cycle on epicycle, all their tale
Of Kalpas, Mahakalpas — terms of time
Which no man grasps, yea, though he knew to count
The drops in Gunga from her springs to the sea,
Measureless unto speech — whereby these wax

And wane; whereby each of this heavenly host
Fulfils its shining life and darkling dies.
Sakwal by Sakwal, depths and heights he passed
Transported through the blue infinitudes,
Marking — behind all modes, above all spheres,
Beyond the burning impulse of each orb —
That fixed decree at silent work which wills
Evolve the dark to light, the dead to life,
To fulness void, to form the yet unformed,
Good unto better, better unto best,
By wordless edict; having none to bid,
None to forbid; for this is past all gods
Immutable, unspeakable, supreme,
A Power which builds, unbuilds, and builds again,
Ruling all things accordant to the rule
Of virtue, which is beauty, truth, and use.
So that all things do well which serve the Power,
And ill which hinder; nay, the worm does well
Obedient to its kind; the hawk does well
Which carries bleeding quarries to its young;

The dewdrop and the star shine sisterly,
Globing together in the common work;
And man who lives to die, dies to live well
So if he guide his ways by blamelessness
And earnest will to hinder not but help
All things both great and small which suffer life.
These did our Lord see in the middle watch.

But when the fourth watch came the secret came
Of Sorrow, which with evil mars the law,
As damp and dross hold back the goldsmith's fire.
Then was the Dukha-satya opened him
First of the "Noble Truths;" how Sorrow is
Shadow to life, moving where life doth move;
Not to be laid aside until one lays
Living aside, with all its changing states,
Birth, growth, decay, love, hatred, pleasure, pain,
Being and doing. How that none strips off
These sad delights and pleasant griefs who lacks
Knowledge to know them snares; but he who knows

Avidya — Delusion — sets those snares,
Loves life no longer but ensues escape.
The eyes of such a one are wide, he sees
Delusion breeds Sankhâra, Tendency
Perverse : Tendency Energy — Vidnnân —
Whereby comes Namarûpa, local form
And name and bodiment, bringing the man
With senses naked to the sensible,
A helpless mirror of all shows which pass
Across his heart ; and so Vedanâ grows —
'Sense-life' — false in its gladness, fell in sadness,
But sad or glad, the Mother of Desire,
Trishna, that thirst which makes the living drink
Deeper and deeper of the false salt waves
Whereon they float, pleasures, ambitions, wealth,
Praise, fame, or domination, conquest, love ;
Rich meats and robes, and fair abodes, and pride
Of ancient lines, and lust of days, and strife
To live, and sins that flow from strife, some sweet,
Some bitter. Thus Life's thirst quenches itself

With draughts which double thirst, but who is wise
Tears from his soul this Trishna, feeds his sense
No longer on false shows, files his firm mind
To seek not, strive not, wrong not; bearing meek
All ills which flow from foregone wrongfulness,
And so constraining passions that they die
Famished; till all the sum of ended life —
The *Karma* — all that total of a soul
Which is the things it did, the thoughts it had,
The 'Self' it wove — with woof of viewless time,
Crossed on the warp invisible of acts —
The outcome of him on the Universe,
Grows pure and sinless; either never more
Needing to find a body and a place,
Or so informing what fresh frame it takes
In new existence that the new toils prove
Lighter and lighter not to be at all,
Thus "finishing the Path;" free from Earth's cheats;
Released from all the skandhas of the flesh;
Broken from ties — from Upâdânas — saved

From whirling on the wheel; aroused and sane
As is a man wakened from hateful dreams.
Until — greater than Kings, than Gods more glad! —
The aching craze to live ends, and life glides —
Lifeless — to nameless quiet, nameless joy,
Blessed NIRVANA — sinless, stirless rest —
That change which never changes!

Lo! the Dawn
Sprang with Buddh's Victory! lo! in the East
Flamed the first fires of beauteous day, poured forth
Through fleeting folds of Night's black drapery.
High in the widening blue the herald-star
Faded to paler silver as there shot
Brighter and brightest bars of rosy gleam
Across the grey. Far off the shadowy hills
Saw the great Sun, before the world was 'ware,
And donned their crowns of crimson; flower by flower
Felt the warm breath of Morn and 'gan unfold

Their tender lids. Over the spangled grass
Swept the swift footsteps of the lovely Light,
Turning the tears of Night to joyous gems,
Decking the earth with radiance, 'broidering
The sinking storm-clouds with a golden fringe,
Gilding the feathers of the palms, which waved
Glad salutation; darting beams of gold
Into the glades; touching with magic wand
The stream to rippled ruby; in the brake
Finding the mild eyes of the antelopes
And saying "it is day;" in nested sleep
Touching the small heads under many a wing
And whispering, "Children, praise the light of day!"
Whereat there piped anthems of all the birds,
The Köil's fluted song, the Bulbul's hymn,
The "morning, morning" of the painted thrush,
The twitter of the sunbirds starting forth
To find the honey ere the bees be out,
The grey crow's caw, the parrot's scream, the strokes
Of the green hammersmith, the myna's chirp,

The never finished love-talk of the doves:
Yea! and so holy was the influence
Of that high Dawn which came with victory
That, far and near, in homes of men there spread
An unknown peace. The slayer hid his knife;
The robber laid his plunder back; the shroff
Counted full tale of coins; all evil hearts
Grew gentle, kind hearts gentler, as the balm
Of that divinest Daybreak lightened Earth.
Kings at fierce war called truce; the sick men leaped
Laughing from beds of pain; the dying smiled
As though they knew that happy Morn was sprung
From fountains farther than the utmost East;
And o'er the heart of sad Yasôdhara,
Sitting forlorn at Prince Siddârtha's bed,
Came sudden bliss, as if love should not fail
Nor such vast sorrow miss to end in joy.
So glad the World was — though it wist not why —
That over desolate wastes went swooning songs
Of mirth, the voice of bodiless Prets and Bhuts

Foreseeing Buddh; and Devas in the air
Cried "It is finished, finished!" and the priests
Stood with the wondering people in the streets
Watching those golden splendors flood the sky
And saying "There hath happed some mighty thing."
Also in Ran and Jungle grew that day
Friendship amongst the creatures; spotted deer
Browsed fearless where the tigress fed her cubs,
And cheetahs lapped the pool beside the bucks;
Under the eagle's rock the brown hares scoured
While his fierce beak but preened an idle wing;
The snake sunned all his jewels in the beam
With deadly fangs in sheath; the shrike let pass
The nestling-finch; the emerald halcyons
Sate dreaming while the fishes played beneath,
Nor hawked the merops, though the butterflies —
Crimson and blue and amber — flitted thick
Around his perch; the Spirit of our Lord
Lay potent upon man and bird and beast,

Even while he mused under that Bôdhi-tree,
Glorified with the Conquest gained for all
And lightened by a Light greater than Day's.

Then he arose — radiant, rejoicing, strong —
Beneath the Tree, and lifting high his voice
Spake this, in hearing of all Times and Worlds: —

Anêkajâtisangsârang
Sandhâwissang anibhisang
Gahakârakangawesanto
Dukkhâjâtipunappunang.

Gahakârakadithôsi;
Punagehang nakâhasi;
Sabhâtephâsukhâbhaggâ,
Gahakûtangwisang khitang;
Wisangkhâragatang chittang;
Janhânangkhayamajhagâ.

Many a House of Life
Hath held me — seeking ever him who wrought
These prisons of the senses, sorrow-fraught;
Sore was my ceaseless strife!

But now,
Thou Builder of this Tabernacle — Thou!
I know Thee! Never shalt thou build again
These walls of pain,
Nor raise the roof-tree of deceits, nor lay
Fresh rafters on the clay;
Broken thy house is, and the ridge-pole split!
Delusion fashioned it!
Safe pass I thence — deliverance to obtain.

Book the Seventh.

SORROWFUL dwelt the King Suddhôdana
All those long years among the Sâkya Lords
Lacking the speech and presence of his Son;
Sorrowful sate the sweet Yasôdhara
All those long years, knowing no joy of life,
Widowed of him her living Liege and Prince
And ever, on the news of some recluse
Seen far away by pasturing camel-men
Or traders threading devious paths for gain,
Messengers from the King had gone and come
Bringing account of many a holy sage
Lonely and lost to home; but nought of him
The crown of white Kapilavastu's line,
The glory of her monarch and his hope,

The heart's content of sweet Yasôdhara,
Far-wandered now, forgetful, changed, or dead.

But on a day in the Wasanta-time,
When silver sprays swing on the mango-trees
And all the earth is clad with garb of spring,
The Princess sate by that bright garden-stream
Whose gliding glass, bordered with lotus-cups,
Mirrored so often in the bliss gone by
Their clinging hands and meeting lips. Her lids
Were wan with tears, her tender cheeks had thinned;
Her lips' delicious curves were drawn with grief;
The lustrous glory of her hair was hid —
Close-bound as widows use; no ornament
She wore, nor any jewel clasped the cloth —
Coarse, and of mourning-white — crossed on her breast.
Slow moved and painfully those small fine feet
Which had the roe's gait and the rose-leaf's fall
In old years at the loving voice of him.
Her eyes, those lamps of love, — which were as if

Sunlight should shine from out the deepest dark,
Illumining Night's peace with Daytime's glow —
Unlighted now, and roving aimlessly,
Scarce marked the clustering signs of coming Spring
So the silk lashes drooped over their orbs.
In one hand was a girdle thick with pearls,
Siddârtha's — treasured since that night he fled —
(Ah, bitter Night! mother of weeping days!
When was fond Love so pitiless to love
Save that this scorned to limit love by life?)
The other led her little son, a boy
Divinely fair, the pledge Siddârtha left —
Named Rahula — now seven years old, who tripped
Gladsome beside his mother, light of heart
To see the spring-blooms burgeon o'er the world.

So while they lingered by the lotus-pools
And, lightly laughing, Rahula flung rice
To feed the blue and purple fish; and she
With sad eyes watched the swiftly-flying cranes,

Sighing, "Oh! creatures of the wandering wing,
If ye shall light where my dear Lord is hid,
Say that Yasôdhara lives nigh to death
For one word of his mouth, one touch of him!"—
So, as they played and sighed — mother and child —
Came some among the damsels of the Court
Saying, "Great Princess! there have entered in
At the south gate merchants of Hastinpûr
Tripusha called and Bhalluk, men of worth,
Long travelled from the loud sea's edge, who bring
Marvellous lovely webs pictured with gold,
Waved blades of gilded steel, wrought bowls in brass,
Cut ivories, spice, simples, and unknown birds,
Treasures of far-off peoples; but they bring
That which doth beggar these, for He is seen!
Thy Lord, — our Lord, — the hope of all the land —
Siddârtha! they have seen him face to face,
Yea, and have worshipped him with knees and brows,
And offered offerings; for he is become
All which was shown, a teacher of the wise,

World-honored, holy, wonderful; a Buddh
Who doth deliver men and save all flesh
By sweetest speech and pity vast as Heaven:
And, lo! he journeyeth hither these do say."

Then — while the glad blood bounded in her veins
As Gunga leaps when first the mountain snows
Melt at her springs — uprose Yasôdhara
And clapped her palms, and laughed, with brimming tears
Beading her lashes. "Oh! call quick," she cried,
"These merchants to my purdah, for mine ears
Thirst like parched throats to drink their blessed news.
Go bring them in, — but if their tale be true,
Say I will fill their girdles with much gold,
With gems that Kings shall envy: come ye too,
My girls, for ye shall have guerdon of this
If there be gifts to speak my grateful heart."

So went those merchants to the Pleasure-House,
Full softly pacing through its golden ways

With naked feet, amid the peering maids,
Much wondering at the glories of the Court.
Whom, when they came without the purdah's folds,
A voice, tender and eager, filled and charmed
With trembling music, saying, "Ye are come
From far, fair Sirs! and ye have seen my Lord —
Yea, worshipped — for he is become a Buddh,
World-honored, holy, and delivers men,
And journeyeth hither. Speak! for, if this be,
Friends are ye of my House, welcome and dear."

Then answer made Tripusha, "We have seen
That sacred Master, Princess! we have bowed
Before his feet; for who was lost a Prince
Is found a greater than the King of kings.
Under the Bôdhi-tree by Phalgú's bank
That which shall save the world hath late been wrought
By him — the Friend of all, the Prince of all —
Thine most, High Lady! from whose tears men win
The comfort of this Word the Master speaks.

Lo! he is well, as one beyond all ills,
Uplifted as a god from earthly woes,
Shining with risen Truth, golden and clear.
Moreover as he entereth town by town,
Preaching those noble ways which lead to peace,
The hearts of men follow his path as leaves
Troop to wind or sheep draw after one
Who knows the pastures. We ourselves have heard
By Gaya in the green Tchîrnika grove
Those wondrous lips and done them reverence:
He cometh hither ere the first rains fall."

Thus spake he, and Yasôdhara,-for joy,
Scarce mastered breath to answer, "Be it well
Now and at all times with ye, worthy friends!
Who bring good tidings; but of this great thing
Wist ye how it befell?"
Then Bhalluk told
Such as the people of the valleys knew
Of that dread night of conflict, when the air

Darkened with fiendish shadows, and the earth
Quaked, and the waters swelled with Mara's wrath.
Also how gloriously that morning broke
Radiant with rising hopes for man, and how
The Lord was found rejoicing 'neath his Tree.
But many days the burden of release —
To be escaped beyond all storms of doubt,
Safe on Truth's shore — lay, spake he, on that heart
A golden load ; for how shall men — Buddh mused —
Who love their sins and cleave to cheats of sense,
And drink of error from a thousand springs —
Having no mind to see, nor strength to break
The fleshly snare which binds them — how should such
Receive the Twelve Nidânas and the Law
Redeeming all, yet strange to profit by,
As the caged bird oft shuns its opened door?
So had we missed the helpful victory
If, in this earth without a refuge, Buddh
Winning the way, had deemed it all too hard
For mortal feet, and passed, none following him.

Yet pondered the compassion of our Lord,
But in that hour there rang a voice as sharp
As cry of travail, so as if the earth
Moaned in birth-throe "*Naśyami aham bhû*
Naśyati lóka!" SURELY I AM LOST,
I AND MY CREATURES: then a pause, and next
A pleading sigh borne on the western wind,
"*Śruyatâm dharma, Bhagwat!*" OH, SUPREME
LET THY GREAT LAW BE UTTERED! Whereupon
The Master cast his vision forth on flesh,
Saw who should hear and who must wait to hear,
As the keen Sun gilding the lotus-lakes
Seeth which buds will open to his beams
And which are not yet risen from their roots;
Then spake, divinely smiling, "Yea! I preach!
Whoso will listen let him learn the Law."

Afterwards passed he, said they, by the hills
Unto Benares, where he taught the Five,
Showing how birth and death should be destroyed,

And how man hath no fate except past deeds,
No Hell but what he makes, no Heaven too high
For those to reach whose passions sleep subdued.
This was the fifteenth day of Vaishya
Mid-afternoon and that night was full moon.

But, of the Rishis, first Kaundinya
Owned the Four Truths and entered on the Paths;
And after him Bhadraka, Asvajit,
Basava, Mahanâma; also there
Within the Deer-park, at the feet of Buddh,
Yasad the Prince with nobles fifty-four
Hearing the blessed word our Master spake
Worshipped and followed; for there sprang up peace
And knowledge of a new time come for men
In all who heard, as spring the flowers and grass
When water sparkles through a sandy plain.

These sixty — said they — did our Lord send forth,
Made perfect in restraint and passion-free,

To teach the Way; but the World-honored turned
South from the Deer-park and Isipatan
To Yashti and King Bimbasâra's realm,
Where many days he taught; and after these
King Bimbasâra and his folk believed,
Learning the law of love and ordered life.
Also he gave the Master, of free gift, —
Pouring forth water on the hands of Buddh —
The Bamboo-Garden, named Wéluvana,
Wherein are streams and caves and lovely glades;
And the King set a stone there, carved with this: —

Yé dharma hetuppabhawá
Yesan hétun Tathágató;
Aha yesan cha yo nirodhó
Ewan wadi Maha samano.

"What life's course and cause sustain
These Tathâgato made plain;
What delivers from life's woe
That our Lord hath made us know."

And, in that Garden — said they — there was held
A high Assembly, where the Teacher spake
Wisdom and power, winning all souls which heard,
So that nine hundred took the yellow robe —
Such as the Master wears, — and spread his Law;
And this the gáthá was wherewith he closed: —

Sabba pápassa akaranan;
Kusalassa upasampadá;
Sa chitta pariyodapanan;
Etan Budhánusásanan.

"Evil swells the debts to pay,
Good delivers and acquits;
Shun evil, follow good; hold sway
Over thyself. This is the Way."

Whom, when they ended, speaking so of him,
With gifts, and thanks which made the jewels dull,
The Princess recompensed. "But by what road
Wendeth my Lord?" she asked: the merchants said,

"Yôjans threescore stretch from the city-walls
To Rajagriha, whence the easy path
Passeth by Sona hither and the hills.
Our oxen, treading eight slow koss a day,
Came in one moon."
Then the King hearing word,
Sent nobles of the Court — well-mounted lords —
Nine separate messengers, each embassy
Bidden to say, "The King Suddhôdana —
Nearer the pyre by seven long years of lack,
Wherethrough he hath not ceased to seek for thee —
Prays of his son to come unto his own,
The Throne and people of this longing Realm,
Lest he shall die and see thy face no more."
Also nine horsemen sent Yasôdhara
Bidden to say, "The Princess of thy House —
Rahula's mother — craves to see thy face
As the night-blowing moon-flower's swelling heart
Pines for the moon, as pale asôka-buds
Wait for a woman's foot: if thou hast found

More than was lost, she prays her part in this,
Rahula's part, but most of all thyself."
So sped the Sâkya Lords, but it befell
That each one, with the message in his mouth,
Entered the Bamboo-Garden in that hour
When Buddha taught his Law; and — hearing — each
Forgot to speak, lost thought of King and quest,
Of the sad Princess even; only gazed
Eye-rapt upon the Master; only hung
Heart-caught upon the speech, compassionate,
Commanding, perfect, pure, enlightening all,
Poured from those sacred lips. Look! like a bee
Winged for the hive, who sees the môgras spread
And scents their utter sweetness on the air,
If he be honey-filled, it matters not;
If night be nigh, or rain, he will not heed;
Needs must he light on those delicious blooms
And drain their nectar; so these messengers
One with another, hearing Buddha's words,
Let go the purpose of their speed, and mixed,

Heedless of all, amid the Master's train.
Wherefore the King bade that Udayi go —
Chiefest in all the Court, and faithfullest,
Siddârtha's playmate in the happier days —
Who, as he drew anear the garden, plucked
Blown tufts of tree-wool from the grove and sealed
The entrance of his hearing; thus he came
Safe through the lofty peril of the place
And told the message of the King, and her's.

Then meekly bowed his head and spake our Lord
Before the people, "Surely I shall go!
It is my duty as it was my will;
Let no man miss to render reverence
To those who lend him life, whereby come means
To live and die no more, but safe attain
Blissful Nirvâna, if ye keep the Law,
Purging past wrongs and adding nought thereto,
Complete in love and lovely charities.
Let the King know and let the Princess hear

I take the way forthwith." This told, the folk
Of white Kapilavastu and its fields
Made ready for the entrance of their Prince.
At the south gate a bright pavilion rose
With flower-wreathed pillars and the walls of silk
Wrought on their red and green with woven gold.
Also the roads were laid with scented boughs
Of neem and mango, and full mussuks shed
Sandal and jasmine on the dust, and flags
Fluttered; and on the day when he should come
It was ordained how many elephants —
With silver howdahs and their tusks gold-tipped —
Should wait beyond the ford, and where the drums
Should boom "Siddârtha cometh!" where the lords
Should light and worship, and the dancing-girls
Where they should strew their flowers with dance and song
So that the steed he rode might tramp knee-deep
In rose and balsam, and the ways be fair;
While the town rang with music and high joy.
This was ordained, and all men's ears were pricked

Dawn after dawn to catch the first drum's beat
Announcing, "Now he cometh!"
But it fell —
Eager to be before — Yasôdhara
Rode in her litter to the city-walls
Where soared the bright pavilion. All around
A beauteous garden smiled — Nigrôdha named —
Shaded with bel-trees and the green-plumed dates,
New-trimmed and gay with winding walks and banks
Of fruits and flowers; for the southern road
Skirted its lawns, on this hand leaf and bloom,
On that the suburb-huts where base-borns dwelt
Outside the gates, a patient folk and poor,
Whose touch for Kshatriya and priest of Brahm
Were sore defilement. Yet those, too, were quick
With expectation, rising ere the dawn
To peer along the road, to climb the trees
At far-off trumpet of some elephant,
Or stir of temple-drum; and when none came,
Busied with lowly chares to please the Prince;

Sweeping their door-stones, setting forth their flags,
Stringing the fluted fig-leaves into chains,
New furbishing the Lingam, decking new
Yesterday's faded arch of boughs, but aye
Questioning wayfarers if any noise
Be on the road of great Siddârtha. These
The Princess marked with lovely languid eyes,
Watching, as they, the southward plain, and bent
Like them to listen if the passers gave
News of the path. So fell it she beheld
One slow approaching with his head close shorn,
A yellow cloth over his shoulder cast,
Girt as the hermits are, and in his hand
An earthen bowl, shaped melonwise, the which
Meekly at each hut-door he held a space,
Taking the granted dole with gentle thanks
And all as gently passing where none gave.
Two followed him wearing the yellow robe,
But he who bore the bowl so lordly seemed,
So reverend, and with such a passage moved,

With so commanding presence filled the air,
With such sweet eyes of holiness smote all,
That, as they reached him alms the givers gazed
Awestruck upon his face, and some bent down
In worship, and some ran to fetch fresh gifts
Grieved to be poor; till slowly, group by group,
Children and men and women drew behind
Into his steps, whispering with covered lips,
"Who is he? who? when looked a Rishi thus?"
But as he came with quiet footfall on
Nigh the pavilion, lo! the silken door
Lifted, and, all unveiled, Yasôdhara
Stood in his path crying, "Siddârtha! Lord!"
With wide eyes streaming and with close-clasped hands,
Then sobbing fell upon his feet, and lay.

Afterwards, when this weeping lady passed
Into the Noble Paths, and one had prayed
Answer from Buddha wherefore — being vowed
Quit of all mortal passion and the touch,

Flower-soft and conquering, of a woman's hands—
He suffered such embrace, the Master said:
"The greater beareth with the lesser love
So it may raise it unto easier heights.
Take heed that no man, being 'scaped from bonds,
Vexeth bound souls with boasts of liberty.
Free are ye rather that your freedom spread
By patient winning and sweet wisdom's skill.
Three eras of long toil bring Bodhisâts —
Who will be guides and help this darkling world —
Unto deliverance, and the first is named
Of deep 'Resolve,' the second of 'Attempt,'
The third of 'Nomination.' Lo! I lived
In era of Resolve, desiring good,
Searching for wisdom, but mine eyes were sealed.
Count the grey seeds on yonder castor-clump,
So many rains it is since I was Ram,
A merchant of the coast which looketh south
To Lanka and the hiding-place of pearls.
Also in that far time Yasôdhara

Dwelt with me in our village by the sea,
Tender as now, and Lukshmi was her name.
And I remember how I journeyed thence
Seeking our gain, for poor the household was
And lowly. Not the less with wistful tears
She prayed me that I should not part, nor tempt
Perils by land and water. 'How could love
Leave what it loved?' she wailed; yet, venturing, I
Passed to the Straits, and after storm and toil
And deadly strife with creatures of the deep,
And woes beneath the midnight and the noon,
Searching the wave I won therefrom a pearl
Moonlike and glorious, such as Kings might buy
Emptying their treasury. Then came I glad
Unto mine hills, but over all that land
Famine spread sore; ill was I stead to live
In journey home, and hardly reached my door —
Aching for food — with that white wealth of the sea
Tied in my girdle. Yet no food was there;
And on the threshold she for whom I toiled —

More than myself — lay with her speechless lips
Nigh unto death for one small gift of grain.
Then cried I, 'If there be who hath of grain,
Here is a kingdom's ransom for one life:
Give Lukshmi bread and take my moonlight pearl.'
Whereat one brought the last of all his hoard,
Millet — three seers — and clutched the beauteous thing.
But Lukshmi lived and sighed with gathered life,
'Lo! thou didst love indeed!' I spent my pearl
Well in that life to comfort heart and mind
Else quite uncomforted, but these pure pearls,
My last large gain, won from a deeper wave —
The Twelve Nidânas and the Law of Good —
Cannot be spent, nor dimmed, and most fulfil
Their perfect beauty being freeliest given.
For like as is to Meru yonder hill
Heaped by the little ants, and like as dew
Dropped in the footmark of a bounding roe
Unto the shoreless seas, so was that gift
Unto my present giving; and so love —

Vaster in being free from toils of sense —
Was wisest stooping to the weaker heart;
And so the feet of sweet Yasôdhara
Passed into peace and bliss, being softly led."

But when the King heard how Siddârtha came
Shorn, with the mendicant's sad-colored cloth,
And stretching out a bowl to gather orts
From base-borns' leavings, wrathful sorrow drove
Love from his heart. Thrice on the ground he spat,
Plucked at his silvered beard, and strode straight forth
Lackeyed by trembling lords. Frowning he clomb
Upon his war-horse, drove the spurs, and dashed,
Angered, through wondering streets and lanes of folk,
Scarce finding breath to say, "The King! bow down!"
Ere the loud cavalcade had clattered by:
Which — at the turning by the Temple-wall
Where the south gate was seen — encountered full
A mighty crowd; to every edge of it
Poured fast more people, till the roads were lost,

Blotted by that huge company which thronged
And grew, close following him whose look serene
Met the old King's. Nor lived the father's wrath
Longer than while the gentle eyes of Buddh
Lingered in worship on his troubled brows,
Then downcast sank, with his true knee, to earth
In proud humility. So dear it seemed
To see the Prince, to know him whole, to mark
That glory greater than of earthly state
Crowning his head, that majesty which brought
All men, so awed and silent, in his steps.
Nathless the King broke forth, "Ends it in this
That great Siddârtha steals into his realm,
Wrapped in a clout, shorn, sandalled, craving food
Of low-borns, he whose life was as a God's?
My son! heir of this spacious power, and heir
Of Kings who did but clap their palms to have
What earth could give or eager service bring?
Thou should'st have come apparelled in thy rank,
With shining spears and tramp of horse and foot.

Lo! all my soldiers camped upon the road,
And all my city waited at the gates;
Where hast thou sojourned through these evil years
Whilst thy crowned father mourned? and she, too, there
Lived as the widows use, foregoing joys;
Never once hearing sound of song or string.
Nor wearing once the festal robe, till now
When in her cloth of gold she welcomes home
A beggar spouse in yellow remnants clad.
Son! why is this?"
"My Father!" came reply,
"It is the custom of my race."
"Thy race,"
Answered the King "counteth a hundred thrones
From Maha Sammât, but no deed like this."

"Not of a mortal line," the Master said,
"I spake, but of descent invisible,
The Buddhas who have been and who shall be:
Of these am I, and what they did I do,

And this which now befalls so fell before
That at his gate a King in warrior-mail
Should meet his son, a Prince in hermit-weeds;
And that, by love and self-control, being more
Than mightiest Kings in all their puissance,
The appointed Helper of the Worlds should bow —
As now do I — and with all lowly love
Proffer, where it is owed for tender debts,
The first-fruits of the treasure he hath brought;
Which now I proffer."

Then the King amazed
Inquired "What treasure?" and the Teacher took
Meekly the royal palm, and while they paced
Through worshipping streets — the Princess and the King
On either side — he told the things which make
For peace and pureness, those Four noble Truths
Which hold all wisdom as shores shut the seas,
Those eight right Rules whereby who will may walk —
Monarch or slave — upon the perfect Path
That hath its Stages Four and Precepts Eight,

Whereby whoso will live — mighty or mean
Wise or unlearned, man, woman, young or old —
Shall soon or late break from the wheels of life
Attaining blest Nirvâna. So they came
Into the Palace-porch, Suddhôdana
With brows unknit drinking the mighty words,
And in his own hand carrying Buddha's bowl,
Whilst a new light brightened the lovely eyes
Of sweet Yasôdhara and sunned her tears;
And that night entered they the Way of Peace.

Book the Eighth.

A BROAD mead spreads by swift Kohâna's bank
At Nagara; five days shall bring a man
In ox-wain thither from Benares' shrines
Eastward and northward journeying. The horns
Of white Himâla look upon the place,
Which all the year is glad with blooms and girt
By groves made green from that bright streamlet's wave
Soft are its slopes and cool its fragrant shades,
And holy all the spirit of the spot
Unto this time: the breath of eve comes hushed
Over the tangled thickets, and high heaps
Of carved red stones cloven by root and stem
Of creeping fig, and clad with waving veil
Of leaf and grass. The still snake glistens forth

From crumbled work of lac and cedar-beams
To coil his folds there on deep-graven slabs;
The lizard dwells and darts o'er painted floors
Where Kings have paced; the grey fox litters safe
Under the broken thrones; only the peaks,
And stream, and sloping lawns, and gentle air
Abide unchanged. All else, like all fair shows
Of life, are fled — for this is where it stood,
The city of Suddhôdana, the hill
Whereon, upon an eve of gold and blue
At sinking sun Lord Buddha set himself
To teach the Law in hearing of his own.

Lo! ye shall read it in the Sacred Books
How, being met in that glad pleasaunce-place —
A garden in old days with hanging walks,
Fountains, and tanks, and rose-banked terraces
Girdled by gay pavilions and the sweep
Of stately palace-fronts — the Master sate
Eminent, worshipped, all the earnest throng

Catching the opening of his lips to learn
That wisdom which hath made our Asia mild;
Whereto four hundred crores of living souls
Witness this day. Upon the King's right hand
He sate, and round were ranged the Sâkya Lords
Ananda, Devadatta — all the Court.
Behind stood Seriyut and Mugallan, chiefs
Of the calm brethren in the yellow garb,
A goodly company. Between his knees
Rahula smiled with wondering childish eyes
Bent on the awful face, while at his feet
Sate sweet Yasôdhara, her heartaches gone,
Foreseeing that fair love which doth not feed
On fleeting sense, that life which knows no age,
That blessed last of deaths when Death is dead,
His victory and hers. Wherefore she laid
Her hand upon his hands, folding around
Her silver shoulder-cloth his yellow robe,
Nearest in all the world to him whose words
The Three Worlds waited for. I cannot tell

A small part of the splendid lore which broke
From Buddha's lips: I am a late-come scribe
Who love the Master and his love of men,
And tell this legend, knowing he was wise,
But have not wit to speak beyond the books;
And time hath blurred their script and ancient sense,
Which once was new and mighty, moving all.
A little of that large discourse I know
Which Buddha spake on the soft Indian eve.
Also I know it writ that they who heard
Were more — lakhs more — crores more — than could be seen,
For all the Devas and the Dead thronged there,
Till Heaven was emptied to the seventh zone
And uttermost dark Hells opened their bars;
Also the daylight lingered past its time
In rose-leaf radiance on the watching peaks,
So that it seemed Night listened in the glens
And Noon upon the mountains; yea! they write,
The evening stood between them like some maid

Celestial, love-struck, rapt; the smooth-rolled clouds
Her braided hair; the studded stars the pearls
And diamonds of her coronal; the moon
Her forehead-jewel, and the deepening dark
Her woven garments. 'Twas her close-held breath
Which came in scented sighs across the lawns
While our Lord taught, and, while he taught, who heard —
Though he were stranger in the land, or slave,
High caste or low, come of the Aryan blood,
Or Mlech or Jungle-dweller — seemed to hear
What tongue his fellows talked. Nay, outside those
Who crowded by the river, great and small,
The birds and beasts and creeping things — 'tis writ —
Had sense of Buddha's vast embracing love
And took the promise of his piteous speech;
So that their lives — prisoned in shape of ape,
Tiger, or deer, shagged bear, jackal, or wolf,
Foul-feeding kite, pearled dove, or peacock gemmed,
Squat toad, or speckled serpent, lizard, bat;
Yea, or of fish fanning the river-waves —

Touched meekly at the skirts of brotherhood
With man who hath less innocence than these;
And in mute gladness knew their bondage broke
Whilst Buddha spake these things before the King: —

OM, AMITAYA! measure not with words
Th' Immeasurable: nor sink the string of thought
Into the Fathomless. Who asks doth err,
Who answers, errs. Say nought!

The Books teach Darkness was, at first of all,
And Brahm, sole meditating in that Night:
Look not for Brahm and the Beginning there!
Nor him, nor any light

Shall any gazer see with mortal eyes,
Or any searcher know by mortal mind,
Veil after veil will lift — but there must be
Veil upon veil behind.

Stars sweep and question not. This is enough
That life and death and joy and woe abide ;
And cause and sequence, and the course of time,
And Being's ceaseless tide,

Which, ever-changing, runs, linked like a river
By ripples following ripples, fast or slow —
The same yet not the same — from far-off fountain
To where its waters flow

Into the seas. These, steaming to the Sun,
Give the lost wavelets back in cloudy fleece
To trickle down the hills, and glide again ;
Having no pause or peace.

This is enough to know, the phantasms are ;
The Heavens, Earths, Worlds, and changes changing them
A mighty whirling wheel of strife and stress
Which none can stay or stem.

Pray not ! the Darkness will not brighten ! Ask
Nought from the Silence, for it cannot speak !
Vex not your mournful minds with pious pains !
Ah ! Brothers, Sisters ! seek

Nought from the helpless gods by gift and hymn,
  Nor bribe with blood, nor feed with fruit and cakes;
Within yourselves deliverance must be sought;
  Each man his prison makes.

Each hath such lordship as the loftiest ones;
  Nay, for with Powers above, around, below,
As with all flesh and whatsoever lives,
  Act maketh joy and woe.

What hath been bringeth what shall be, and is,
  Worse — better — last for first and first for last;
The Angels in the Heavens of Gladness reap
  Fruits of a holy past.

The devils in the underworlds wear out
  Deeds that were wicked in an age gone by.
Nothing endures: fair virtues waste with time,
  Foul sins grow purged thereby.

Who toiled a slave may come anew a Prince
  For gentle worthiness and merit won;
Who ruled a King may wander earth in rags
  For things done and undone.

Only, while turns this wheel ii
No pause, no peace, no sta
Who mounts will fall, who fall
Go round unceasingly !

* *

If ye lay bound upon the wheel
And no way were of breaking
The Heart of boundless Being i
The Soul of Things fell Pain.

Ye are not bound ! the Soul of
The Heart of Being is celesti

I, Buddh, who wept with all my brothers' tears,
Whose heart was broken by a whole world's woe,
Laugh and am glad, for there is Liberty!
Ho! ye who suffer! know

Ye suffer from yourselves. None else compels,
None other holds you that ye live and die,
And whirl upon the wheel, and hug and kiss
Its spokes of agony,

Its tire of tears, its nave of nothingness.
Behold, I show you Truth! Lower than hell,
Higher than heaven, outside the utmost stars,
Farther than Brahm doth dwell,

Before beginning, and without an end,
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure.

This is its touch upon the blossomed rose,
The fashion of its hand shaped lotus-leaves;
In dark soil and the silence of the seeds
The robe of Spring it weaves;

That is its painting on the glorious clouds,
And these its emeralds on the peacock's train;
It hath its stations in the stars; its slaves
In lightning, wind, and rain.

Out of the dark it wrought the heart of man,
Out of dull shells the pheasant's pencilled neck;
Ever at toil, it brings to loveliness
All ancient wrath and wreck.

The grey eggs in the golden sun-bird's nest
Its treasures are, the bees' six-sided cell
Its honey-pot; the ant wots of its ways,
The white doves know them well.

It spreadeth forth for flight the eagle's wings
What time she beareth home her prey; it sends
The she-wolf to her cubs; for unloved things
It findeth food and friends.

It is not marred nor stayed in any use,
All liketh it; the sweet white milk it brings
To mothers' breasts; it brings the white drops, too,
Wherewith the young snake stings.

The ordered music of the marching orbs
It makes in viewless canopy of sky;
In deep abyss of earth it hides up gold,
Sards, sapphires, lazuli.

Ever and ever bringing secrets forth,
It sitteth in the green of forest-glades
Nursing strange seedlings at the cedar's root,
Devising leaves, blooms, blades.

It slayeth and it saveth, nowise moved
Except unto the working out of doom;
Its threads are Love and Life; and Death and Pain
The shuttles of its loom.

It maketh and unmaketh, mending all;
What it hath wrought is better than hath been;
Slow grows the splendid pattern that it plans
Its wistful hands between.

This is its work upon the things ye see,
The unseen things are more; men's hearts and minds,
The thoughts of peoples and their ways and wills,
Those, too, the great Law binds.

Unseen it helpeth ye with faithful hands,
  Unheard it speaketh stronger than the storm.
Pity and Love are man's because long stress
  Moulded blind mass to form.

It will not be contemned of any one;
  Who thwarts it loses, and who serves it gains;
The hidden good it pays with peace and bliss,
  The hidden ill with pains.

It seeth everywhere and marketh all:
  Do right — it recompenseth! do one wrong —
The equal retribution must be made,
  Though DHARMA tarry long.

It knows not wrath nor pardon; utter-true
  Its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs;
Times are as nought, to-morrow it will judge,
  Or after many days.

By this the slayer's knife did stab himself;
  The unjust judge hath lost his own defender;
The false tongue dooms its lie; the creeping thief
  And spoiler rob, to render.

Such is the Law which moves to righteousness,
Which none at last can turn aside or stay;
The heart of it is Love, the end of it
Is Peace and Consummation sweet. Obey!

* * * *

The Books say well, my Brothers! each man's life
The outcome of his former living is;
The bygone wrongs bring forth sorrows and woes
The bygone right breeds bliss.

That which ye sow ye reap. See yonder fields!
The sesamum was sesamum, the corn
Was corn. The Silence and the Darkness knew!
So is a man's fate born.

He cometh, reaper of the things he sowed,
Sesamum, corn, so much cast in past birth;
And so much weed and poison-stuff, which mar
Him and the aching earth.

If he shall labor rightly, rooting these,
And planting wholesome seedlings where they grew,
Fruitful and fair and clean the ground shall be,
And rich the harvest due.

If he who liveth, learning whence woe springs,
Endureth patiently, striving to pay
His utmost debt for ancient evils done
In Love and Truth alway;

If making none to lack, he throughly purge
The lie and lust of self forth from his blood;
Suffering all meekly, rendering for offence
Nothing but grace and good:

If he shall day by day dwell merciful,
Holy and just and kind and true; and rend
Desire from where it clings with bleeding roots,
Till love of life have end:

He — dying — leaveth as the sum of him
A life-count closed, whose ills are dead and quit,
Whose good is quick and mighty, far and near,
So that fruits follow it.

No need hath such to live as ye name life;
That which began in him when he began
Is finished: he hath wrought the purpose through
Of what did make him Man.

Never shall yearnings torture him, nor sins
Stain him, nor ache of earthly joys and woes
Invade his safe eternal peace; nor deaths
And lives recur. He goes

Unto NIRVÂNA. He is one with Life
Yet lives not. He is blest, ceasing to be.
OM, MANI PADME, OM! the Dewdrop slips
Into the shining sea!

* * * *

This is the doctrine of the KARMA. Learn!
Only when all the dross of sin is quit,
Only when life dies like a white flame spent
Death dies along with it.

Say not "I am," "I was," or "I shall be,"
  Think not ye pass from house to house of flesh
Like travellers who remember and forget,
  Ill-lodged or well-lodged. Fresh

Issues upon the Universe that sum
  Which is the lattermost of lives. It makes
Its habitation as the worm spins silk
  And dwells therein. It takes

Function and substance as the snake's egg hatched
  Takes scale and fang; as feathered reed-seeds fly
O'er rock and loam and sand, until they find
  Their marsh and multiply.

Also it issues forth to help or hurt.
  When Death the bitter murderer doth smite,
Red roams the unpurged fragment of him, driven
  On wings of plague and blight.

But when the mild and just die, sweet airs breathe;
  The world grows richer, as if desert-stream
Should sink away to sparkle up again
  Purer, with broader gleam.

So merit won winneth the happier age
Which by demerit halteth short of end;
Yet must this Law of Love reign King of all
Before the Kalpas end.

What lets? — Brothers! the Darkness lets! which breeds
Ignorance, mazed whereby ye take these shows
For true, and thirst to have, and, having, cling
To lusts which work you woes.

Ye that will tread the Middle Road, whose course
Bright Reason traces and soft Quiet smoothes;
Ye who will take the high Nirvâna-way
List the Four Noble Truths.

The First Truth is of *Sorrow*. Be not mocked!
Life which ye prize is long-drawn agony:
Only its pains abide; its pleasures are
As birds which light and fly.

Ache of the birth, ache of the helpless days,
Ache of hot youth and ache of manhood's prime;
Ache of the chill grey years and choking death,
These fill your piteous time.

Sweet is fond Love, but funeral-flames must kiss
The breasts which pillow and the lips which cling;
Gallant is warlike Might, but vultures pick
The joints of chief and King.

Beauteous is Earth, but all its forest-broods
Plot mutual slaughter, hungering to live;
Of sapphire are the skies, but when men cry
Famished, no drops they give.

Ask of the sick, the mourners, ask of him
Who tottereth on his staff, lone and forlorn,
"Liketh thee life?"—these say the babe is wise
That weepeth, being born.

The Second Truth is *Sorrow's Cause.* What grief
Springs of itself and springs not of Desire?
Senses and things perceived mingle and light
Passion's quick spark of fire:

So flameth Trishna, lust and thirst of things.
Eager ye cleave to shadows, dote on dreams;
A false Self in the midst ye plant, and make
A world around which seems;

Blind to the height beyond, deaf to the sound
Of sweet airs breathed from far past Indra's sky;
Dumb to the summons of the true life kept
For him who false puts by.

So grow the strifes and lusts which make earth's war,
So grieve poor cheated hearts and flow salt tears;
So wax the passions, envies, angers, hates;
So years chase blood-stained years

With wild red feet. So, where the grain should grow,
Spreads the birân-weed with its evil root
And poisonous blossoms; hardly good seeds find
Soil where to fall and shoot;

And drugged with poisonous drink the soul departs,
And fierce with thirst to drink Karma returns;
Sense-struck again the sodden self begins,
And new deceits it earns.

The Third is *Sorrow's Ceasing*. This is peace
To conquer love of self and lust of life,
To tear deep-rooted passion from the breast,
To still the inward strife;

For love to clasp Eternal Beauty close;
For glory to be Lord of self, for pleasure
To live beyond the gods; for countless wealth
To lay up lasting treasure

Of perfect service rendered, duties done
In charity, soft speech, and stainless days:
These riches shall not fade away in life,
Nor any death dispraise.

Then Sorrow ends, for Life and Death have ceased;
How should lamps flicker when their oil is spent?
The old sad count is clear, the new is clean;
Thus hath a man content.

* * * *

The Fourth Truth is *The Way.* It openeth wide,
Plain for all feet to tread, easy and near,
The *Noble Eightfold Path;* it goeth straight
To peace and refuge. Hear!

Manifold tracks lead to yon sister-peaks
Around whose snows the gilded clouds are curled;
By steep or gentle slopes the climber comes
Where breaks that other world.

Strong limbs may dare the rugged road which storms,
Soaring and perilous, the mountain's breast;
The weak must wind from slower ledge to ledge
With many a place of rest.

So is the Eightfold Path which brings to peace;
By lower or by upper heights it goes.
The firm soul hastes, the feeble tarries. All
Will reach the sunlit snows.

The First good Level is *Right Doctrine.* Walk
In fear of Dharma, shunning all offence;
In heed of Karma, which doth make man's fate;
In lordship over sense.

The Second is *Right Purpose.* Have good-will
To all that lives, letting unkindness die
And greed and wrath; so that your lives be made
Like soft airs passing by.

The Third is *Right Discourse.* Govern the lips
As they were palace-doors, the King within;
Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words
Which from that presence win.

The Fourth is *Right Behavior.* Let each act
Assoil a fault or help a merit grow:
Like threads of silver seen through crystal beads
Let love through good deeds show.

Four higher roadways be. Only those feet
May tread them which have done with earthly things;
Right Purity, Right Thought, Right Loneliness,
Right Rapture. Spread no wings

For sunward flight, thou soul with unplumed vans!
Sweet is the lower air and safe, and known
The homely levels: only strong ones leave
The nest each makes his own.

Dear is the love, I know, of Wife and Child;
Pleasant the friends and pastimes of your years;
Fruitful of good Life's gentle charities;
False, though firm-set, its fears.

Live — ye who must — such lives as live on these;
Make golden stair-ways of your weakness; rise
By daily sojourn with those phantasies
To lovelier verities.

So shall ye pass to clearer heights and find
Easier ascents and lighter loads of sins,
And larger will to burst the bonds of sense,
Entering the Path. Who wins

To such commencement hath the *First Stage* touched;
He knows the Noble Truths, the Eightfold Road;
By few or many steps such shall attain
NIRVÂNA'S blest abode.

Who standeth at the *Second Stage*, made free
From doubts, delusions, and the inward strife,
Lord of all lusts, quit of the priests and books,
Shall live but one more life.

Yet onward lies the *Third Stage:* purged and pure
Hath grown the stately spirit here, hath risen
To love all living things in perfect peace.
His life at end, life's prison

Is broken. Nay, there are who surely pass
Living and visible to utmost goal
By *Fourth Stage* of the Holy ones — the Buddhs —
And they of stainless soul.

Lo ! like fierce foes slain by some warrior,
Ten sins along these Stages lie in dust,
The Love of Self, False Faith, and Doubt are three,
Two more, Hatred and Lust.

Who of these Five is conqueror hath trod
Three stages out of Four : yet there abide
The Love of Life on earth, Desire for Heaven,
Self-Praise, Error, and Pride.

As one who stands on yonder snowy horn
Having nought o'er him but the boundless blue,
So, these sins being slain, the man is come
NIRVÂNA's verge unto.

Him the Gods envy from their lower seats ;
Him the Three Worlds in ruin should not shake ;
All life is lived for him, all deaths are dead ;
Karma will no more make

New houses. Seeking nothing, he gains all;
Foregoing self, the Universe grows "I":
If any teach NIRVANA is to cease,
Say unto such they lie.

If any teach NIRVANA is to live,
Say unto such they err; not knowing this,
Nor what light shines beyond their broken lamps,
Nor lifeless, timeless bliss.

Enter the Path! There is no grief like Hate!
No pains like passions, no deceit like sense!
Enter the Path! far hath he gone whose foot
Treads down one fond offence.

Enter the Path! There spring the healing streams
Quenching all thirst! there bloom th' immortal flowers
Carpeting all the way with joy! there throng
Swiftest and sweetest hours!

* * * *

More is the treasure of the Law than gems;
Sweeter than comb its sweetness; its delights
Delightful past compare. Thereby to live
Hear the *Five Rules* aright: —

Kill not — for Pity's sake — and lest ye slay
The meanest thing upon its upward way.

Give freely and receive, but take from none
By greed, or force or fraud, what is his own.

Bear not false witness, slander not, nor lie;
Truth is the speech of inward purity.

Shun drugs and drinks which work the wit abuse;
Clear minds, clean bodies, need no Sôma juice.

Touch not thy neighbor's wife, neither commit
Sins of the flesh unlawful and unfit.

These words the Master spake of duties due
To father, mother, children, fellows, friends;
Teaching how such as may not swiftly break
The clinging chains of sense — whose feet are weak
To tread the higher road — should order so
This life of flesh that all their hither days
Pass blameless in discharge of charities
And first true footfalls in the Eightfold Path;
Living pure, reverent, patient, pitiful,
Loving all things which live even as themselves;
Because what falls for ill is fruit of ill
Wrought in the past, and what falls well of good;
And that by howsomuch the householder
Purgeth himself of self and helps the world,
By so much happier comes he to next stage,
In so much bettered being. This he spake,
As also long before, when our Lord walked
By Rajagriha in the bamboo-grove:
For on a dawn he walked there and beheld
The householder Singâla, newly bathed,

Bowing himself with bare head to the earth,
To Heaven, and all four quarters; while he threw
Rice, red and white, from both hands. "Wherefore thus
Bowest thou, Brother?" said the Lord; and he,
"It is the way, Great Sir! our fathers taught
At every dawn, before the toil begins,
To hold off evil from the sky above
And earth beneath, and all the winds which blow."
Then the World-honored spake: "Scatter not rice,
But offer loving thoughts and acts to all.
To parents as the East where rises light;
To teachers as the South whence rich gifts come;
To wife and children as the West where gleam
Colors of love and calm, and all days end;
To friends and kinsmen and all men as North;
To humblest living things beneath, to Saints
And Angels and the blessed Dead above:
So shall all evil be shut off, and so
The six main quarters will be safely kept."

But to his own, them of the yellow robe —
They who, as wakened eagles, soar with scorn
From life's low vale, and wing towards the Sun —
To these he taught the Ten Observances
The *Dasa-Sil*, and how a mendicant
Must know the *Three Doors* and the *Triple Thoughts*;
The *Sixfold States of Mind*; the *Fivefold Powers*;
The *Eight High Gates of Purity*; the *Modes*
Of Understanding; *Iddhi*; *Upekshâ*;
The *Five Great Meditations*, which are food
Sweeter than Amrit for the holy soul;
The *Jhâna's* and the *Three Chief Refuges*.
Also he taught his own how they should dwell;
How live, free from the snares of love and wealth;
What eat and drink and carry — three plain cloths, —
Yellow, of stitched stuff, worn with shoulder bare —
A girdle, almsbowl, strainer. Thus he laid
The great foundations of our Sangha well,
That noble Order of the Yellow Robe
Which to this day standeth to help the World.

So all that night he spake, teaching the Law:
And on no eyes fell sleep — for they who heard
Rejoiced with tireless joy. Also the King,
When this was finished, rose upon his throne
And with bared feet bowed low before his Son
Kissing his hem; and said, "Take me, O Son!
Lowest and least of all thy Company."
And sweet Yasôdhara, all happy now, —
Cried "Give to Rahula — thou Blessed One!
The Treasure of the Kingdom of thy Word
For his inheritance." Thus passed these Three
Into the Path.

Here endeth what I write
Who love the Master for his love of us.
A little knowing, little have I told
Touching the Teacher and the Ways of Peace
Forty-five rains thereafter showed he those

In many lands and many tongues and gave
Our Asia light, that still is beautiful,
Conquering the world with spirit of strong grace:
All which is written in the holy Books,
And where he passed and what proud Emperors
Carved his sweet words upon the rocks and caves:
And how — in fulness of the times — it fell
The Buddha died, the great Tathâgato,
Even as a man 'mongst men, fulfilling all:
And how a thousand thousand crores since then
Have trod the Path which leads whither he went
Unto NIRVÂNA where the Silence lives.

AH! BLESSED LORD! OH, HIGH DELIVERER!
FORGIVE THIS FEEBLE SCRIPT, WHICH DOTH THEE WRONG.
MEASURING WITH LITTLE WIT THY LOFTY LOVE.
AH! LOVER! BROTHER! GUIDE! LAMP OF THE LAW!
I TAKE MY REFUGE IN THY NAME AND THEE!

I TAKE MY REFUGE IN THY LAW OF GOOD!
I TAKE MY REFUGE IN THY ORDER! *OM!*
THE DEW IS ON THE LOTUS!—RISE, GREAT SUN!
AND LIFT MY LEAF AND MIX ME WITH THE WAVE.
OM MANI PADME HUM, THE SUNRISE COMES!
THE DEWDROP SLIPS INTO THE SHINING SEA!

[redacted]

RLS OF THE FAITH

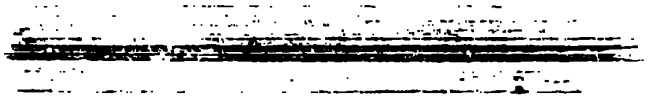
OR

Islam's Rosary

BEING

NETY-NINE BEAUTIFUL NAMES OF ALLAH
(ASMÂ-EL-HUSNÂ)

With Comments in Verse from various Oriental Sources
(AS MADE BY AN INDIAN MUSSULMAN)



PREFACE.

It is a custom of many pious Muslims to employ in their devotions a three-stringed chaplet, each string containing thirty-three beads, and each bead representing one of the "ninety-nine beautiful names of Allah," whenever this — among many other religious uses — is made of it. The Korân bids them "celebrate Allah with an abundant celebration," and on certain occasions — such as during the intervals of the Tarâwih night service in Ramadhân — the Faithful pass these ninety-nine beads of the rosary through their fingers, repeating with each "Name of God" an ejaculation of praise and worship. Such an exercise is called *Zikr*, or "remembrance," and the rosary *Masba'hah*.

In the following pages of varied verse I have enumerated these ninety-nine "beautiful names," and appended to each — from the point of view of an

Indian Muhammedan — some illustrative legend, tradition, record, or comment, drawn from diverse Oriental sources; occasionally paraphrasing (as closely as possible) from the text of the Korân itself, any particular passage containing the sacred Title, or casting light upon it. In this way it seemed possible to present the general spirit of Islâm under a new and not unacceptable form; since almost every religious idea of the Korân comes up in the long catalogue of attributives. Tender, as well as terrible; lofty in morality, albeit grim and stern in dogma, the "Perspicuous Book" is still, and must always be, replete with interest for Christendom, since, if Islâm was born in the Desert, with Arab Sabæanism for its mother and Judaism for its father, its foster-nurse was Eastern Christianity, and Muhammad's attitude towards Christ, and towards the religion which bears His name, is ever one of profound reverence and grateful recognition. Nor are the differences between the older and younger creed really so great as their similitudes in certain aspects. The soul of Islâm is its declaration of the unity of God: its heart is the inculcation of an absolute resignation to His will. Not more sublime, therefore, in religious history appears

the figure of Paul the tent-maker, proclaiming the "Unknown God" at Athens, than that of the camel-driver Muhammad, son of Abdallah and Amînah, abolishing all the idols of the Arabian Pantheon, except their chief — ALLAH TA'ALAH, "God the Most High" — and under that ancient and well-received appellation establishing the oneness of the origin, government, and life of the universe. Thereby that marvellous and gifted Teacher created a vast empire of new belief and new civilization, and prepared a sixth part of humanity for the developments and reconciliations which later times will bring. For Islâm must be conciliated; it cannot be thrust scornfully aside or rooted out. It shares the task of the education of the world with its sister religions, and it will contribute its eventual portion to

> "that far-off divine event,
> Towards which the whole creation moves"

Composed amid Scotch mountains during a brief summer-rest from politics, and with no library near at hand for references, my book has need to ask indulgence from the learned. It does but aim, however, to suggest (in poetic form) juster thoughts than

sometimes prevail of Islâm, of its founder, and of its votaries ; employing the language of one among them, and thinking with his thoughts, since this alone permits the necessary sympathy.

I have thus at length finished the Oriental Trilogy which I designed. In my "Indian Song of Songs" I sought to transfer to English poetry a subtle and lovely Sanskrit idyll of the Hindu theology. In my "Light of Asia" I related the story and displayed the gentle and far-reaching doctrines of that great Hindoo prince who founded Buddhism. I have tried to present here, in the simple, familiar, and credulous, but earnest spirit and manner of Islâm — and from its own points of view — some of the thoughts and beliefs of the followers of the noble Prophet of Arabia.

EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

GLENGYLE, PERTHSHIRE, SCOTLAND,
September, 1882.

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NOTES 305

"ALLAH!" BI-'SMI-'LLAH! SAY THAT GOD IS ONE, LIVING, ETERNAL; AND BESIDES HIM NONE.

2

ٱلرَّحمٰن

Say Ar-Rahmân! "The Merciful" Him call;
For He is full of mercy unto all.

ONCE on a day, in Paradise,
Discourse indignant did arise
Amongst the Angels, seeing how
The sons of Adam sinned below;
Albeit Allah's grace had sent
Prophets with much admonishment.
"Heedless and guilty race," they cried,
"Whose penitence is set aside
At each temptation! Truth and Right
Ye know not!" Then a wondrous light

Fell on their brows—a mighty word
Sounded—the Presence of the Lord
Spake: "Of your number choose ye two
To go among mankind and do
'Justice and Right,' teaching them these."
Therewith, from those bright companies,
Harût went and Marût went down
On earth, laying aside their crown
Of rays, and plumes of rainbow feather;
And on the judgment-seat together
Many long years they sate, and wrought
Just judgment upon each cause brought.

Until, before that justice-seat
There came a woman, fair and sweet,
So ravishing of form and mien
That great Soharah, who is queen

Of the third planet, hath not eyes
As soft, nor mouth made in such wise.
And one whom she did wrong, besought
Sentence against her: she had nought
Of plea, but in her dazzling grace
Stood fearless in the audience-place;
Consuming hearts with hot desire
By subtle Beauty's searching fire.
Then said Harût, forgetting Heaven,
"Pardon to such must, sure, be given."
Whispered Marût, "If thou wilt be
Leman of mine, thou shalt go free."
And for her love those two contended,
Till the false scene was sorely ended
With earthquake, and with lightning-
flash,
And rolling thunder's wrathful crash,

'Midst which the city and the folk
Passed from their ken, and a Voice spoke:
"Come unto judgment, ye who called
Allah too merciful!"
Appalled
Harût lay and Marût lay prone
In Paradise, before the Throne;
Hearing that doom of God, which said:
"Until My trumpet calls the dead,
Dwell on the earth, where ye have learned
The just may unto sin be turned."

Merciful One and just! we bless
Thy name, and crave forgiveness.

3

ٱلرَّحِيمُ

Say Ar-Raheem! call Him "Compassionate,"
For He is pitiful to small and great.

'Tis written that the serving-angels stand
Beside God's throne, ten myriads on each hand,
Waiting, with wings outstretched and watchful eyes,
To do their Master's heavenly embassies.
Quicker than thought His high commands they read,
Swifter than light to execute them speed;
Bearing the word of power from star to star
Some hither and some thither, near and far.
And unto these nought is too high or low,
Too mean or mighty, if He wills it so;

Neither is any creature, great or small,
Beyond His pity; which embraceth all,
Because His eye beholdeth all which are;
Sees without search, and counteth without care.
Nor lies the babe nearer the nursing-place
Than Allah's smallest child to Allah's grace;
Nor any ocean rolls so vast that He
Forgets one wave of all that restless sea.

Thus it is written; and moreover told
How Gabriel, watching by the Gates of gold,
Heard from the Voice Ineffable this word
Of two-fold mandate uttered by the Lord:
"Go earthward! pass where Solomon hath made
His pleasure-house, and sitteth there arrayed,
Goodly and splendid—whom I crowned the king—
For at this hour My servant doth a thing

Unfitting: out of Nisibis there came
A thousand steeds with nostrils all a-flame
And limbs of swiftness, prizes of the fight;
Lo! these are led, for Solomon's delight,
Before the palace, where he gazeth now
Filling his heart with pride at that brave show;
So taken with the snorting and the tramp
Of his war-horses, that Our silver lamp
Of eve is swung in vain, Our warning Sun
Will sink before his sunset-prayer's begun;
So shall the people say, 'This king, our lord,
Loves more the long-maned trophies of his sword
Than the remembrance of his God?' Go in!
Save thou My faithful servant from such sin."

"Also, upon the slope of Arafat,
Beneath a lote-tree which is fallen flat,

Toileth a yellow ant who carrieth home
Food for her nest, but so far hath she come
Her worn feet fail, and she will perish, caught
In the falling rain; but thou, make the way naught,
And help her to her people in the cleft
Of the black rock."
Silently Gabriel left
The Presence, and prevented the king's sin,
And holp the little ant at entering in

O Thou whose love is wide and great,
We praise Thee, "The Compassionate."

4

ٱلْمَلِكُ

Call Him "Al-Mâlik," King of all the kings,
Maker and Master of created things.

THE Sultan of Damascus found asleep
The potter Ebn Solûl,
And bore him to the palace, where he waked
In garments beautiful.

. . . . . .

Consider! if a king should call thee "friend,"
And lead thee to his court,
Roofed large with lazulite, and pavemented
With flow'rs, on green floors wrought;

If he should bid thee sit at meat; and spread
A table, served so fine
There lacked not any pleasant food or fruit
But came at call of thine;

If he hung high a glorious golden lamp
To shine where thy feet tread;
And stretched black 'broidered hangings, sown with gems,
For curtains to thy bed;

If for thy heats he bade soft zephyrs blow;
Sent, at thy thirst, sweet rains;
And filled the groves with minstrels, gaily garbed,
To charm thee with their strains;

If, past the confines of his palace-grounds,
He showed thee spacious seas,

Where, wafted o'er the dancing foam, might sail
Thou and thine argosies;

If, for society in that fair place,
He gave glad companies,
Kinsmen and friends and helpmates, and the bliss
Of beauty's lips and eyes;

With wisdom's scroll to study, and the ways
Of wondrous living things;
And lovely pleasure of all ornaments
That Nature's treasure brings,

Coral and pearl; turkis, and agate stones
Milk-white or rosy-veined;
Amber and ivory; jade; shawls wove with gold,
Scarves with sea-purple stained;

If the king gave thee these, and only wrote
Upon his inner door:

"Serve me and honour me and keep my laws,
And thus live evermore

In better bliss, when ye shall pass hereby,—
As surely pass ye must:—"
Who is there would not praise that monarch's name
With forehead in the dust?

. . . . . .

Lo! but He doeth this—Allah our King,
His sky is lazulite;
His earth is paved with emerald-work; its stores
Are spread for man's delight;

His sun by day, His silver stars by night,
Shine for our sakes, His breeze
Cools us and wafts our ships; His pleasant lands
Are girdled with the seas

Which send the rain, and make the crystal bridge
  Whereby man roams at will
From court to court of Allah's pleasure-house;
  Seeing that writing still

Upon the inner gate—which all must pass—
  "Love me and keep my laws
That ye may live, since there is greater life
  Beyond these darkened doors."

. . . . . .

If Ebn Solûl, the potter, loved Him not
  Whose kindness was so strong;
If Ebn Solûl kept not the palace laws,
  Had not that Sultan wrong?

O Sovereign Giver of good things,
We praise Thee, "Mâlik," King of kings.

5

اَلْقُدُّوسُ

Allah-al-Kuddûs—the "Holy One" He is;
But purify thy speech, pronouncing this;

For even Israfil,
Who waits in Heaven still
Nearest the Throne, and hath the voice of sweetness,
Before his face doth fold
The wings of feathered gold,
Saying "Al-Kuddûs;" and in supreme completeness

Of lowly reverence stands,
Laying his angel-hands
Over his lips, lest Allah's holiest name

Be lightly breathed on high;

And that white mystery

f that and others were the same.

[1] Iblîs—'tis written—when

He heareth among men

e of "Allah" spoken, shrinks and flies;

But at the sound of this,

Uttered in realms of bliss,

s and Angels, in their ranks, arise.

And what believer dares

Begin his morning prayers

"wuzu'h"—th' ablution? who is seen

His Korân to rehearse

But hath in mind its verse,

ıe me touch, save such as are made clean?"

[1] Cf. Korân, cxiv. chapter "Of men."

Lo! if with streams or sands
Ye lave the earnest hands
Lifted in prayer; and if ye wash the mouth
Which reads the sacred scroll,
Dare ye with sullied soul
Meditate this dread word, that shrines the truth

Of Allah's purity?
Bethink! His great eyes see
The hearts of men unto their inmost core!
Make clean your hearts within;
Cast forth each inmost sin;
Then with bowed brows, say this name, and adore.

Forgive, Thou Pure One!—Whom we bless—
Of our good deeds the sinfulness.

6

اَلسَّلَامُ

Thou Who art "Peace," and unto peace dost bring,
Allah-as-Salâm! we praise Thee, Judge and King!

WHEN th' unshunnëd Day arriveth, none of men shall doubt it come;
Into Hell some it will lower, and exalt to Heaven some.

When the earth with quakenings quaketh, and the mountains crumble flat,
Quick and dead shall be divided threefold; on this side, and that,

The Companions of the right hand (ah! how joyful they will be!)

The Companions of the left hand (oh! what misery
to see!)

Such, moreover, as of old time, loved the truth and
taught it well,
First in faith, they shall be foremost in reward: the
rest to Hell!

But those souls attaining Allah,—ah, the Gardens of
good cheer
Kept to lodge them! yea, besides the "Faithful,"
many will be there.

Lightly lying on soft couches, beautiful with broidered
gold,
Friends with friends, they shall be served by youths
immortal, who will hold

Akwâb, abareek—cups and goblets—brimming with celestial wine—

Wine which hurts nor head nor stomach—this and fruits of Heaven which shine

Bright, desirable; and rich flesh of what birds they relish best;

Yea, and feasted, there shall soothe them damsels fairest, stateliest—

Damsels having eyes of wonder, large black eyes like hidden pearls,

Lulu-'l-maknûn, Allah grants them, for sweet love, those matchless girls.

Never in that Garden hear they speech of folly, sin, or dread;

Only "Peace"—*As-Salâm* only—that one word for ever said,

"Peace! Peace! Peace!" and the Companions of the right hand (ah! those bowers!)

They shall roam in thornless lote-groves, under mawz-trees hung with flowers;

Shaded, fed by flowing waters; near to fruits which never cloy,

Hanging always ripe for plucking; and at hand the tender joy

Of those maids of Heaven, the Houris: lo! to them We gave a birth

Specially creating, lo! they are not as the wives of earth;

ver virginal and stainless, how so often they embrace,
lways young and loved and loving these are; neither
is there grace

ike the grace and bliss the Black-eyed keep for you
in Paradise,
Companions of the right hand! O ye others that
were wise![1]

Giver of peace! when comes that day,
Set us within Thy sight, we pray.

---

[1] Cf. Korân, lvi. chapter "Of the Inevitable."

7

المؤمن

Al-Maumin! "Faithful," fast, and just is He,
And loveth such as live in verity.

Ibn Sâwa, Lord of Bahrein, in the field
Captured a Sheikh, an Arab of the hills,
Sayid-bin-Tayf; and the king's oath was passed
That each tenth man of all the captives die
Together with their chieftains, for the war
Waxed fierce, and hearts of men were turned to flame.
So led they Sayid forth before the camp
At Azan; and a eunuch of the guard,
Savage and black, stood with his haick uprolled

Back to the armpit, and the scimetar's edge
Naked to strike.
But suddenly the king
Inquired, "Art thou not he gave me to drink,
Hunting gazelles, before the war began?"
"Yea, I am he!" said Sayid.
Quoth the king,
"Ask not thy life, but ask some other boon,
That I may pay my debt."
Sayid replied,
"Death is not terrible to me who die
Red with this unbelieving blood of thine;
But there hath come a first-born in my tent;
Fain would I see my son's face for a day,
Before mine eyes are sealed. Lend me my life,
To hold as something borrowed from thy hand,
Which I will bring again."

"Ay!" laughed the king,
"If one should answer for it with his own.
Show me thy hostage!"
"Let me stand his bond,"
Spake one on whom the lot of mercy fell—
Ishâk of Tayf, a gallant youth and fair—
"I am his sister's son; bind ye my arms,
And set free Sayid, that he ride at speed,
And see his first-born's face, and come again."

So Sayid went free again, seeking his home.
But in the camp they mocked that faithful friend,
Saying, "Lo! as a fool thou diest now,
Staking thy life upon an Arab's word.
Why should he haste, to abide the bitter blade?
Will the scared jackal try the trap again;
The hawk once limed return unto the snare?

Cry to the desert-wind to turn and come,
But call not Sayid."
Ishâk only smiled,
And said, "He is a Muslim, he will come!"

The days passed, Sayid came not, and they led
The hostage forth, for Ishâk now must die;
But still he smiled, saying, "Till sunset's hour
Slay me not, for at sunset he will come."

So fell it, for the sun had touched the palms,
And that black swordsman stood again in act
To strike, when Sayid's white mare, galloping in,
Drew steaming breath before the royal tent;
And Sayid, leaping from the saddle, kissed
His kinsman's eyes, and gently spake to all,
"*Labbayki!* I am here."
Then said the king,

"Never before was known a deed like this
That one should stake his life upon a word;
The other ride to death as to a bride.
Live, and be friends of Ibn Sâwa, but speak!
Whence learned ye these high lessons?"

Ishâk spake,

"We are believers in the book which saith,
'Fulfil your covenants, if ye covenant;
For God is witness! break no word with men
Which God hath heard; and surely He hears all.'"[1]

That verse the king bade write in golden script
Over the palace gate; and he and his
Followed the Faith.

Ya! Allah-al-Maumin!
In truthfulness of act be our faith seen.

---

[1] Cf. Korân, xvi. chapter "Of the Bee."

8

المهيمن

Call Him Muhaimin, "Help in danger's hour,"
Protector of the true who trust His power.

THE spider and the dove!—what thing is weak
If Allah makes it strong?
The spider and the dove!—if He protect,
Fear thou not foemen's wrong.

From Mecca to Medina fled our Lord,
The horsemen followed fast;
Into a cave to shun their murderous rage,
Muhammad, weary, passed.

Quoth Abu Bekr, "If they see, we die!"
Quoth Ebn Foheir, "Away!"

The guide Abdallah said, "The sand is deep,
Those footmarks will betray."

Then spake our Lord, "We are not four, but Five;
'He Who protects' is here.
Come! Al-Muhaimin now will blind their eyes;
Enter, and have no fear."

The band drew nigh; one of the Koreish cried,
"Search ye out yonder cleft,
I see the print of sandalled feet which turn
Thither, upon the left!"

But when they drew unto the cavern's mouth,
Lo! at its entering-in,
A ring-necked desert dove sate on her eggs;
The mate cooed soft within.

And right athwart the shadow of the cave
A spider's web was spread;
The creature hung upon her net at watch;
Unbroken was each thread.

"By Thammuz' blood," the unbelievers cried,
"Our toil and time are lost;
Where doves hatch and the spider spins her snare
No foot of man hath crossed!"

Thus did a desert bird and spider guard
The blessed Prophet then;
For all things serve their Maker and their God
Better than thankless men.

Allah-al-Muhaimin! shield and save
Us, for his sake within that cave.

9

ٱلْعَظِيمُ

Say Al-Hathim! He is the Mighty One!
Praise Him, and hear the great "Verse of the Throne."

"ALLAH! there is none other God but He,
The Living God, the Self-subsistent One;
Weariness cometh not to Him, nor sleep;
And whatso is belongs to Him alone
In heaven and earth; who is it intercedes
With Him, save if He please? He is aware
What is before them and what after them,
And they of all His knowledge nothing share
Save what He will vouchsafe. His throne's foundation
Sits splendid, high above the earth and sky,

hich to sustain gives Him no meditation:
Mightiest He is, Supreme in Majesty."

Ayatu-'l-Koorsty! this we Muslims grave
On polished gem and painted architrave;
But thou, write its great letters on thy heart,
Lauding the Mighty One, whose work thou art.

بَارِئ

The "All-Compelling!
Which doth His title—

SURA the nine and fiftieth

O true believers! and let e

Heed what it doth to-day,

The same thing it shall fin

To meet and make and jud

For He knows whatsoever

Be not as those who have fo

For they are those who have

They are the evil-doers: not

Shall it be equal; Paradise is kept
For those thrice blessed who have ears to hear.

Lo! had we sent "the Book" unto Our hills,
Our hills had bowed their crests in reverence,
And opened to the heart their breasts of rock
To take Heaven's message. Fear ye Him who knows
Present, and Past, and Future: fear ye Him
Who is the Only, Holy, Faithful Lord,
Glorious and good, compelling to His will
All things, for all things He hath made and rules.

So rule, Al-Jabbâr; make our wills
Bend, though more stubborn than the hills.

II

ٱلْمُتَكَبِّرُ

Al-Mutakabbir! all the heavens declare
His majesty, Who makes them what they are.

Azar, of Abraham the father, spake
Unto his son, "Come! and thine offerings make
Before the gods whose images divine
In Nimrûd's carved and painted temple shine.
Pay worship to the sun's great orb of gold;
Adore the queen-moon's silver state; behold
Otâred, Moshtari, Sohayl, in their might,
Those stars of glory, those high lords of light.
These have we wrought, as fitteth gods alone,
In bronze and ivory and chiselled stone.

Obey, as did thy sires, these powers of Heaven
Which rule the world, throned in the circles seven."

But Abraham said, "Did they not see the sun
Sink and grow darkened, when the days were done;
Did not the moon for them, too, wax and wane,
That they should pay her worship, false and vain?
Lo! all these stars have laws to rise and set—
Otâred, Moshtari, Sohayl—wilt thou yet
Bid me praise gods who humbly come and go,
Lights that a Greater Light hath kindled? No!
I dare not bow the knee to one of these;
My Lord is He who (past the sky man sees)
Waxeth and waneth not, Unchanged of all,
Him only 'God,' Him only 'Great,' I call."

Well spak'st thou, Friend of Allah! none
Is "great" except the Greatest One.

12

ٱلْخَالِقُ

Praise the "Creator!" He who made us live,
Life everlasting unto us can give.

By the glorious Book We have sent! do they wonder
a warner is come
Out from among themselves? do the misbelievers
say
"This is a marvellous thing! what! when we are dead
and dust
To live! to arise! see now, this hope is a hope far
away!"

But what the grave shall consume, and what of the
man it shall leave,

We know, for a roll is with Us where each soul's
order is set.
Will they call the truth a lie when it cometh to them,
and dwell
Wrangling and foolish and fearful, confounding the
matter? But yet

The heaven is above them to see how fair We have
builded its arch,
Painted it golden and blue, finished it perfect and
clear;
And the earth how We spread it forth, and planted
the mountains thereon;
And made all the manifold trees and the beautiful
blossoms appear.

Memorials are these to the wise, and a message to him
who repents;

Moreover We drop from the clouds the blessing of water, the rain,

Whereby the cool gardens do grow, and the palms soaring up to the sky

With their date-laden branches and boughs, one over the other; and grain

To nourish the children of men. Lo! thus We have quickened dead clay

On the bosom of earth, and beneath her so, too, shall a quickening be.

. . . . . .

What! deem they it wearied God to create?—that His power was spent?

They are fools, and they darken their eyes to that which He willeth them see.

have fashioned man, and we know the thoughts of his innermost heart;

Ve are closer to him than his blood, more near than the vein of his throat;

the right of ye all sits a watcher, a watcher sits at your left;

ınd whatso each speaketh or thinketh, those two have known it and note.

Al-Khâlik! Fashioner Divine!
Finish Thy work and make us Thine!

13

اَلْبَارِئُ

Al-Bâri! Moulder of each form and frame,
Pots praise the Potter, when we speak this name.

PRAISE be to God, the Designer, Builder of earth and of Heaven!

Fashioned His Angels He hath, making them messengers still;

Two wings to some and four wings to some, and to some He hath given

Six and eight silver wings, making what marvels He will.

Verily mighty is He, and what He bestoweth of blessing

None can withhold; and none what He withholdeth can send;

Children of men! remember the mercies of Allah towards ye,

Is there a Maker save this, is there another such Friend?

Nowhere another one, we see,
Wondrous "Artificer!" like Thee.

14

المصوِّر

Al-Muzawwir! the "Fashioner!" say thus;
Still lauding Him who hath compounded us.

When the Lord would fashion men,
Spake He in the Angels' hearing,
"Lo! Our will is there shall be
On the earth a creature bearing
Rule and royalty. To-day
We will shape a man from clay."

Spake the Angels, "Wilt Thou make
Man who must forget his Maker,
Working evil, shedding blood,
Of Thy precepts the forsaker?

But Thou knowest all, and we
Celebrate Thy majesty."

Answered Allah, "Yea! I know
What ye know not of this making;
Gabriel! Michael! Israfil!
Go down to the earth, and taking
Seven clods of colours seven,
Bring them unto Me in Heaven."

Then those holy Angels three
Spread their pinions and descended;
Seeking clods of diverse clay,
That all colours might be blended;
Yellow, tawny, dun, black, brown,
White and red, as men are known.

But the earth spake, sore afraid,
"Angels! of my substance take not;
Give me back my dust, and pray
That the dread Creator make not
Man, for he will sin, and bring
Wrath on me and suffering."

Therefore empty-handed came
Gabriel, Michael, Israfil,
Saying, "Lord! Thy earth imploreth
Man may never on her dwell;
'He will sin and anger thee,
Give me back my clay!' cried she."

Spake the Lord to Azrael,
"Go thou, who of wing art surest.
Tell my earth this shall be well;
Bring those clods, which thou procurest

From her bosom, unto Me;
Shape them as I order thee."

Thus 'tis written how the Lord
  Fashioned Adam for His glory,
Whom the Angels worshipped,
  All save Iblîs; and this story
Teacheth wherefore Azrael saith,
" Come thou!" at man's hour of death.

Allah! when he doth call us, take!
We are such clay as Thou did'st make.

15

الْغَفَّارُ

Al-Ghaffâr, the "Forgiver," praise thereby
Thy Lord who is so full of clemency.

ONCE, it is written, Abraham, "God's Friend,"
Angered his Lord; for there had ridden in
Across the burning yellow desert-flats
An aged man, haggard with two days' drouth,
The water-skin swung from his saddle-fork
Wrinkled and dry; the dust clove to his lids,
And clogged his beard; his parched tongue and black lips
Moved to say, "Give me drink," yet uttered nought;
And that gaunt camel which he rode upon,

Sank to the earth at entering of the camp,
Too spent except to lay its neck along
The sand, and moan.
To whom when they had given
The cool wet jar, asweat with diamond-drops
Of sparkling life, that way-worn Arab laved
The muzzle of his beast, and filled her mouth;
Then westward turned with blood-shot, worshipping eyes,
Pouring forth water to the setting orb:
Next, would have drunk, but Abraham saw, and said,
"Let not this unbeliever drink, who pours
God's gift of water forth unto the sun,
Which is but creature of the living Lord."

But while the man still clutched the precious jar,
Striving to quaff, a form of grace drew nigh,

Beauteous, majestic. If he came afoot,
None knew, or if he glided from the sky.
With gentle air he filled a gourd and gave
The man to drink, and Abraham—in wrath.
That one should disobey him in his tents—
Made to forbid; when full upon him smote
Eyes of divine light, eyes of high rebuke—
For this was Michael, Allah's messenger—
"Lo! God reproveth thee, thou Friend of God!
Forbiddest thou gift of the common stream
To this idolater, spent with the heat,
Who, in his utmost need, watered his beast,
And bowed the knee in reverence, ere he drank?
Allah hath borne with him these threescore years,
Bestowed upon him corn and wine, and made
His household fruitful and his herds increase;
And find'st thou not patience to pity him

Whom God hath pitied, waiting for the end,
Since none save He wotteth what end will come,
Or who shall find the light. Thou art rebuked!
Seek pardon! for thou hast much need to seek."

Thereat the Angel vanished, as he came;
But Abraham, with humbled countenance,
Kissed reverently the heathen's hand, and spake—
Leading him to the chief seat in the tent—
"God pardon me, as He doth pardon thee!"

Long-suffering Lord! ah, who should be
Forgiven, if Thou wert as we?

16

القهار

Al-Kahhâr call Him—"Dominant," the King,
Who maketh, knoweth, ruleth everything.

The "Chapter of the Cattle:"[1] Heaven is whose,
And whose is earth? Say Allah's, That did choose
On His own might to lay the law of mercy.
He, at the Resurrection, will not lose

One of His own. What falleth, night or day,
Falleth by His Almighty word alway.
Wilt thou have any other Lord than Allah,
Who is not fed, but feedeth all flesh? Say!

[1] Cf. Korân, vi. chapter "Of the Cattle."

For if He visit thee with woe, none makes
The woe to cease save He; and if He takes
Pleasure to send thee pleasure, He is Master
Over all gifts; nor doth His thought forsake

The creatures of the field, nor fowls that fly;
They are "a people" also: "These, too, I
Have set," the Lord saith, "in My book of record;
These shall be gathered to Me by and by."

With Him of all things secret are the keys;
None other hath them, but He hath; and sees
Whatever is in land, or air, or water,
Each bloom that blows, each foam-bell on the seas.

Nor is there any little hidden grain
Swelling beneath the sod, nor in the main

Any small fish or shell, nor of the earth
Green things or dry things upon hill or plain,

But these are written in th' unerring Book:
And what ye did by day, and when ye took
Your slumbers, and the last sleep; then to Him
Is your return, and the account's there!—look!

Al-Kahhâr! All-embracing One!
Our trust is fixed on Thee alone.

17

اَلْوَهَّابُ

Praise "the Bestower:" unto all that live
He giveth, and He loveth those who give.

THE Imâm Âli, Lion of the Faith,
Have ye not heard his giving? what he had
The poor had, for he held his gold and goods
As Allah's almoner. Âli it was
Who in the Mecca mosque at evening prayer—
Being entreated by some needy one—
Would not break off, yet would not let the man
Ask him in vain for what he asked of God,
Favour and aid; wherefore—amid the words—
He drew his emerald, carved with Allah's praise,

From his third finger, giving it; and prayed
With face unturned.
If he had pieces ten,
He succoured five score; if one dinar, then
Into ten dirhems he divided that,
And fed ten "people of the bench." Our Lord
(On whom be peace!) in all men's hearing said,
"This is the Prince of Givers!"
Once it fell,
Being sore hungered in his house, he cried,
"Fatmeh! thou daughter of the Prophet of God,
Find me to eat, if thou hast any food."
And Fatmeh said, "Father of Hassan! here
Not a dry date is left—not one—I swear
By Him besides Whom is none other God;
But in the corner of the tomb I laid
Six silver akchas: take them, if thou wilt,

And buy thee in the market food, and bring
Fruits for our boys, Hassan and Hussain." Thus
Âli departed. On his way he spied
Two Mussulmans, of whom one rudely haled
The other, crying, " Pay thy debt, or come
Unto the prison where the smiter waits."
And he who owed had nought, and wept amain,
Sighing, "Alas the day!" But Âli asked,
"What is thy debt, my brother?" Then he moaned,
" Six akchas, for the lack of which the chains
Must load me." "Nay!" spake Âli, " they are here;
Take them and pay the man, and go in peace."
So went that debtor free, but Âli came
Empty in hand and belly home again
Unto his door, where Fatmeh and the sons,
Hassan and Hussain, seeing him approach,
Ran joyous forth, crying, " He bringeth us

Dates now, and honey, and new camels' milk:
Soon shall we feast." But when they saw his cloth
Hang void, and troubled eyes, and heard him say,
"Upon my road I met a poorer man
Who, for six akchas, should have borne the chains;
To him I gave them, and I bring ye nought,"
Then the lads wept; but Fatmeh smiled and spake:
"Well hast thou done, O servant of the Lord!
Weep not, ye sons of Âli, though we fast;
Who feedeth Allah's children, feasts His own:
He, the 'Bestower,' will provide for us."

But Ali turned, heart-sore because the boys
Lacked meat, and Fatmeh's lovely eyes were sunk
Hollow with hunger. "I will go," thought he,
"Unto the blessed Prophet, for, if one
Be burdened with a thousand woes, his word

Dismisses them and makes the sorrow joy."
So bent he mournful steps thither, to tell
The Lord Muhammad of this strait, when—lo!
An Arab in mid path encountered him,
Of noble bearing, with a chieftain's mien,
Leading a riding-camel by her string,
Black, with full teeth, the best beast ever foaled.
"Buy Wurdah!—buy my desert rose," quoth he;
"One hundred akchas make her thine, so thou
Shalt own the best in Hedjaz, or at choice
Sell her for double money." Âli said,
"The beast is excellent! fain would I buy,
But have not in my scrip thy price." "Go to,"
The Sheikh replied; "take her and bring thy gold,
When Allah pleaseth, to the western gate;
I will await thee."

Âli nodded; took

The nose-string, turning to the left to seek
The camel-merchants that should buy the beast;
Whom at the very entry of the khan
Another Arab in the desert garb,
Lordly and gracious like his fellow, met,
And quick saluted, saying, "Peace with thee!
God send thee favour! wilt thou sell me now
Thy riding-camel with the great stag-eyes?
Here be three hundred akchas counted down,
Silver and gold, good money! Such an one
I sought, but found not, till I saw thee here."
"If thou wilt buy," quoth Âli, "be it so!"
And thereupon that Bedawee counted out
Dinars and dirhems—little suns and moons
Of glittering gold and silver—in his cloth,
And took the beast; but Âli, with one piece
Bought food and fruits, and, hastening home again,

Heard his lads laugh with joy to see the store
Poured forth;—white cakes and dates and amber
grapes—
And smiled himself to mark Fatmeh's soft eyes
Gladden; then, having eaten, blessed the Lord,
Giver of gifts, "Bestower."
So, once more
Made he to go unto the western gate
To pay his seller; but upon the street
The Prophet met him. Lightly smiled our Lord,
(On whom be comfort!) lightly questioned he,
Saying, "O Âli! who was he did sell
Thy riding-camel, and to whom didst thou
Sell her again?" Quoth Âli, "Only God
Knoweth, except thou knowest!" Spake our Lord,
"Yea, but I know! that was great Gabriel,
Chief messenger of Heaven, from whom thou bought'st;

And he to whom thou sold'st was Israfil,
His heavenly fellow; and that beast did come
Forth from the pleasure-fields of Paradise,
And thither back is gone; for—look! my son,
Allah hath recompensed thee fifty times
The goodly deed thou didst, giving thine all
To free the weeping debtor. Oh, He sees
And measures and bestows; but what is kept,
Beyond gifts here, for kindly hearts that love,
God only wotteth, and the Eternal Peace."

Bestower! grant us grace to see
Our gain is what we lose for Thee.

18

الرَّزَّاقُ

Al-Razzák! the "Provider!" thus again
Praise Him who, having formed thee, doth sustain.

By the high dawn,
When the light of the sun is strong!
By the thick night,
When the darkness is deep and long!
He hath not forsook thee, nor hated!
By His mercies, I say,
The life which will come shall be better
Than the life of to-day.

In the latter days
The Lord thy "Provider" shall give;

When thou knowest His gift
Thou wilt not ask rather to live;
Look back! thou wert friendless and frameless,
He made thee from nought;
Look back! thou wert blinded and wandering,
To the light thou art brought!
Consider! shall Allah forego thee
Since thus He hath wrought?[1]

The favour of thy Lord perpend,
And praise His mercies without end.

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[1] Cf. Korân, xciii. chapter "Of the Forenoon."

19

اَلْفَاتِحُ

Al-Fatiḥ'h! praise the "Opener!" and recite
The marvels of that "Journey of the Night."[1]

OUR Lord Muhammad lay upon the hill
Safâ, whereby the holy city stands,
Asleep, wrapped in a robe of camels' wool.
Dark was the night—that Night of grace—and still;
When all the seven spheres, by God's commands,
Opened unto him, splendid and wonderful!

For Gabriel, softly lighting, touched his side,
Saying, "Rise, thou enwrapped one! come and see
The things which be beyond. Lo! I have brought

[1] Cf. Korân, xvii. chapter "Of the Night Journey."

Borak, the horse of swiftness; mount and ride!"
Milk-white that steed was, with embroidery
Of pearls and emeralds in his long hair wrought.

Hooved like a mule he was, with a man's face;
His eyes gleamed from his forelock, each a star
Of lucent hyacinth; the saddle-cloth
Was woven gold, which priceless work did grace:
The lightning goeth not so fast or far
As those broad pinions which he fluttered forth.

One heel he smote on Safâ, and one heel
On Sinai—where the dint is to this day.
Next at Jerusalem he neighed. Our Lord,
Descending with th' Archangel there, did kneel
Making the midnight prayer; afterwards they
Tethered him to the Temple by a cord.

"Ascend!" spake Gabriel; and behold! there fell
Out of the sky a ladder bright and great,
Whereby, with easy steps, on radiant stairs,
They mounted—past our earth and heaven and hell—
To the first sphere, where Adam kept the gate,
Which was of vaporous gold and silverv squares.

Here thronged the lesser Angels: some took charge
To fill the clouds with rain and speed them round,
And some to tend live creatures; for what's born
Hath guardians there in its own shape: a large
Beauteous white cock crowed matins, at the sound
Cocks in a thousand planets hailed the morn.

Unto the second sphere by that white slope
Ascended they, whereof Noah held the key;
And two-fold was the throng of Angels here;

But all so dazzling glowed its fretted cope,
Burning with beams, Muhammad could not see
What manner of celestial folk were there.

The third sphere lay a thousand years beyond
If thou should'st journey as the sun-ray doth,
But in one *Fâtihah* clomb they thitherward.
David and Solomon in union fond
Ruled at the entrance, keeping Sabaoth
Of ceaseless joy. The void was paven hard

With paven work of rubies—if there be
Jewels on earth to liken unto them
Which had such colour as no goldsmith knows—
And here a vast Archangel they did see,
"Faithful of God" his name, whose diadem
Was set with peopled stars; wherefrom arose

Lauds to the glory of God, filling the blue
With lovely music, as rose-gardens fill
A land with essences; and young stars, shaking
Tresses of lovely light, gathered and grew
Under his mighty plumes, departing still
Like ships with crews and treasure, voyage-making.

So came they to the fourth sphere, where there sate
Enoch, who never tasted death; and there
Behind its portal awful Azrael writes;
The shadow of his brows compassionate
Made night across all worlds; our Lord felt fear,
Marking the stern eyes and the hand which smites.

For always on a scroll he sets the names
Of new-born beings, and from off the scroll
He blotteth who must die; and holy tears

Roll down his cheeks, recording all our shames
And sins and penalties; while of each soul
Monker and Nakir reckon the arrears.

Next, at the fifth sphere's entry, they were 'ware
Of a door built in sapphire, having graven
Letters of flashing fire, the faith unfolding,
"THERE IS NO GOD SAVE GOD." Aaron sate there
Guarding the "region of the wrath of Heaven;"
And Israfil behind, his trumpet holding,

His trumpet holding—which shall wake the dead
And slay the living—all his cheek puffed out,
Bursting to blow; for none knows Allah's time,
Nor when the word of judgment shall be said:
And darts, and chains of flame, lay all around,
Terrible tortures for th' ungodly's crime.

When to the sixth sphere passed they, Moses sped
Its bars of chrysoprase, and kissed our Lord,
And spake full sweet, "Prophet of Allah! thou
More souls of Ismael's tribes to truth hast led,
Than I of Isaak's." Here the crystal sword
Of Michael gave the light they journeyed through.

But at the seventh sphere that light which shone
Hath not an earthly name, nor any voice
Can tell its splendour, nay, nor any ear
Learn, if it listened; only he alone
Who saw it, knows how there th' elect rejoice,
Isa, and Ibrahim, and the souls most dear.

And he, the glorious regent of that sphere,
Had seventy thousand heads; and every head
As many countenances; and each face

As many mouths; and in each mouth there were
Tongues seventy thousand, whereof each tongue said,
Ever and ever, "Praise to Allah! praise!"

Here, at the bound, is fixed that lotus-tree
SEDRA, which none among the Angels pass;
And not great Gabriel's self might farther wend:
Yet, led by presences too bright to see,
Too high to name, on paths like purple glass
Our Lord Muhammad journeyed to the end.

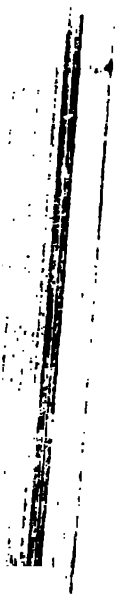
Alone! alone! through hosts of Cherubim
Crowding the infinite void with whispering vans,
From splendour unto splendour still he sped;
Across the "Lake of Gloom" they ferried him,
And then the "Sea of Glory:" mortal man's
Heart cannot hold the wonders witnessëd.

So to the "Region of the Veils" he came,
Which shut all times off from eternity,
The bars of being where thought cannot reach:
Ten thousand thousand are they, walls of flame
Lambent with loveliness and mystery,
Ramparts of utmost heaven, having no breach.

Then he SAW GOD! our Prophet saw THE THRONE!—
O Allah! let these weak words be forgiven!—
Thou, the Supreme, "the Opener," spake at last;
The Throne! the Throne! he saw;—our Lord alone!
Saw it and heard!—but the verse falls from heaven
Like a poised eagle, whom the lightnings blast.

. . . . . .

And Gabriel waiting by the tree he found;
And Borak, tethered to the Temple porch;
He loosed the horse, and 'twixt its wings ascended.



Al-Fdtih / "

Thy name, and

20

الْعَلِيمُ

Al-'Alim! the "All-Knower!" by this word
Praise Him Who sees th' unseen, and hears th' unheard.

If ye keep hidden your mind, if ye declare it aloud,
Equally God hath perceived, equally known is each thought:
If on your housetops ye sin, if in dark chambers ye shroud,
Equally God hath beheld, equally judgment is wrought.

He, without listing, doth know how many breathings ye make;
Numbereth the hairs of your heads, wotteth the beats of your blood;

Heareth the feet of the ant when she wanders by night
in the brake;
Counteth the eggs of the snake and the cubs of the
wolf in the wood.

Mute the Moakkibât[1] sit this side and that side of men,
One on the right noting good, and one on the left
noting ill;
Each hath those Angels beside him who write with in-
visible pen
Whatso he doeth, or sayeth, or thinketh, recording
it still.

Vast is the mercy of God, and when a man doeth aright,
Glad is the right-hand Angel, and setteth it quick on
the roll;

[1] These are the "Successors," or Angels of Record, who relieve each other in the duty of registering human actions, &c.

Ten times he setteth it down in letters of heavenly light,
For one good deed ten deeds, and a hundred for ten on the scroll.

But when one doeth amiss the right-hand Angel doth lay
His palm on the left-hand Angel and whispers, "Forbear thy pen!
Peradventure in seven hours the man may repent him and pray;
At the end of the seventh hour, if it must be, witness it then."[1]

Al-'Alim! Thou Who knowest all,
With hearts unveiled on Thee we call.

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[1] Cf. Korân, xiii. chapter "Of thunder."

21

اَلْقَابِضُ

Yakbuzu wa Yabsutu! heaven and hell
He closeth and uncloseth—and doth well![1]

In gold and silk and robes of pride
An evil-hearted monarch died;
Pampered and arrogant his soul
Quitted the grave. His eyes did roll
Hither and thither, deeming some
In that new world should surely come
To lead his spirit to a seat
Of state, for kingly merit meet.
What saw he? 'twas a hag so foul
There is no Afrit, Djin, or Ghoul

[1] Cf. Korân, ii. chapter "Of the Cow."

With countenance as vile, or mien
As fearful, and such terrors seen
In the fierce voice and hideous air,
Blood-dripping hands and matted hair.
"Allah have mercy!" cried the king,
"Whence and what art thou, hateful thing?"
"Dost thou not know—who gav'st me birth?"
Replied the form; "thy sins on earth
In me embodied thus behold.
I am thy wicked work! unfold
Thine arms and clasp me, for we two
In hell must live thy sentence through."

Then with a bitter cry, 'tis writ,
The king's soul passed unto the pit.

Al-Kabiz! so He bars the gate
Against the unregenerate.

22

اَلْبَاسِطُ

Yet He who shuts the gate, just wrath to wreak,
Unbars it, full of mercy, to the meek.

THERE died upon the Miraj night,
A man of Mecca, Amru hight;
Faithful and true, patient and pure,
Had been his years; he did endure
In war five spear-wounds, and in peace
Long journeying for his tribe's increase;
And ever of his gains he gave
Unto poor brethren—kind as brave:
But these forsook, and age and toil
Drained the strong heart as flames drink oil;

Till, lone and friendless, grey and spent—
A thorn-tree's shadow for his tent,
And desert sand for dying-bed—
Amru the camel-man lay dead.

What is it that the 'Hadîth saith?
Even while the true eyes glazed in death,
And the warm heart wearied, and beat
The last drum of its long defeat,
An Angel, lighting on the sand,
Took Amru's spirit by the hand,
And gently spake, "Dear brother, come!
A sore road thou didst journey home;
But life's dry desert thou hast passed,
And Zem-Zem sparkles nigh at last."
Then with swift flight those twain did rise
Unto the gates of Paradise,

Which opened, and the Angel gave
A golden granate, saying, "Cleave
This fruit, my brother!" But its scent
So heavenly seemed, and so intent,
So rapt was Amru, to behold
The great fruit's rind of blushing gold
And emerald leaves—he dared not touch.
Murmuring, "O Mâlik! 'tis too much
That I am here, with eyes so dim,
And grace all fled." Then bade thev him
Gaze in the stream which glided stilly,
'Mid water-roses and white lily,
Under those lawns and smiling skies
That make delight in Paradise;
When, lo! the presence imaged there
Was of such comeliness, no peer

Among those glorious Angels stood
To Amru, mirrored in the flood.

"I! is it I?" he cried in gladness,
"Am I so changed from toil and sadness?"
"This was thy hidden self," replied
The Angels. "So shalt thou abide
By our bright river evermore;
And in that fair fruit's secret core—
Which on the Tree of Life hath grown—
Another marvel shall be shown.
Ah, happy Amru! cleave!" He clove:—
Sweet miracle of bliss and love!
Forth from the pomegranate there grew,
As from its bud a rose breaks through,
A lovely, stately, lustrous maid,
Whose black orbs long silk lashes shade,

Whose beauty was so rich to see
No verse can tell it worthily;
Nor is there found in any place
One like her for the perfect grace
Of soft arms wreathed and ripe lips moving
In accents musical and loving;
For thus she spake: "Peace be to thee,
My Amru!" Then, with quick cry, he:
"Who art thou, blessed one? what name
Wearest thou? teach my tongue to frame
This worship of my heart." Said she,
"Thy good deeds gave me being: see,
If in my beauty thou hast pleasure,
How the Most High doth truly treasure
Joy for his servants. Murzieh I—
She that doth love and satisfy—

And I am made by Allah's hand
Of ambergris and musk, to stand
Beside thee, soothing thee, and tending
In comfort and in peace unending."

So hand in hand, 'tis writ, they went
To those bright bowers of high content.

Al-Bâsit! thus He opens wide
His mercies to the justified.

23

اَلْخَافِضُ

Al-Khâfiz! the "Abaser!" praise hereby
Him Who doth mock at earthly majesty.

HEARD ye of Nimrûd? Cities fell before him;
Shinar, from Accad to the Indian Sea,
His garden was; as God, men did adore him;
Queens were his slaves, and kings his vassalry.

Eminent on his car of carven brass,
Through foeman's blood nave-deep he drave his wheel;
And not a lion in the river-grass
Could keep its shaggy fell from Nimrûd's steel.

But he scorned Allah, schemed a tower to invade Him;
Dreamed to scale Heaven, and measure might with God;
Heaped high the foolish clay wherefrom We made him,
And built thereon his seven-fold house of the clod.

Therefore, the least Our messengers among,
We sent;—a grey gnat dancing in the reeds:
Into his ear she crept, buzzing,—and stung.
So perished mighty Nimrûd and his deeds.

O Thou Abaser of all pride!
Mighty Thou art, and none beside.

24

اَلرَّافِعُ

Ar-Râfi! the "Exalter!" laud Him so
Who loves the humble and lifts up the low.

WHOM hath He chosen for His priests and preachers,
Lords who were eminent, or men of might?
Nay, but consider how He seeks His teachers,
Hidden, like rubies unaware of light.

Ur of the Chaldees! what chance to discover
Th' elect of Heaven in Azar's leathern tent?
But Allah saw His child, and friend, and lover,
And Abraham was born, and sealed, and sent.

The babe committed to th' Egyptian water!
Knew any that the tide of Nilus laved
The hope of Israel there? yet Pharaoh's daughter
Found the frail ark, and so was Moses saved.

Low lies the Syrian town behind the mountain
Where Mary, meek and spotless, knelt that morn,
And saw the splendid Angel by the fountain,
And heard his voice, "Lord Isa shall be born!"

Nay, and Muhammad (blessed may he be!),
Abdallah's and Amînah's holy son,
Whom black Halîmah nursed, the Bedawee,
Where lived a lonelier or a humbler one?

Think how *he* led the camels of Khadîjah,
Poor, but illumined by the light of Heaven;

Mightier than Noah, or Enoch, or Elijah,
Our holy Prophet, to Arabia given.

Man knew him not, wrapped in his cloth, and weeping
Lonely on Hirâ all that wondrous night;
But Allah for His own our Lord was keeping:—
"Rise, thou enwrapped one!" Gabriel spake, "and write."

Save God there is none high at all,
Nor any low whom He doth call.

25

المعز

Al-Muhizz! by this title celebrate
The "Honourer" Whose favour maketh great.

SAY "God," say "Lord of all!
doms and kings Thou makest and unmakest,
one Thou takest, that one Thou forsakest;
Alike are great and small;
Into Thy hand they fall."

"In Thy dread hand they rest;
nights and days, their waking and their sleeping,
birth, and life, and death lie in Thy keeping;
'Be thus' to each Thou say'st,
And thus to be is best,

"Though it seem good or ill.
Islâm!—to Thee our souls we do resign,
Turning our faces to the blessed shrine;
Seeking no honour still
Save from Thy will." [1]

Al-Muhizz! only this we pray
To learn Thy will and to obey.

---

[1] Cf. Korân, iii. chapter "Of Imran's Family."

26

ٱلْمُضِلُّ

O, Al-Mudill what if it be Thy will,
Having made man, to lead him unto ill?

the Perspicuous Book: "All things which be
are of God;
her, except by His word, falleth a leaf to the
ground;
will open He openeth, and whom He hath
blinded He blindeth,
ing, misleading; to none liable, blameable,
bound." [1]

[1] Cf. Korân, iii. chapter "Of Imran's Family."

Saith the Perspicuous Book: "Tied on the neck of a man
Hangeth the scroll of his fate, not a line to be gainsaid or grudged;
When the trumpet of Israfil thunders, the Angels will show it and say,
Read there what thine own deeds have written; thyself by thyself shall be judged."[1]

Wilt thou be wiser than God Who knoweth beginning and end?
Wilt thou be juster than He whose balance is turned by a sigh?

---

[1] Cf. Korân, xvii. chapter "Of the Night Journey."

He sayeth, "It shall not be equal for the doers of right and of wrong."

"It shall not be equal," He sayeth, "for them that accept and deny."[1]

Al-Mutâl! lead us not astray!
Teach us to find the perfect way.

---

[1] Cf. Korân, *eodem loco.*

27

السَّمِيعُ

As-Samî'h! O Thou Hearer! none can be
So far, his crying doth not come to Thee.

WRITES in his Mesnevî, Jelâlu-'d-deen:

There came a man of Yaman, poor and old,
To Mecca, making pilgrimage; untaught,
A shepherd of the hills. Humble he trod
The six mikât, the stages of the Hadj;
Humbly indued the ihrâm, garb of faith
Which hath no seam; made due ablutions, kissed
The black stone; then three times with hastening
feet

Circled the Kaabah, and four times paced
With slackened gait the tawâf, as is due,
(For such observances the Mollah taught).
But, when he bowed before the Holy Place,
Thus brake his soul from him, knowing no prayer,
Full of God's love, though ignorant of God:
"O Master! O my Sheikh! where tarriest Thou?
Show me Thy face that I may worship Thee,
May toil Thy servant, which I am in heart:
Ah! let me sew Thy shoes, anoint Thine hair,
Wash Thy soiled robes, and serve Thee daily up
My she-goats' freshest milk—I love Thee so!
Where hidest Thou, that I may kiss Thine hand,
Chafe Thy dear feet, and ere Thou takest rest—
In the gold sky, beside Thy sun, belike,
Among the soft-spread fleeces of Thy clouds—
Sweep out Thy chamber, O my joy, my King!"

Which hearing, they who kept the shrine, incensed,
Had haled him to the gateway, crying, "Dog!
What blasphemy is this thou utterest,
Saying such things of Him That hath no needs
Of nourishment, nor clothing, nor repose,
Nor hands, nor feet, nor any form or frame;
That thou, base keeper of the silly herd,
Shouldst proffer service to the All-Powerful?
Meet were it that we stoned thee dead with stones,
Who art accursed and injurious.
Begone! these holy walls are not for thee."

So, sore abashed, that shepherd made to go,
Silent and weeping; but our Prophet marked,
And with mild eyes smiled on the man; then spake
To those that drave him forth: "Ye, when ye pray

Outside this holy place, in distant lands,
Whither turn ye your faces?" Each one said,
"Unto the Kaabah." "And when ye pray,
Within the blessed precincts, pilgrims here,
Which way lies Mecca?" "All is sacred here,"
They answered, "and it matters nought which
way."
"Lo! now ye reason well," replied our Lord;
"Inside the Kaabah it matters nought
Whither men turn; and in the secret place
Of perfect love for God, words are as breath
And will is all. This simple shepherd's prayer
Came unto Allah's ears clearer than yours,
Nathless his ignorance, because his heart—
Not tongue, not understanding—uttered it.
Make room for God's poor lover nighest me;
Good fellowship hath any man with him

To whom Heaven's ear as quick inclines itself
As doth a mother's when her babe lisps love."

Then were they sore ashamëd in that hour.

Hearer of hearts! As-Samī'h! so
Our love inspire, and Thine bestow.

28

اَلْبَصِيرُ

Al-Basîr! O Thou Seer! great and small
Live in Thy vision, which embraceth all.

WERE it one wasted seed of water-grass,
Blown by the wind, or buried in the sand,
He seeth and ordaineth if it live;
Were it a wild bee questing honey-buds,
He seeth if she find, and how she comes
On busy winglets to her hollow tree.
The seeing of His eyes should not be told,
Though all the reeds in all the earth were cut
To writing-sticks, and all the seven seas
Were seven times multiplied, flowing with ink,

And seventy Angels wrote. He beholds all
Which was, or is, or will be: yea, with Him
Is present vision of five secret things:
The Day of Judgment; and the times of rain;
The child hid in the womb—its quickening,
And whether male or female;—what will fall
To-morrow (as ye know what did befall
Yesterday); and where every man shall die.[1]

"Where every man shall die." Al Beidhâwi
Presenteth how there sate with Solomon
A prince of India, and there passed them by
Azrael, Angel of Death, on shadowy plumes;
With great eyes gazing earnestly, as one
Who wonders, gazing. And, because the prince
Sate with the king, he saw what the king saw,

[1] Cf. Korân, xxxi. chapter "Of Lokman."

The Djins and Angels, and saw Azrael
Fixing on him those awful searching eyes.
"What name, I pray thee, wears yon messenger?"
So asked he of the king; and Solomon
Made answer, "It is Azrael, who calls
The souls of men." "He seemed," whispered the prince,
"To have an errand unto me;—bid now
That one among thy demon ministers
Waft me, upon the swiftest wing that beats,
To India, for I fear him." Solomon
Issued command, and a swift Djin sprang forth
Bearing the prince aloft, so that he came
To Coromandel, ere the fruit—which fell
Out of the fig—had touched the marble floor.

Thereupon Azrael said to Solomon,
"I looked thus earnestly upon the man

In wonder, for my Lord spake, 'Take his soul
In India;' yet behold he talked with thee
Here in Judæa! Now, see! he hath gone
There where it was commanded he should die."

Then followed Azrael. In that hour the prince
Died of a hurt, sitting in India.

With Thee, Lord, be the time and place,
So that we die in Thy dear grace.

29

الحاكم

Al-Hákim! think upon the Day of Doom,
And fear "the Judge" before Whom all must come.

WHEN the sun is withered up,
And the stars from Heaven roll;
When the mountains quake,
We let stray your she-camels, gone ten months
in foal;
When wild beasts flock
With the people and the cattle
In terror, in amazement,
And the seas boil and rattle;

And the dead souls
For their bodies seek;
And the child vilely slain
Is bid to speak,
Being asked, "Who killed thee, little maid?
Tell us his name!"
While the books are unsealed,
And crimson flame
Flayeth the skin of the skies,
And Hell breaks ablaze;
And Paradise
Opens her beautiful gates to the gaze;—
Then shall each soul
Know the issues of the whole,
And the balance of its scroll.[1]

[1] Cf. Korân, lxxxi. chapter "Of the Folding Up."

Shall We swear by the stars
Which fade away?
By the Night drowned in darkness,
By the dead Day?
We swear not! a true thing is this;
It standeth sure,
He saw it and he heard, and Our word
Will endure!

. . . . . .

When the sky cleaves asunder,
And the stars
Are scattered; and in thunder
All the bars
Of the seas burst, and all the graves are emptied
Like chests upturned,
Each soul shall see her doings, done and undone,
And what is earned.

The smiting, the smiting
Of that Day!
The horror, the splendour,
Who shall say?[1]
The Day when none shall answer for his brother;
The Day which is with God, and with none other

Al-Hâkim! Judge! Save by Thy power,
Who might abide that awful hour?

---

[1] Cf. Korân, lxxxii. chapter "Of Cleaving Asunder."

30

ٱلْعَادِلُ

Al-Hâdil! O "Just Lord!" we magnify
Thy righteous Law, which shall the whole world try.

God will roll up, when this world's end approacheth,
The broad blue spangled hangings of the sky,
Even as As-Sigill[1] rolleth up his record,
And seals and binds it when a man doth die.

Then the false worshippers, and what they follow,
Will to the pit, like "stones of hell," descend;
But true believers shall hear Angels saying,
"This is your day; be joyous without end."[2]

[1] A name of the Angel of Registration.

[2] Cf. Korân, xxi. chapter "Of the Prophets."

In that hour dust shall lie on many faces,
And many faces shall be glad and bright ;[1]
Ye who believe, trust and be patient always,
Until God judges, for He judges right.[2]

Give us to pass before Thy throne
Among the number of Thine own!

---

[1] Cf. Korân, lxxx. chapter "Of the Frown."
[2] Cf. Korân, x. chapter "Of Jonas."

31

اللَّطِيفُ

read is His wrath, but boundless is His grace,
l-Latîf! Lord! show us Thy "favouring" face!

Most quick to pardon sins is He:
Who unto God draws near
One forward step, God taketh three
To meet, and quit his fear.

If ye will have of this world's show,
God grants, while Angels weep;
If ye for Paradise will sow,
Right noble crops ye reap.[1]

Ah, Gracious One, we toil to reap:
The soil is hard, the way is steep!

[1] Cf. Korân, xlii. chapter "Of Counsel."

32

ٱلْخَبِيرُ

Al-Khabîr! Thou Who art "aware" of all,
By this name also for Thy grace we call

One morning in Medina walked our Lord
Among the tombs: glad was the dawn, and broad
On headstones and on footstones sunshine lay;
Earth seemed so fair, 'twas hard to be away.
"O people of the graves!" Muhammad said,
"Peace be with you! Your caravan of dead
Hath passed the defile, and we living ones
Forget what men ye were, of whom the sons,
And what your merchandise and where ye went;
But Allah knows these things! Be ye content

ice Allah is 'aware.' Ah! God forgive
ose that are dead, and us who briefly live."

Yea! pardon, Lord, since Thou dost know
To-morrow, now, and long ago.

33

الحليم

Al-Hálim! "Clement" is our Lord above;
Magnify Allah by this name of love.

Ye know the ant that creeps upon the fig,
The *dharra,* made so small,
Until she moveth in the purple seeds
She is not seen at all.

If, on the judgment-day, holding the scales—
When all the trial's done—
The Angel of the Balance crieth, "Lord!
The good deeds of this one

Outweigh his evil deeds, justly assessed,
By half one *dharra's* weight;"
Allah will say, "Multiply good to him,
And open Heaven's gate!"

Not if thy work be worth a date-stone's skin
Shall it be overpast;
Thus it is written in the Sacred Book,[1]
Thus will it be at last.

Faithful and just, Al-Halîm! we
Take refuge in Thy clemency.

---

[1] Cf. Koran, iv. chapter "Of Women."

34

الْعَزِيزُ

Al-'Aziz! "Strong and Sovereign" God, Thy hand
Is over all Thy works, holding command.

MAKER of all ye truly call the Strong and Sovereign One,
Yet have ye read that verse which saith whereto His work was done?
Open "the Book," and, heedful, look what weighty words are given
(The Chapter of Al-Akhâf) concerning Earth and Heaven.

"The Heavens and earth," Al-Akhâf saith, "and whatso is between,

Think ye that We made these to be, and then—not to have been?

Think ye We fashioned them in jest, without their times, and plan,

And purpose? Nay! accurst are they who judge of God by man."[1]

O Higher, Wiser, than we know,
Let not Thy creatures judge Thee so.

---

[1] Cf. Korân, xlvi. chapter "Of Al-Akhâf."

اَلْغَافِرُ

He is the "Pardoner," and his Scripture hath—
"Paradise is for them that check their wrath,
And pardon sins; so Allah doth with souls;
He loveth best him who himself controls."[1]

KNOW ye of Hassan's slave? Hassan the son
Of Âli. In the camp at Ras-al-hadd
He made a banquet unto sheikhs and lords,
Rich dressed and joyous; and a slave bore round,
Smoking with new-cooked pillaw, Badhan's dish
Carved from rock-crystal, with the feet in gold,
And garnets round the rim; but the boy slipped

[1] Cf. Korân, iii. chapter "Of Imran's Family."

Against the tent-rope, and the precious dish
Broke into shards of beauty on the board,
Scalding the son of Âli. One guest cried,
"Dog! wert thou mine, for this thing thou shouldst
howl!"
Another, "Wretch! thou meritest to die."
And yet another, "Hassan! give me leave
To smite away this swine's head with my sword!"
Even Hassan's self was moved; but the boy fell
Face to the earth and cried, "My lord! 'tis writ,
'*Paradise is for them that check their wrath.*'"
"'Tis writ so," Hassan said; "I am not wroth."
"My lord!" the boy sobbed on, "also 'tis writ,
'*Pardon the trespasser.*'" Hassan replied,
"'Tis written—I remember—I forgive."
"Now is the blessing of the Most High God
On thee, dear master!" cried the happy slave,

"For He—'tis writ—'*loves the beneficent.*'"
"Yea! I remember, and I thank thee, slave,"
Quoth Hassan;—"better is one noble verse
Fetched from 'the Book,' than gold and crystal brought
From Yaman's hills. Lords! he hath marred the dish,
But mended fault with wisdom. See, my slave!
I give thee freedom, and this purse to buy
The robe and turban of a Muslim freed."

Al-Ghâfir! pardon us, as we
Forgive a brother's injury.

36

اَلشَّاكِرُ

"Grateful"—Ash-Shâkir—is He; praise Him so
Who thanketh men for that He did bestow.

So much hast thou of thy hoard
As thou gavest to thy Lord;
Only this will bring thee in
Usance rich and free from sin:
Send thy silver on before,
Lending to His sick and poor.
Every dirhem dropped in alms
Touches Allah's open palms,
Ere it fall into the hands
Of thy brother. Allah stands

Begging of thee, when thy brother
Asketh help. Ah! if another
Proffered thee, for meat and drink,
Food upon Al-Kâuthar's brink,[1]
Shining Kâuthar which doth flow
Sweet as honey, cool as snow,
White as milk, and smooth as cream,
Underneath its banks, which gleam—
Green and golden chrysolite,
In the Gardens of delight,
Whence who drinks never again
Tasteth sorrow, age, or pain—
Who would not make merchandise,
Buying bliss in Paradise,
Laying up his treasure where
Stores are safe and profits clear?

[1] Cf. Korân, cviii.

But ye lend at lower cost,

Whilst Ash-Shâkir offers most,

Good returning seven times seven,

Paying gifts of earth with Heaven.

Allah, Who dost reward so well,
What maketh man in sin to dwell?

37

الأعلى

Al-Aalâ! O believers, magnify
By this great name, Allah, our Lord the Most High.

He willed, and Heaven's blue arch vaulted the air;
"Be!" said He—Earth![1] and the round earth
made;
See! at the hour of late and early prayer
The very shadows worship Him, low laid.

Most High! the lengthening shadows teach
Morning and evening prayer to each.

[1] Cf. Korân, xvi. chapter "Of the Bee."

38

اَلْكَبِيرُ

Praise Him, Al-Kabîr, seated on "the Throne,"
The "Very Great," the High-exalted One.

SEVEN Heavens Allah made:
First "Paradise," the *Jennat-al-Firdaus;*
The next, *Al Huld,* "Gate of Eternity;"
The third, *Dar-as-Salâm,* the "Peaceful House;"
The fourth, *Dar-al-Kurâr,* "Felicity;"
The fifth was *Aidenn,* "Home of Golden Light;"
The sixth, *Al Na'hîm,* "Garden of Delight;"
The seventh, *Al-Hilliyûn,* "Footstool of the Throne;"
And, each and every one,

Sphere above sphere, and treasure over treasure,
The great decree of God made for reward and pleasure.

Saith the Perspicuous Book:[1]
"Look up to Heaven! look!
Dost thou see flaw or fault
In that vast vault,
Spangled with silvery lamps of night,
Or gilded with glad light
Of sunrise, or of sunset, or warm noon?
Rounded He well the moon?
Kindled He wisely the red Lord of Day?
Look twice! look thrice, and say!"

Thy weak gaze fails;
Eyesight is drowned in yon abyss of blue;

[1] Cf. Korân, lxvii. chapter "Of the Kingdom."

Ye see the glory, but ye see not through:
God's greatness veils
Its greatness by its greatness—all that wonder
Lieth the lowest of those Heavens under,
Beyond which Angels view
Allah, and Allah's mighty works, asunder;
The thronged clouds whisper of it when they thunder.

Allah Kabîr! in silence we
Meditate on Thy majesty.

39

الحافظ

Al-Hâfiz! O "Preserver!" succour us
Who, humbly trustful, cry unto Thee thus.

By the Sky and the Night star!
By Al-Târek the white star!
Shining clear—
When darkness covers man and beast—
To proclaim dawn near,
And the gold sun hastening from the east,
We have set a guard upon you, every one;
Be ye not afraid!
Of seed from loins, and milk from bosom-bone,
Ye were made:

We are able to remake you, when ye die,

For cold death

Cometh forth from Us, as warm life cometh

And gift of breath.

Do the darkness and the terror plot against you?

We also plan;

They that love you are stronger than your haters.

Trust God, O man![1]

"Ya Hâfiz!" on your doors ye grave;
In your hearts, too, these scriptures have!

---

[1] Cf. Korân lxxxvi. chapter "Of the Night Star."

40

اَلْمُقِيتُ

Praise Al-Mukit, the great "Maintainer!" He
Made us, and makes our sustenance to be.

THE chapter of "the Inevitable:"[1] We gave
The life ye live; why doubt ye We can save
What once hath been from wasting—if We will—
When, like dry corn, man lieth in his grave?

Did ye cause seed to grow, or was it We,—
Wherefrom spring all the many lives that be?
Who stirred the pulse which couples man and maid,
And in the fruit hid that which forms the tree?

[1] Korân, lvi.

Ye go afield to scatter grain, and then
Sleep, while We change it into bread for men;
  Have ye bethought why seed should shoot, not sand,
Granite, or gravel? Why the gentle rain

Falleth so clean and sweet from out Our sky,
Which might be salt and black and bitter? Why
  The soft clouds gather it from off the seas
To spread it o'er the pastures by and by?

The flame ye strike rubbing Afâr and Markh,[1]
Have ye considered that strange yellow spark?
  Did ye conceive such marvel, or did We
Grant it, to warm and cheer men in the dark?

[1] The woods used by the ancient Arabs to kindle fire.

Not now, but when the soul comes to the neck,
The meaning of those mercies each shall reck.
Then are We nearest, though ye see it not;
Can ye that summoned spirit order back?

Nay, Al-Mukit! in life and death
Thine are we: Truth Thy Scripture saith.

41

الحَسِيبُ

Laud Him as "Reckoner," casting up th' account,
And making little merits largely mount.

GIVE more than thou takest:
If one shall salute thee,
Saying, "Peace be upon thee,"
The salute which thou makest,
Speak it friendlier still,
As beseemeth goodwill;
Saying, "Peace, too, and love
From Allah above
Be with thee:"—for heard
Is each brotherly word;

And it shall not be lost

That thou gavest him most.[1]

Ya Hasîb! praise to Thee; for all
Our good deeds needs must be so small.

---

[1] Cf. Korân, iv. chapter "Of Women."

42

الْجَمِيلُ

Al-Jamil! "the Benign;" ah, name most dear,
Which bids us love and worship without fear.

Too much ye tremble, too much fear to feel
That yearning love which Allah's laws reveal;
Too oft forget—your troubled journey through—
He who is Power, is Grace and Beauty too,
And Clemency, and Pity, and Pure Rest,
The Highest and the Uttermost and Best;
Sweeter than honey, and more dear to see
Than any loveliness on land or sea

By bard or lover praised, or famed in story;
For these were shadows of His perfect glory,
Which is not told, because, who sees God near
Loseth the speech to speak, in loving fear,
So joyous is he, so astonishëd.

Hath there come to ye what the Dervish said,
At Kaisareya, in the marble shrine,
Who woke from vision of the love divine?
"I have seen Allah!" quoth he—all a-glow
With splendour of the dream which filled him so—
"Yea! I have paced the Garden of Delight,
And heard and known!"

"Impart to us thy light,"
His fellows cried.

He paused, and smiled, and spake:

" Fain would I say it, brothers, for your sake,
For I have wandered in a sphere so bright,
Have heard such things, and witnessed such a sight,
That now I know whither all nature turns,
And what the love celestial is which burns,
At the great heart of all the world, ensuring
That griefs shall pass and joy be all enduring.
Yet ask me not! I am as one who came
Where, among roses, one bush, all aflame
By fragrant crimson blossoms, charged the air
With loveliness and perfume past compare.
Then had I thought to load my skirt with roses,
That ye might judge what wealth that land discloses;
And filled my robe, plucking the peerless blooms;
But ah! the scent so rich, so heavenly, comes;

So were my senses melted into bliss
With the intoxicating breath of this;
I let the border of my mantle fall—
The roses slipped! I bring ye none at all."

Brothers! with other eyes must we
Behold the Roses on that Tree.

43

اَلْكَرِيمُ

Allah-al-Karîm! Bountiful Lord! we bless
By this good name Thy loving kindnesses.

O MAN! what hath beguiled,
That thou shouldst stray
From the plain easy way
Of Allah's service, being Allah's child?
When thou wert not,
And when thou wast a clot,
He did foresee thee, and did fashion thee
From heel to nape,
Giving thee this fair shape,
Composing thee in wondrous symmetry—

More than thy mother—in the form thou wearest;
Nearer to thee than what on earth is nearest.
Kinder than kin is He—
Wilt thou forgetful be?[1]

Ya Karîm! since Thou lovest thus,
Quicken, ah, quicken love in us.

---

[1] Cf. Korân, lxxxii. chapter "Of Cleaving Asunder."

44

اَلرَّقِيبُ

Allah-al-Rakîb! praise ye "the Watchful One,"
Who noteth what men do and leave undone.

THE book of the wicked is in Sijjîn,
A close-writ book:
A book to be unfolded on the Awful Day,
The day whereto men would not look.

What Sijjîn is
Who shall make thee know?
The Black Gaol. Under *Jehannum*,
Under *Lathâ*, the "red glow,"
Under *Hutamah*, "the fires which split;"

Beneath *Sa'hîr*, the "Yellow Hell,"
And scorching *Sakar*, lieth it,
And *Jahîm*, where devils dwell:
Lower from light and bliss
Than *Hâwiyeh*, "the abyss:"
Sijjîn is this.

But the books of the righteous are in Hilliyûn,
And what shall make thee see
The glory of that region, nigh to God,
Where those records be?
Joy shall make their portion: they shall lie
With the light of delight upon their faces,
On soft seats reclining
In peaceful places;
Drinking wine, pure wine, sealed wine,
Whose seal is musk and rose;

Allayed by the crystal waves that shine
In Tasmîn, which flows
From the golden throne of God:—at its brink
Angels drink.[1]

O "Watcher!" grant our names may be
In that Book lying near to Thee.

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[1] Cf. Korân, lxxxiii. chapter "Of Short Weight."

45

اَلْمُجِيبُ

Allah-al-Mujîb, Who biddest men to pray,
And hearest prayer; thus praise we Thee alway.

Our Lord the Prophet (peace to him!) doth write—
Sura the seventeenth, intituled "Night:"—
"Pray at the noon, pray at the sinking sun,
In night-time pray; but most when night is done,
For daybreak's prayer is surely borne on high
By Angels changing guard within the sky."
And in another verse, "Dawn's prayer is more
Than the wide world with all its treasured store."

Therefore the Faithful, when the growing light
Gives to discern a black hair from a white,

Haste to the mosque, and, bending Mecca-way,
Recite *Al-Fâtihah* while 'tis scarce yet day:
Praise be to Allah, Lord of all that live.
Merciful King and Judge, to Thee we give
Worship and honour! Succour us and guide
Where those have walked who rest Thy Throne beside;
The way of peace, the way of truthful speech,
The way of righteousness. So we beseech."
He who saith this, before the east is red,
A hundred prayers of Azan hath he said.

Hear now this story of it—told, I ween,
For your soul's comfort by Jelalu-'d-deen
In the great pages of the Mesnevî;
For therein, plain and certain, shall ye see

How precious is the prayer at break of day
In Allah's ears, and in His sight alway
How sweet are reverence and gentleness
Done to His creatures:—"Âli" (whom I bless!),
The son of Abu Talib—he, surnamed
"Lion of God," in many battles famed,
The cousin of our Lord the Prophet (grace
Be his!), uprose betimes one morn, to pace,
As he was wont, unto the mosque, wherein
Our Lord (bliss live with him!) watched to begin
Al-Fâtihah. Darkling was the sky, and strait
The lane between the city and mosque-gate,
By rough stones broken and deep pools of rain;
And therethrough toilfully, with steps of pain,
Leaning upon his staff an old Jew went
To synagogue, on pious errand bent;

For those be "People of the Book," and some
Are chosen of Allah's will who have not come
Unto full light of knowledge; therefore, he,
Âli, the Caliph of proud days to be—
Knowing this good old man, and why he stirred
Thus early, ere the morning mills were heard—
Out of his nobleness and grace of soul
Would not thrust past, though the Jew blocked the whole
Breadth of the lane, slow hobbling. So they went,
That ancient first; and, in soft discontent,
After him Âli, noting how the sun
Flared near, and fearing prayer might be begun;
Yet no command upraising, no harsh cry
To stand aside, because the dignity
Of silver hairs is much, and morning praise
Was precious to the Jew, too. Thus their ways

Wended the pair; great Âli, sad and slow,
Following the greybeard, while the east, a-glow,
Blazed with bright spears of gold athwart the blue,
And the Muezzin's call came, "*Illahu!*
Allah-il-Allah!"

In the mosque, our Lord
(On whom be peace) stood by the mimbar-board,
In act to bow and *Fâtihah* forth to say.
But, while his lips moved, some strong hand did lay
Over his mouth a palm invisible,
So that no voice on the assembly fell.
Ya! Rabbi 'lalamîna—thrice he tried
To read, and thrice the sound of reading died,
Stayed by this unseen touch. Thereat amazed,
Our Lord Muhammad turned, arose, and gazed,
And saw—alone of all within the shrine—
A splendid Presence, with large eyes divine

Beaming, and golden pinions folded down,
Their speed still tokened by the fluttered gown:
Gabriel he knew, the Spirit who doth stand
Chief of the Sons of Heav'n, at God's right hand;
"Gabriel! why stay'st thou me?" the Prophet said,
"Since at this hour *the Fâtihah* should be read."
But the bright Presence, smiling, pointed where
Âli towards the outer gate drew near,
Upon the threshold shaking off his shoes,
And giving "alms of entry," as men use.
"Yea!" spake th' Archangel, "sacred is the sound
Of morning praise, and worth the world's great round,
Though earth were pearl and silver; therefore I
Stayed thee, Muhammad, in the act to cry,
Lest Âli, tarrying in the lane, should miss,
For his good deed, its blessing and its bliss."

Thereat the Archangel vanished, and our Lord
Read *Fâtihah* forth beneath the mimbar-board.

Us, too, Mujîb! in hearing keep;
Better is prayer than food or sleep!

46

اَلْوَاسِعُ

"All-comprehending One," Al-Wasi'h! we
By this name also praise and honour Thee.

TURN, wheresoe'er ye be, to Mecca's stone,
For this is holy, and your Lord doth hear;
Thitherwards turn!—so hath all Islâm one
Heart to its thought and harbour of its prayer.

But Allah's house eastwards and westwards lies,
Northwards and southwards. He is everywhere:
Whithersoever way ye bend your eyes,
Face to face are ye with Al-Wasi'h there.

It is not righteousness to kneel aright
Fronting the *Kiblah*; but to rightly hold
Of God, and of His judgment, and the bright
Bands of His Angels; and what truth is told

In the sure Korân by God's holy Prophet;
To succour orphans, strangers, suppliants, kin;
Your gold and worldly treasure—to give of it
Ransom for captives, alms which mercy win:

To keep your covenants when ye covenant;
Your woes and sufferings patiently to bear,
Being the will of God:—this is to front
Straight for the *Kiblah:* this is faith and fear.[1]

Abounding Lord! in every place
Is built the Mecca of Thy grace.

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[1] Cf. Korân, ii. chapter "Of the Cow."

47

الْحَاكِمُ
الْمُطْلَقُ

Al-Hâkim! Judge of all the judges! show
Mercy to us and make us justice know.

ONLY one Judge is just, for only One
Knoweth the hearts of men; and hearts alone
Are guilty or are guiltless. That which lied
Was not the tongue—he is a red dog tied.

And that which slew was not the hand ye saw
Grasping the knife—she is a slave whose law
The master gives, seated within the tent;
The hand was handle to the instrument;

The dark heart murdered. O believers! leave
Judgment to Heav'n—except ye do receive
Office and order to accomplish this;
Then honourable, and terrible, it is.

The Prophet said:[1] "At the great day of doom
Such fear on the most upright judge shall come
That he shall moan, 'Ah! would to God that I
Had stood for trial, and not sate to try!'"

He said: "The Angels of the Scales will bring
Just and unjust who judged before Heav'n's King,
Grasping them by the neck; and, if it be,
One hath adjudged his fellows wickedly,

"He shall be hurled to hell so vast a height
'Tis forty years' fierce journey ere he light;

[1] Cf. the Mishkât-al-Mâsâbîh.

But if one righteously hath borne the rod,
The Angels kiss those lips which spake for God."

Lord! make us just, that we may be
A little justified with Thee.

48

اَلْوَدُوْدُ

"The Loving"—Al-Wadood! ah, title dear,
Whereby Thy children praise Thee, free of fear.

SWEET seem your wedded days; and dear and tender
Your children's talk; brave 'tis to hear the tramp
Of pastured horses; and to see the splendour
Of gold and silver plunder; and to camp

With goats and camels by the bubbling fountain;
And to drink fragrance from the desert wind,
And to sit silent on the mighty mountain;
And all the joys which make life bright and kind.

But ye have heard of streams more brightly flowing
Than those whereby ye wander; of a life
Glorious and glad and pure beyond earth's knowing;
Love without loss, and wealth without the strife.

Lo! we have told you of the golden Garden
Kept for the Faithful, where the soil is still
Wheat-flour and musk and camphire, and fruits harden
To what delicious savour each man will

Upon the Tooba tree; which bends its cluster
To him that doth desire, bearing all meat;
And of the sparkling fountains which out-lustre
Diamonds and emeralds, running clear and sweet,

Tasmîn and Salsabîl, whose lucent waters
Are rich, delicious, undistracting wine;

And of the Houris, pleasure's perfect daughters,
Virgins of Paradise, whose black eyes shine

Soul-deep with love and languor, having tresses
Night-dark, with scents of the gold-blooming date
And scarlet roses; lavishing caresses
That satisfy, but never satiate;

Whose looks refrain from any save their lover,
Whose peerless limbs and bosoms' ivory swell
Are like the ostrich egg which feathers cover
From stain and dust, so white and rounded well:

Dwelling in marvellous pavilions, builded
Of hollow pearls, wherethrough a great light shines—
Cooled by soft breezes and by glad suns gilded—
On the green pillows where the Blest reclines.

A rich reward it shall be, a full payment
For life's brief trials and sad virtue's stress,
When friends with friends, clad all in festal raiment,
Share in deep Heaven the Angels' happiness;

Nay, and full payment, though ye give those pleasures
Which make life dear, to fight and die for faith,
Rendering to God your wives and flocks and treasures,
That He may pay you tenfold after death.

For, if the bliss of Paradise, transcending
Delights of earth, should win ye to be bold,
Yet know, this glory hath its crown and ending
In Allah's grace, which is the Joy untold,

The Utmost Bliss. Beyond the Happy River
The justified shall see God's face in Heaven,

Live in His sweet goodwill,[1] and taste for ever
Al-Wadood's[2] love, unto His children given.

Yea! for high Heaven's felicity
Is but the shadow, Lord, of Thee.

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[1] Cf. Korân, ix. chapter "Of Repentance."

[2] Cf. Korân, lxxxv. chapter "Of Zodiacal Signs."

49

اَلْمَجِيدُ

Al-Majîd! Glorious Lord upon the Throne,[1]
With this great name we praise Thee, Sovereign One!

By the Heavens, walled with silver signs and towers!
By the Promised Day!
By the Witness and the Witnessed; and the Way
Of righteousness!—this glorious Book of ours
Lieth treasured up in Heaven,
As 'twas given
On the mighty "Night of Powers;"
And its easy bond is this,
The which to keep is bliss:

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[1] Cf. Korân, lxxxv. chapter "Of Celestial Signs."

"None save Glorious Allah serve;
Never from His precepts swerve;
Honour teacher, father, mother;
Unto him who is thy brother,
Unto kindred, friends also,
Orphans, suppliants, sad ones, show
Gentleness and help; to each
Speak with kind and courteous speech.
Give in alms that thou may'st spare,
And be constant in thy prayer." [1]

Allah al-Majîd! Thy favour grant,
That we may keep this covenant.

---

[1] Cf. Korân, ii. chapter "Of the Heifer."

50

اَلْبَاعِثُ

Al-Bâhith! Opener of the Tombs! we praise
Thy power, which unto life the dead can raise.

Iblis spake to Abraham:
"What is this thy Lord hath told thee?
Shall the Resurrection be
When the mouldering clods enfold thee?
Nay! and if a man might rise,
Buried whole, in heedful wise,
See you carcase, tempest-beaten—
Part the wandering fox hath eaten,
Part by fishes hath been torn,
Part the sea-fowl hence have borne;

Never back those fragments can
Come to him who was a man."

Abraham spake unto his Lord:[1]
"Show me how is wrought this wonder;
Can Thy resurrection be
When a man's dust lies asunder?"

"Art thou therefore not believing,"
Allah said, "because deceiving
Iblîs fills with lies thy heart?"
"Nay," he answered, "but impart
Knowledge, Mightiest One and Best!
That my heart may be at rest."

God said: "Take, thou doubting one!
Four birds from among My creatures;
Sever each bird's head, and so

[1] Cf. Korân, ii. chapter "Of the Heifer."

Mingle feathers, forms, and features,
That the fragments shall not be
Knowable to such as ye.
Into four divide the mass,
Then upon the mountains pass,
On four peaks a portion lay,
And, returning homeward, say,
'By the name and power of God—
Who hath made men of the clod,
And hath said the dead shall rise—
Birds! fly hither in such wise
As ye lived.' And they shall come,
Perfect, whole, and living, home."

Thereupon Al-Khalîl took
A raven, eagle, dove, and cock;
From their bodies shore the heads,

Cut the four fowl into shreds,
Mingled all their mass together,
Blood and bone, and flesh and feather;
Then, dividing this four-wise,
Laid it where four peaks did rise
Two to south and two to north.
Then the dove's head held he forth,
Crying, "Come!" Lo! at the word
Cooed at his feet the slaughtered bird.
"Come, raven!" spake he: as he spoke,
On glossy wing, with eager croak,
Flew round the raven. Then he said,
"Return! thou cock:" the cock obeyed.
Lastly the eagle summoned he,
Which circling came, on pinions free,
Restored and soaring to the sky,
With perfect plumes and undimmed eye.

So in the Holy Book 'tis writ
How Abraham's heart at rest was set.

Why should we fear to yield our breath,
To Thee That art the Lord of Death?

51

ٱلشَّهِيدُ

Ash-Shahíd! God is "Witness!" and He took
Witness of us, ye People of the Book!

THE spirits of the Prophets came at morn
To Sinai, summoned by their Lord's command,
Singers and seers;—those born and those unborn,
The chosen souls of men, a solemn band.

The noble army ranged, in viewless might,
Around that mountain peak which pierces heaven;
Greater and lesser teachers, sons of light;
Their number was ten thousand score and seven.

Then Allah took a covenant with His own,
Saying, "My wisdom and My word receive;

eak of Me unto men, known or unknown,
Heard or unheard; bid such as will, believe."

And there shall come apostles, guiding ye,
Jesus, Muhammad: follow them and aid!
re you resolved, and will you war for Me?"
"We are resolved, O Lord of all!" they said.

Bear witness then!" spake Allah, "souls most dear,
I am your Lord and ye heralds of Mine."
henceforward through all lands His Prophets bear
The message of the mystery divine.[1]

Allah-ash-Shahid! make us to hear
The errand that Thy children bear.

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[1] Cf. Korân, iii. chapter "Of Imran's Family."

52

الحَقّ

O Thou, the Truth! when so Thy name we call,
All's said that need be said, sith Thou art all.

Truth and all truth He is! serve Him alone
Who hath none other by nor near His Throne;
Unto all sins is Allah's pardon given
Except what giveth Him partners in Heaven,[1]
Being Apart, Exalted, Truth and Light,
Only and wholly—hold thou this aright!

Ya Hakk! true God! never with Thee
Can other or can equal be.

---

[1] Cf. Korân, iv. chapter "Of Women."

53

وَكِيلٌ

Alai kul shay Wakîl[1] *Guardian of all!*
By this name trustfully on Thee we call.

VERILY God is guard!
What other hath created you, and made
Men gone before, and earth's foundations laid
So broad and hard,
To be your dwelling-place;
And Heaven's star-jewelled face
Arched for your roof-top; and the tender rain
Sent down at the due season, whereby grain

[1] Cf. Korân, ii. chapter "Of the Heifer."

Groweth, and clustered gold
Of dates, and grapes that hold
The purple and the amber honey-juice?
These for your use
Your Lord and "Agent" gave.
Make Him no peers, nor other guardian have.

Allah-al-Wakîl! Thy wards are we;
Have us in Thy fidelity.

54

ٱلْقَوِيّ

Thou mighty One! Whose mercy hath upraised
Mankind to praise Thee, be Thou hereby praised!

CONSIDER them that serve
The false gods, how they lay in golden dishes
Honey and fruits and fishes
Before their idols; and the green fly comes,
Shoots through the guarded gates, and hums
Scorn of their offering, stealing what she will;
And none of these great gods the thief can kill,
So swift she is and small:
And none of all

Can make one little fly, for all their state;
So feeble are they, and so falsely great.[1]
Ye people of the stocks and stones! herein
A parable is set against your sin.
But Allah high doth rule
Whose hand made all things, being "Powerful."

Al-Kawî! King of power and might!
Be Thy hand o'er us day and night!

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[1] Cf. Korân, xxii. chapter "Of Believers."

55

اَلْمَتِينُ

Allah-al-Mateen! "Firm" is our Lord and fast;
Praise Him Who doth uphold Thee to the last.

By the Angels ranged in ranks,

And the Rain-cloud Drivers,

And the Reciters of the word, "Thy God is one,"

Firm is our Lord!

Of the heavens the tent-pole,

Al-Watad; and of earth

Habl-al-Mateen, the sure Cord:[1]

By this thy soul

Holdeth, from birth:

[1] Cf. Korân, iii. chapter "Of the Family of Imran."

Fast is the cord, and sure;
They only shall endure
Who dwell beneath the mighty tent upholden
By *Al-Watad*,[1] the Golden.

Stay of Thy servants, Al-Mateen!
In Thee is strong deliverance seen.

---

[1] Cf. Korân, lxxviii. chapter "Of the Information."

56

اَلْوَلِيُّ

Al-Walî! Nearest of all friends, and Best,
So praise your Lord, Whose help is mightiest.

CLOSE is He always to His faithful ones,
But closer dwelt they in the times of old.
Hath it come to ye what Al-Baidhâwi
Presenteth of the days of Abraham,
Whom Allah called His "Friend," and like a friend
Softly entreated,[1] stooping out of Heaven
To help and comfort him so dear to God?
Ofttimes the Angels of his Lord would light
Familiarly, with folded wings, before

[1] Cf. Korân, iv. chapter "Of Women."

The curtain of his tent, conversing there;
Ofttimes, on thorny flats of wilderness,
Or in the parched pass, or the echoing cave,
The very voice of God would thrill his ears;
And he might answer, as a man with man,
Hearing and speaking things unspeakable.
Wherefore, no marvel that he gave his son
At Allah's bidding, and had back his son—
Patient and safe—when the wild goat came down
And hung amid the nebbuk by his horns,
On Thabîr, nigh to Mecca, in the vale
Of Mina;[1] and the knife of Abraham
Reddened with unwept blood.
There had fall'n drought
Upon the land, and all the mouths he fed
Hungered for meal; therefore Al-Khalîl sent

[1] Cf. Korân, xxxvii. chapter "Of the Ranged."

Messengers unto Egypt—to a lord
Wealthy and favourable, having store
Of grain and cattle by the banks of Nile.
"Give unto Abraham," the message said,
"A little part for gold, yet more for love—
(As he had given, if the strait were thine)
Meal of the millet, lentil, wheat, and bean,
That he and his may live; for drought hath come
Upon our fields and pastures, and we pine."
Spake the Egyptian lord, "Lo! now ye ask
O'ermuch of me for friendliness, and more
Than gold can buy, since dearth hath also come
Over our fields, and nothing is to spare.
Yet had it been to succour Abraham,
And them that dwell beneath his tent, the half
Of all we hold had filled your empty sacks.
But he will feed people we wot not of,

Poor folk, and hungry wanderers of the waste:
The which are nought to us, who have of such,
If there were surplusage. Therefore return;
Find food elsewhere!"

Then said the messengers
One to another, "If we shall return
With empty sacks, our master's name, so great
For worship in the world, will suffer shame,
And men will say he asked and was denied."
Therefore they filled their sacks with white sea-sand
Gathered by Gaza's wave, and sorrowfully
Journeyed to Kedar, where lay Abraham,
To whom full privately they told this thing,
Saying, "We filled the sacks with snow-white sand,
Lest thy great name be lessened 'mongst the folk,

Seeing us empty-handed; for the man
Denied thee corn; since thou wouldst give, quoth he,
To poor folk and to wanderers of the waste,
And there are hungry mouths enough by Nile."

Then was the heart of Abraham sore, because
The people of his tribe drew round to share
The good food brought, and all the desert trooped
With large-eyed mothers and their pining babes,
Certain of succour if the sheikh could help.
So did the spirit of Al-Khalîl sink
That into swoon he fell, and lay as one
Who hath not life. But Sarai, his wife—
That knew not—bade her maidens bring a sack,
Open its mouth, and knead some meal for cakes.
And when the sack was opened, there showed flour,
Fine, three times bolted, whiter than sea-sand;

Which in the trough they kneaded, rolling cakes,
And baking them over the crackling thorns;
So that the savour spread throughout the camp
Of new bread smoking, and the people drew
Closer and thicker, as ye see the herds
Throng—horn, and wool, and hoof—at watering-time,
When after fiery leagues, the wells are reached.

But Abraham, awaking, smelled the bread:
"Whence," spake he unto Sarai, "hast thou meal,
Wife of my bosom? for the smell of bread
Riseth, and lo! I see the cakes are baked."
"By God! Who is the only One," she said,
"Whence should it come save from thy friend who sent,
The lord of Egypt?" "Nay!" quoth Abraham,
And fell upon his face, low-worshipping,

it this hath come from the dear mighty hands
Allah—of the Lord of Egypt's lords—
'Friend,' and King, and Helper: now my folk
l live and die not. Glory be to God!"

He that hath Allah for a friend,
To want and woe hath put the end.

57

الحَمِيدُ

Rich to reward your Lord is; oh, do ye
Praise Al-Hamîd, the "Ever-praiseworthy!"

PRAISE Him by alms; and when ye help believers,
Mar not your gifts with grudging word or will;
Since ye at Allah's hands are free receivers,
Freely bestow. A garden on a hill

Is as a likeness of that fair compassion
Shown for the sake of God: the heavy rain
Descendeth, and the dew; and every fashion
Of good seed springs tenfold in fruit and grain.

The likeness of the evil heart, bestowing
That men may praise, is as the thin-clad peak,
Wherefrom the rain washes all soil for growing,
Leaving the hard rock naked, fruitless, bleak.

Say, will ye plant on rock or plenteous garden?
Grow nought, or grow green vines that shade afford?—
Forgive your brethren as ye ask for pardon;
Give as ye have received, and praise your Lord![1]

Allah-al-Hamîd! what tongue can tell
Thy goodness, ever-laudable?

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[1] Cf. Korân, ii. chapter "Of the Heifer."

58

اَلْمُحْصِى

Al-Mûhsi! The "Accountant!" laud Him so
Who reckoneth up the deeds men do below.

"IN GOD'S NAME, MERCIFUL, COMPASSIONATE!"

WHEN Earth shall quake with quaking,[1]
And cast her burden forth
Of corpses; and live men
Shall ask—with terror shaking—
"What aileth Earth?" that day
She shall reply, and say

---

[1] Cf. Korân, xcix. chapter "Of the Earthquake."

That which her Lord commands:

And men shall come in bands,

ıis side and that side, ranged to show

ıeir works, and the account to know.

ıd he that wrought of good a red ant's weight

Shall see it writ:

nd who did evil, aye! as the skin of a date,

Shall witness it.

Al-Mûhsi! dread Accountant! look
In mercy on our judgment-book.

59

اَلْمُبْدِئُ

Al-Mubdî! praise Him by this holy name,
Who gave to all the spark which lights life's flame.

WHENCE came ye; and the people of the groves;
The streams, the seas, the wilderness, the air;
Beasts, fishes, fowl; each with their lives and loves,
Each glad to be, each in its kind so fair?

"Begotten of their like?" Yea! but "their like,"
Who did devise that, and the hidden charm
Whereby—as flame from torch to torch doth strike—
The light of life shines on, bright, joyous, warm?

Al-Mubdî hath devised it! His decree
In the beginning shaped and ordered each,
Saying to all these things foreseen, "So be!"
And so they were, obeying Allah's speech.

Al-Mubdî! "Great Beginner!" take
Our praises, for life's pleasant sake!

60

ٱلْمُعِيدُ

He made life—and He takes it—but instead
Gives more; praise the Restorer, Al-Mu'hid!

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort faithful friends

Faithful friends! it lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdullah's dead!"
Weeping at my feet and head;
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your cries and prayers;
Yet I smile, and whisper this—
"I am not that thing you kiss;

Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! what the women lave,
For its last bed in the grave,
Is a tent which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room;
The wearer, not the garb; the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from the splendid stars.

Loving friends! be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye;
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.

'Tis an empty sea-shell, one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of His treasury,
A mind which loved Him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in His store!

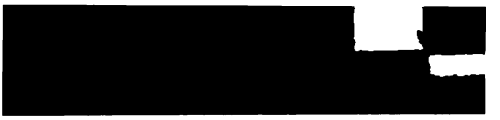
Allah Mu'hîd, Allah most good!
Now Thy grace is understood;
Now my heart no longer wonders
What Al-Barsakh[1] is, which sunders

[1] Cf. Korân, xxiii. chapter "Of Believers."

Life from death, and death from Heaven;
Nor the "Paradises Seven"
Which the happy dead inherit;
Nor those "birds" which bear each spirit
Towards the Throne, "green birds and white,"
Radiant, glorious, swift their flight!
Now the long, long darkness ends,
Yet ye wail, my foolish friends,
While the man whom ye call "dead"
In unbroken bliss instead
Lives, and loves you; lost, 'tis true
By any light which shines for you;
But in light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity,
And enlarging Paradise,
Lives the life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face
A heart-beat's time, a grey ant's pace.
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will marvel why ye wept;
Ye will know, by true love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,
Sunshine still must follow rain!
Only not at death, for death—
Now I see—is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, that is of all life centre.

Know ye Allah's law is love,
Viewed from Allah's Throne above:



Be ye firm of trust, and come
Faithful onward to your home!
"*La Allah illa Allah*! Yea,
Mu'hîd! Restorer! Sovereign!" say!

He who died at Azan gave
This to those that made his grave.

61

المُحيِي

Al-Mo'hyî! the "Quickener!" hereby
Praise Him Whom Angels praise eternally.

"And of His signs is this,"[1] saith the Great Book;
"Under the angry sun the slain earth—look!—
Dries up to dust; dies every growing thing;
Then blow we breaths of southern wind which bring
Rain-dropping clouds, and see! the dead earth lives,
And stirs, and swells; and every herb revives.
So shall the dead be quickened by His breath,
This is Al-Mo'hyî's sign," the Great Book saith.

O thou believer! shall it be
He saves the green thing, and not thee?

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[1] Cf. Korân, xli. chapter "Of Signs Explained."

62

اَلْمُمِيتُ

He quickeneth, but "He killeth:" blessed they
Who may abide in trust that final day!

YEA! some have found right good to hear the summons of their Lord,
And gone as glad as warriors proud, who take up spear and sword
At sounding of the song of fight; as light of heart as those
For whom the bride unveileth her mouth of pearl and rose.

Jelalu-'d-'Din, Er-Rumi, the saint of Balkh, the son

Of him surnamed "Flower of the Faith," this was a
chosen one,
To whom Death softly showed himself, Heaven's gen-
tle
call to give;
For what word is it bids us die, save that which mad-
e
us live?

Sick lay he there in Konya; 'twas dawn; the golden-
n
stream
Of light, new springing in the east, on his thin lips
did gleam—
Those lips which spake the praise of God all through
his holy years,
And murmured now, with faith and hope unchanged,
the morning prayers.

Then one who watched beside his bed, heard at the
inner gate

voice cry, "*Aftah!* 'open!' from far I come, and wait
To speak my message to Jelâl—a message that will bring
Peace and reward to him who lies the *Fâtihah* murmuring."

Thereat the watcher drew the bar which closed the chamber-door,
Wondering and 'feared, for ne'er was heard upon this earth before
Accents so sweet and comforting, nor ever eyes of men
Saw presence so majestical as his who entered then.

Entered with gliding footsteps a bright celestial youth,
Splendid and strange in beauty, past words to speak its truth;

Midnight is not so dark and deep as was his solemn
gaze,
By love and pity lighted, as the night with silvery
rays.

"What is thy name?" the watcher asked, "that I may
tell my lord,
Thou fair and dreadful messenger! whose glance is as
a sword;
Whose face is like the Heaven unveiled; whose tender
searching voice
Maketh the heart cease beating, but bids the soul
rejoice."

"AZRAEL ANA," spake the shape, "I am the Spirit of
Death;
And I am sent from Allah's throne to stay thy master's
breath."

"Come in! come in! thou Bird of God," cried joyously Jelâl,
"Fold down thy heavenly plumes and speak!—Islâm! what shall be, shall."

"Thou blessed one!" the Angel said, "I bring thy time of peace;
When I have touched thee on the eyes, life's latest ache will cease;
God bade me come as I am seen amid the heavenly host,
No enemy of awful mould, but he who loveth most."

"Dear Angel! do what thou art bid," quoth Jelâl, smilingly,
"God willing, thou shalt find to-day a patient one in me;

Sweet is the cup of bitterness which cometh in such
wise!"

With that he bowed his saintly brow,—and Azrael
kissed his eyes.

Al-Mumît! "Slayer!" send him thus,
In love, not anger, unto us.

63

الحَيّ

Praise Him, Al-Hayy the "Ever-living" King,
Who to eternal life His own doth bring.

SAITH the Book: "Count not as dead[1]
Such as for the Faith have bled;
Stark and red their bodies lie,
But their souls are in the sky,
Resident with God, who grants
All for which the spirit pants.
Joyful are they, resting there
Free from sorrow, pain, or fear;

[1] Cf. Korân, iii. chapter "Of Imran's Family."

Watching us who, left in life,
Are not quit, as yet, of strife;
But shall soon attain, to share
Allah's mercies, and declare—
Side by side with those—that He
Showeth grace eternally,
And withholdeth not the pay
At the ending of the day.

Ya-Haiy! Thou ever-living Lord,
Be ours such work and such reward.

64

صَبَّةٌ
اَلْقَيُّومُ

Magnify Him. Al-Kaiyum; and so call
The "Self-subsisting" God Who judgeth all.

WHEN the trumpet shall sound,
On that day,[1]
The wicked, slow-gathering,
Shall say,
"Is it long we have lain in our graves?
For it seems as an hour!"
Then will Israfil call them to judgment;
And none shall have power

[1] Cf. Korân, xx. chapter "Of T. H."

To turn aside, this way or that;
And their voices will sink
To silence, except for the sounding
Of a noise, like the noise on the brink
Of the sea, when its stones
Are dragged with a clatter and hiss
Down the shore, in the wild breakers' roar:
The sound of their woe shall be this!

Then they who denied
That He liveth Eternal, "Self-made,"
Shall call to the mountains to crush them;
Amazed and affrayed.

Thou Self-subsistent, Living Lord!
Thy grace against that day afford.

65

اَلْوَاجِدُ

Al-Wâjid! praise hereby that Watchful One
Whose eyes see all things underneath the sun.

By the Ten holy eves and the Dawns of gold![1]
By the One and the Manifold!
By the deepening of the Darkness of the night!
(And these be oaths of might:)
Hast thou considered what with Ad God wrought,
And whereunto He brought
Proud Iram of the pillared throne,
Whose like no other land did own;

[1] Cf. Korân, lxxxix. chapter "Of Daybreak."

And Thamûd's race, which hewed houses of rocks;
And Pharaoh, strong for shocks
As is a tent with tent-pegs driven deep?[1]
Lo! these their haughty state did keep,
And multiply their wickedness;
Till Allah, who long-suffering hath,
Laid upon them the scourges of His wrath.

Verily, as a "watch-tower" is your Lord.
Lo! if ye knew this, would ye shut your hoard
When the poor cry; devour the weak; and love
Your riches more than treasures stored above?
Ho! when the earth's bones crack,
And, rank on rank, the angels gather,
And hell's black gates fly back,

[1] The Arabic word *Watad* bears this signification.

How will each say, "Would God in life's fair weather,
I had bethought me of this storm of hell!"

But then it shall be well
For thee, thou soul! to-day uncomforted,
Who know'st that Allah sees;
And patiently awaitest till He please
Call thee to comfort, praising Him and praised.
Joyous thou shalt be raised
To Paradise, hearing His angels say,
"Enter, and be exceeding glad to-day!"

Al-Wâjid! "Watcher!" save by grace,
Who shall attain that happy place!

66

ٱلْوَاحِدُ

Wâhid! The "One!" ye faithful, say herein
Sura Al-I'hlâs,[1] *cleansing souls from sin.*

"IN GOD'S NAME, MERCIFUL, COMPASSIONATE!"

SAY: "He is God alone,

Eternal on the Throne.

Of none begotten, and begetting none,

Who hath not like unto Him any one!"[2]

Ya Wâhid! Holy! Only! we
Thus do declare Thy unity.

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[1] This name is given to the Sura as "clearing oneself" from heresy.

[2] Cf. Korân, cxii. chapter "Of Unity."

67

اَلصَّمَدُ

As-Samad! the "Eternal!" by this name
Laud Him Who will be, was, and is the Same.

Of Heaven's prodigious years man wotteth nought;
The "Everlasting!"—hast thou strained thy thought
Searching that depth, which numbs the seeking mind
As too much light the eager gaze doth blind?
The years of men are measured by the sun,
And were not, until he his course begun;
And will not be, when his gold dial dies:
But God lived while no sun shone in the skies;
And shall be living when all worlds are dead:
Yet hereof, though ye see the truth is said,

Ye take no more the meaning than one takes
Measure of ocean by the cup that slakes
His thirst, from rillet running to the sea.

Behind—before ye, shines Eternity,
Visible as the vault's fathomless blue,
Which is so deep the glance goes never through,
Though nothing stays save depth: so is it seen
That Allah must be ever, and hath been;
Seen, but not comprehended—for man's wit
Knows this, yet knows—not understanding it.

Mete ye not Allah's times by man's: life gives
No measure of the Life Divine which lives
Unending, uncommenced, having no stay
Of yesterday, to-morrow, or to-day;

Being for ever one unbroken Now
Where past and future come not.
Heard'st thou how,
What time fair Zion was given to sword and flame,
Ozair[1] the Jew upon his camel came
Over those hills which ring the sea of Lot,[2]
So that one footstep and—ye see her not,
And then another—and the city comes
Full upon view with all her milk-white domes.
But the Chaldean now had spoiled the place,
And desolate and waste was Zion's face,
Her proud abodes unpeopled, and her ways
Heaped with charred beams and lintels. Ozair says,
"O Lord! who promised to Jerusalem
Comfort and peace; and for her sons, to them

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[1] Identified by some commentators with Ezra of Scripture.
[2] The Dead Sea.

A glad return, how shall Thy word be kept
When fire and steel over these roofs have swept,
And she, that was a queen, lies dead and black,
A smoking ruin, where the jackals pack?
A hundred years were not enough to give
Life back to Zion! Can she ever live?"

But while he spake, the Angel of the Lord
Laid on his doubting front a fiery sword,
And Ozair in that lonely desert spot
Fell prone, and lay—breathing and moving not—
One hundred years, while the great world rolled on,
And Zion rose, and mighty deeds were done.
And when the hundred years were flown, God said,
"Awake, Ozair! how long hast tarried,
Thinkest thou, here?" Ozair replied, "A day,
Perchance, or half." The awful Voice said, "Nay!

But look upon thy camel." Of that beast
Nought save white bones was left: no sign, the least,
Of flesh, or hair, or hide: the desert grass
Was matted o'er its shanks, and roots did pass
From a gnarled fig-tree through the eye-pits twain,
And in and out its ribs grew the vervain.
But 'mid the moulderings of its saddle-bags
And crimson carpet, withered into rags,
A basket, full of new-picked dates, stood there
Beside a cruise of water, standing where
He set them fresh, twice fifty years ago;
And all the dates were golden with the glow
Of yestreen's sunset, and the cruise's rim
Sparkled with water to the very brim.
"Ozair!" the awful Voice spake, "look on these!
He maketh and unmaketh what shall please;

Saves or destroys, restores or casts away;
And centuries to Him are as a day;
And cities all as easy to revive
As this thy camel here, which now shall live."

Thereon the skull and bones together crept
From tangled weed and sand where they had slept;
The hide and hair came, and the flesh filled in,
The eyes returned their hollow pits within,
The saddle-bags upon its haunches hung,
The carpet on the saddle-horns was flung,
The nose-rope from the muzzle fell. The beast
Rose from its knees, and would have made to feast
On the green herbage where its bones had lain,
But that it heard bells of a caravan
Coming from Kedron, and with glad cry roared.
Then Ozair looked, and saw—newly restored—

Zion's fair walls and temples, and a crowd
Of citizens; and traffic rich and loud
In her white streets; and knew time should not be
Reckoned 'gainst Him who hath eternity.

As-Samad! Everlasting One!
Thy times are good: Thy will be done.

68

ٱلْقَدَرُ

Al-Kadar! He is "Providence!" hereby
The Lord of all things living magnify.

WHEN ye say *Kismat*, say it wittingly,
O true believers! under Allah's throne
Place is not left for those accursed three,
"Destiny," "Fortune," "Chance." Allah alone

Ruleth His children: *Kismat* ye shall deem
Each man's "allotted portion," from of old
Fixed for his part in the Eternal scheme
By those great Hands which all the worlds enfold.

Sayeth "the Book:" "There passeth no man's soul
Except by God's permission, and the Speech
Writ in the scroll determining the whole,
The times of all men, and the times for each."[1]

Also it sayeth: "If a man shall choose
This world's reward, to him it shall be given;
And if a man shall dare his life to lose
For Paradise, he shall be paid in Heaven."[2]

Ya Kadar! "Ruler!" teach us still,
Islâm, submission to Thy will.

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[1] Cf. Korân, iii. chapter "Of Imran's Family."
[2] Cf. Korân, ii. chapter "Of the Cow."

69

ٱلْمُقْتَدِرُ

Al-Muktadir! the "Powerful!" by this
Praise we the Word, whence cometh woe and bliss.

VERILY, all things—saith "the Book"[1]—We made,
Decreeing; and Our bidding was one word,
Quick, as the twinkling of an eye; and all,
Whatever things men do, stands in the scrolls,
Where great and small alike are written down;
And then shall surely come the Hour—the Hour!
And bitter for the sinners it will be
When they are dragged, upon their faces, down
To hell, and taste the touch of fire; but sweet

[1] Cf. Korân, liv. chapter "Of the Moon."

Will it be for the pious—these shall sit
'Mid streams and gardens in the seat of truth,
Happy, near Muktadir, the Mighty One.

Grant us that seat of truth to see,
Almighty Allah! nigh to Thee.

70, 71

المقدم المؤخر

Mukaddim! Muwakhir! by these names still
Praise Him Who hath forewarned, and doth fulfil.

When the trumpet shall be ringing,
Then the threatened Day hath come,
Every soul to judgment bringing.[1]

Each soul shall itself deliver
With two Angels, unto doom,
With a Witness and a Driver.

He that driveth shall say, "Vainly
Warned we thee, till this upholding
Of the veil: now thou seest plainly."

[1] Cf. Koran, l. chapter "Of K."

And the Witness by his side,
He shall say, a scroll unfolding,
"This is what I testified."

Loud shall sound th' award eternal:
"Hurl to hell the misbelievers,
Sinners, liars;—let infernal

"Torments seize perverse transgressors!"
Then will speak the wan deceivers,
Seeking pleas and intercessors.

But the awful Voice shall thunder,
"Wrangle not in Allah's hearing'
Many a sign and many a wonder

"Did forwarn ye of repentance;[1]
Time is past for more forbearing;
Not with Us is change of sentence."

Heaven shall say to Hell that morning,
"Art thou full?" Hell shall inquire,
"Hast thou others?" blackly yawning

With choked gullet. But believing
Souls will see, brought nigh and nigher,
Paradise's gates, receiving

Those to whom We promised Heaven,
"Patient ones! for ever striving
Towards the Merciful! forgiven

[1] The text is قد مت اليكم الوعيد, "I put forth unto you the menace."

Are your falterings; enter ye
Into peace; now is arriving
The great Day of eternity."

Forewarner and Fulfiller! we
Confess with dread Thine equity.

72, 73, 74, 75

اَلْاَوَّلُ وَ
اَلْاٰخِرُ وَ
اَلظَّاهِرُ وَ
اَلْبَاطِنُ

Awwal! Âkhir! Thâhir! Batin! these four
Be "Mothers of the Names;"[1] *thy Lord adore,*
Speaking such words as do Him truly call
Essence and Substance, First and Last in all.

SURA the seven and fiftieth:[2] there is writ
The holy verse which keeps the charge of it;

[1] These four divine titles are known by the technical appellation of "The Mothers of the Names," being regarded as fundamental and all-comprehensive.

[2] Cf. Korân, lvii. chapter "Of Iron," v. 3.

The verse which all the names of Allah holdeth
As in one sky the silver stars all sit.

The chapter "of the Iron!"—and this script
Set on its forefront, as a hilt is tipped
With four-fold gold; or as a helm of steel
By some far-sparkling crest-gem is equipped.

"He is the First and Last"—this scripture shows—
"Outer and Inner, That which doth disclose,
And That which hides Itself; the Manifest,
The Secret; and all things and thoughts He knows."

"In six days earth and heaven He made alone,
Then reascended the Eternal Throne;

What entereth earth and issueth thence He sees,
And what goes up and down the sky is known"

"To Allah, Who is nigh where'er ye be,
And whatsoever deeds ye do doth see;
His is the kingdom of the earth and heaven;
All things return to Allah finally."

Beginning! End! Without! Within!
We celebrate Thy praise herein.

76

ٱلْوَالِي

Laud Him who governs governors and kings,
Angels, and Djins, and men, and living things.

Wot ye of Solomon's signet, graved of a sapphire in gold,
Graved with the great name of God, writ on the blue of the stone?
Wisdom and riches and power had he who that treasure did hold;
Safe in the strength of the signet he sate on his ivory throne.

Only King Solomon knew how the dread letters did flow,
What was the breathing of *Aleph*, where came the whispering *Yod*;

When he spake the ineffable Word, the sea-winds at bidding would blow;
And the hills yield their iron, and jewels, and gold, at the naming of God.

And out of the void of the sky, and up from the gulfs and the capes,
And forth from the caverns of earth, and down from the mountains of flame,
Flocked Demons with wonderful wings, and Ifreet of horrible shape,
And Djins, with red eyes, made of fire; Divs, Peris, and Giants, they came.

They came, at the call of *the name,* from Kâf, that engirdles the seas;
From the gloom of the tombs in the graveyard, from ruins on desolate ground;

From the pool and the marsh and the forest; from poisonous blossoms and trees;—

Monstrous or dwarfish,—constrained, enchained, subdued, by a sound;

The sound of the title of Allah, spoken so as the Angels speak:—

Nor spirits uncomely only, and evil; ethereal bands Thronged down from their heavenly houses, the Great King's service to seek,

Hearing that nameless Name which all things living commands.

And the fowl and the beasts were fain to gather, each creature by each,

When Solomon summoned hereby, pronouncing the mystical words.

Moreover, their dumb mouths opened, and the fly and
the bee had a speech;
And he knew the heart of the lions, and learned the
mind of the birds.

Thus is it writ how he marched by Tayf from the
Syrian land
Through the "Valley of Ants" and heard the cry
of that people of clay,
"Hide ye! hide in the earth! for there passeth
Solomon's band;
We are many and wise, but we die, if the king's foot
cometh this way."

And he laughed, but leaped to the ground, and bowed
his forehead and said,
"O Lord God! grant me to learn from the ant the
wit to be meek.

I am many and strong, and a king; yet Thou canst instantly tread
The pride of this earth to dust, and the strongest to Thee are but weak!"

Then he viewed the birds, and cried, "I see not amongst ye here
Al-Hudhud, the crested lapwing; what doth she to linger away?
Ill shall it fall for her, who seeketh us water clear,
If she find not a fountain for prayers before the ending of day!

But they tarried not long until the whirr of her speckled wings
Brought unto Solomon's feet the crested lapwing, who spake,

"I have seen a queen that is greater than any save thee, O King!
In Seba she reigneth majestic, and glorious kingship doth make.

"There hath she a marvellous throne of silver, figur with gold,
And the head of the throne is a moon in a jasper and emerald curve.
For her people worship the moon." And Solomon answered, "Behold!
Little bird! if thou liest not, this queen shall the Merciful serve!"

Thereafter the message went from the servant of God, the king:
"Solomon, son of David, to Balkis, queen of the south:

Peace be to them that follow the Name upon Solomon's ring;
Yield thee, and worship Allah; cursed is the idolatrous mouth."

Then Balkis sent him gifts, of gold bricks, yellow and red;
And beautiful slaves five hundred, with amber and musk; and a gem
Drilled with a crooked hole, which never a goldsmith could thread;
And a topaz of price, unpierced, and a diamond diadem.

He bade the sea-worm eat a way through the unpierced stone;
And the little ant carry a thread through the ruby's crooked drill.

"Doth she offer to Solomon gifts?" quoth he, on his ivory throne,
"We are richer than Seba's kingdom! By Allah!" said he, "I will

"That one of my slaves bring hither Queen Balkis' jewelled seat;
Thereby she shall learn that the glory is ours, and the knowledge and might."
Then Âsaf the wise commanded, and a Djin spread his pinions fleet,
And brought the moon-throne thither, and set it before them aright.

In a guarded house she had shut it, which a thousand bowmen kept,
But when she was come to Salem, lo! Solomon the king

Sate there on her own gold seat, and Balkis bowed her and wept,
Saying, "I pray thee, teach me the Name on thy signet ring!

"We have sinned against our souls, following lower Lords;
Our kingdom we give, and our goods, and our lives. and our spirits to thine."

. . . . . .

Such worship had he of old who knew *Al-Wâlî's* words
Which rule the rulers, and knew the sound of the Name Divine.[1]

Ya Wâlî! Gracious Lord! impart
True knowledge of Thee, as Thou art.

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[1] Cf. Korân, xxvii. chapter "Of the Ant."

77

اَلْمُتَعَالِ

Praise Him, Al-Mutâhâli! Whose decree
Is wiser than the wit of man can see.

'Tis written in the chapter "of the Cave,"[1]
An Angel of the Lord, a minister,
Had errands upon earth, and Moses said,
"Grant me to wend with thee, that I may learn
God's ways with men." The Angel, answering, said,
"Thou canst not bear with me; thou wilt not have
Knowledge to judge; yet if thou followest me,
Question me not, whatever I shall do,
Until I tell thee."

[1] Cf. Koran, xviii.

Then they found a ship
On the sea-shore, wherefrom the Angel struck
Her boards and brake them. Moses said, "Wilt drown
The mariners? this is a strange thing wrought?"
"Did I not say thou couldst not bear with me?"
The Angel answered—"be thou silent now!"

Yet farther, and they met an Arab boy:
Upon his eyes with mouth invisible
The Angel breathed; and all his warm blood froze,
And, with a moan, he sank to earth and died.
Then Moses said, "Slayest thou the innocent
Who did no wrong? this is a hard thing seen!"
"Did I not tell thee," said the Minister,
Thou wouldst not bear with me? question me not!"

Then came they to a village, where there stood
A lowly hut; the garden-fence thereof

Toppled to fall: the Angel thrust it down,
A ruin of grey stones, and lime, and tiles,
Crushing the lentils, melons, saffron, beans,
The little harvest of the cottage folk.
"What hire," asked Moses, "hadst thou for this dee
Seeming so evil?"
Then the Angel said,
"This is the parting betwixt me and thee;
Yet will I first make manifest the things
Thou couldst not bear, not knowing; that my Lord—
'Exalted above all reproach'—be praised.
The ship I broke serveth poor fisher-folk
Whose livelihood was lost, because there came
A king that way seizing all boats found whole;
Now have they peace. Touching the Arab boy:
In two moons he had slain his mother's son,
Being perverse; but now his brother lives,

Whose life unto his tribe was more, and he
Dieth blood-guiltless. For the garden wall:
Two goodly youths dwell there, offspring of one
That loved his Lord, and underneath the stones
The father hid a treasure, which is theirs.
This shall they find, building their ruin up,
And joy will come upon their house! But thou,
Journey no more with me, because I do
Nought of myself, but all by Allah's will."

Al-Mutâhâl! Maker of men,
Exalted art Thou past our ken.

78

اَلْبَرُّ

Praise Him, Al-Barr! Whose goodness is so great:
Who is so loving and compassionate.

PITY! for He is Pitiful;—a king
Is likest Allah, not in triumphing
'Mid enemies o'erthrown, nor seated high
On stately gold, nor if the echoing sky
Rings with his name, but when sweet mercy sways
His words and deeds. The very best man prays
For Allah's help, since feeble are the best;
And never shall man reach th' angelic rest
Save by the vast compassion of Heaven's King.
Our Prophet once, Ayesha answering,

Spake this: "I shall not enter that pure place,
Even I, except through Allah's covering grace."
Even our Lord (on him be peace!); oh, see!
If *he* besought the Sovereign Clemency,
How must we supplicate it? Truly thus
Great need there is of Allah's grace for us,
And that we live compassionate!

Hast seen
The record written of Salah-ud-Deen
The Sultan? how he met, upon a day,
In his own city on the public way,
A woman whom they led to die. The veil
Was stripped from off her weeping face, and pale
Her shamed cheeks were, and wild her dark fixed eye,
And her lips drawn with terror at the cry
Of the harsh people, and the rugged stones
Borne in their hands to break her, flesh and bones;

For the law stood that sinners such as she
Perish by stoning, and this doom must be;
So went the wan adulteress to her death.
High noon it was, and the hot khamseen's breath
Blew from the desert sands and parched the town.
The crows gasped, and the kine went up and down
With lolling tongues; the camels moaned; a crowd
Pressed with their pitchers, wrangling high and loud,
About the tank; and one dog by a well,
Nigh dead with thirst, lay where he yelped and fell,
Glaring upon the water out of reach,
And praying succour in a silent speech,
So piteous were its eyes. Which when she saw,
This woman from her foot her shoe did draw,
Albeit death-sorrowful, and looping up
The long silk of her girdle, made a cup

Of the heel's hollow, and thus let it sink
Until it touched the cool black water's brink;
So filled th' embroidered shoe, and gave a draught
To the spent beast, which whined, and fawned, and quaffed
Her kind gift to the dregs; next licked her hand,
With such glad looks that all might understand
He held his life from her; then, at her feet
He followed close, all down the cruel street,
Her one friend in that city.

But the king,
Riding within his litter, marked this thing,
And how the woman, on her way to die,
Had such compassion for the misery
Of that parched hound: "Take off her chain, and place
The veil once more above the sinner's face,

And lead her to her house in peace!" he said.
"The law is that the people stone thee dead
For that which thou hast wrought; but there is come,
Fawning around thy feet, a witness dumb,
Not heard upon thy trial; this brute beast
Testifies for thee, sister! whose weak breast
Death could not make ungentle. I hold rule
In Allah's stead, who is 'the Merciful,'
And hope for mercy; therefore go thou free—
I dare not show less pity unto thee!"

As we forgive—and more than we—
Ya Barr! good God! show clemency.

79

اَلتَّوَّابُ

Praise Him, Al-Tawwâb; if a soul repents,
Seven times and seventy times thy Lord relents.

AT the gates of Paradise,
Whence the angry Angels drave him,
Adam heard in gentle wise
Allah's whisper, which forgave him:
"Go," it said, "from this fair place,
Ye that sinned; yet not despairing;
Haply there shall come a grace
And a guidance; and in fearing

Me, and following My will,
Blessed shall your seed be still."[1]

Know ye not that God receives
Gladly back the soul which grieves?
Know ye not that He relents
Ere the sinner well repents?
Terribly His justice burns,
Easily His anger turns.[2]

Spake our Lord: "If one draw near
Unto God—with praise and prayer—
Half a cubit, God will go
Twenty leagues to meet him so.

[1] Cf. Korân, ii. chapter "Of the Heifer," v. 35.
[2] Cf. Korân, ix. chapter "Of Repentance."

He who walketh unto God,

God will run upon the road,

All the quicklier to forgive

One who learns at last to live."

Ya Tawwâb! for Thy mercy's sake,
Us to sweet peace and pity take.

80, 81

اَلْمُنْتَقِمُ و
اَلْغَفُوْ

"Forgiver!" and "Avenger!" worship Him
By these two names, Ghafoor and Muntakim.

[1] O Men, of dry clay moulded, as the potter moulds the jars;
O Djins, that We have fashioned from the smokeless fire of stars:
What terror of the Lord will ye abide?

He is Lord of east and west, He is Lord of south and north;

[1] Cf. Korân, lv. chapter "Of the Merciful."

And the seas obey the limits which He set them,
pouring forth:

What terror of the Lord will ye abide?

Their white pearls, large and small, are the handiwork
of Him;
And the ships, with towering sails, by His winds and
waters swim:

Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?

But the earth and all her creatures shall die and be
decayed;
Only the face of Allah will never change nor fade:

Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?

The face of Allah ruling in glorious array;
For all things look unto Him, and He governs day by
day:

Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?

Yet will He find good leisure, ye twain! ye Djins and Men,
To judge you at the judgment, O Clay and Flame! what then?
Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?

If ye can pass His gateways, east, west, and south and north—
Which shut in earth and heaven—hasten ye! pass ye forth:
Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?

But Life and Death enclose ye; by no way shall ye pass;
A fence of flame shall stay ye, and a moat of molten brass:
Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?

And when the sky is rended, red like a new-ripped
hide,
There shall be no accusing, admitted or denied:
Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?

No yea nor nay! no questions! the sinner's brand
is sin;
Thereby shall he be known, and flung Hell's blazing
walls within:
Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?

Flung by the forelock and the feet: "'This Hell existed
not,'
Ye said. Now broil! and when ye thirst, drink
sulphur scalding hot:"
Which terror of your Lord will ye abide?

. . . . . .

But sweet for him who was faithful, and fearëd the face of his God,
Are the Gardens of joy preparing, and the gates of the Golden Abode:
Which bounty of his Lord will he deny?

With leafy branching fruit-trees are set those Gardens twain,
And softly the streamlets warble, and brightly the fountains rain:
Which bounty of his Lord will he deny?

And the fruit of the Golden Gardens swings delicate, near to reach.
Where they rest on their 'broidered couches, hearing delightful speech:
Which bounty of their Lord will they deny?

Therein are the shy-faced maidens, refraining their
night-black eyes
From any save that glad lover whose joy is their
Paradise:

Which bounty of their Lord will they deny?

From any but that glad lover, that happy lord for whom
Their mouths of pearl rain kisses, their lips of ruby
bloom.

Which bounty of their Lord will they deny?

Shall the wages of righteous-doing be less than the
promise given?
Nay! but by God, the Glorious, the debt shall be
paid in heaven!

What bounty of their Lord shall they deny?

O man! fear Him, magnify Him;
Al-Ghafoor and Al-Muntakim.

82

الرؤوف

Praise Him, Al-Rawûf, Just and Kind alway,
Who knoweth how He made us of the clay.

SAY, "Lord of all, to Thee
Goeth our road;
Require not of our souls
Too much, dear God!
Thou wilt not! what was earned
Thou dost defray;
And what was done amiss
That we must pay;
But ah! be not extreme
With what's forgot,

With error, or small sin.

And load us not

With burdens which we cannot carry, Lord!

But favour, help, forgiveness afford."[1]

Tender His answers are:—

(The "Chapter of the Star."[2]

Ayat the Thirty-Third): "The heavens and earth

To Us pertain, and We

Will deal, assuredly,

Well with the good, but with the ill in wrath.

Yet not for each offence,

Errors of flesh or sense,

Shall there be judgment, children of the loam!

Our mercy reacheth far;

We know ye what ye are,

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[1] Cf. Korân, ii. chapter "Of the Heifer." [2] Cf. Korân, liii.

And knew ye while ye lay clots in the womb;

Sin, and be sorry, and amend:

Who seeketh God shall find Him in the end."

Ever-indulgent Maker! we
Praise for these words Thy clemency.

83

مَالِكُ ٱلْمُلْكِ

King of all kingdoms! only Thou art crowned,
Whose throne is heaven, and earth Thy footstool's round.

Ya Mâlik! Ya Kuddûs! wa ya Salâm!

O King! O Holy One! O Peace-giver!

Ya Aziz! Ya Muhaimin! Ya Mûmin!

O Mighty! O Protector! Faithful ever!

Ya Jabbâr! O Thou Sovereign, All-compelling!

Ya Mutakabbir! O Thou Lord excelling!

xalted art Thou over utmost praise;

ccurst are those who graven idols raise

Beside Thee; unto them fall plagues and shames!
To Thee alone belong "the comely names."[1]

King of all kings! we celebrate
With endless praise Thy glorious state.

[1] Cf. Korân, lix. chapter "Of the Emigration."

84

ذو ٱلْجَلَالِ وَ ٱلْإِكْرَامِ

O "Lord of awfulness and honour!" we
Lack wit and words in fitly naming Thee.

things shall die and decay, but the kingdom of Allah endureth,

ıangeless in honour and might, changeless in glory and grace;

ıed be He who is Lord, possessed of all beauty and greatness;

ll things die and decay; only endureth His face.[1]

Dhu'l jalâl wa'l ikrâm! thus ever
Praise we Thy Throne which fadeth never.

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[1] Cf. Koràn, lv. chapter "Of the Merciful," vv. 26, 78.

85

ٱلْمُقْسِطُ

Al-Muksit! "Equitable!" make us know,
As men have wrought, they shall be wrought with so.

THREE days before our Lord Muhammad passed,
They bore him to the mosque, where he uprose—
Painfully leaning upon Omar's neck—
The fever burning in his cheeks, his mouth
Dry with the wind of death, and that knit brow
Shadowed with Azrael's overhanging wings.
One thin hand on the mimbar-rail he laid,
Speaking sweet words of guidance, precious words,
The last which ever fell from those lit lips,
Teaching his Faithful.

Then he gazed around,
And said, " Ye men of Mecca, where I lived,
Going and coming, testifying God,
I shall die soon ; I pray ye answer me,
Is there among ye here one I have wronged ?
I have borne rule, judging in Allah's name,
That am a man and sinful ; have I judged
Unrighteously, or wrathfully, or pressed
Too hard in the amend ? Let who saith
'Yea,'
Make his 'Yea' good before my people here,
And I will bare my back that he may smite.
I have borne testimony for the truth,
Not sparing sinners ; speak, if there be here
One visited unjustly ; let him shame
His Prophet now, telling the sin I wrought
Before the assembly. I have gathered dues ;

Declare if I defrauded any here
Buying or selling."
And no answer came,
Except the sound of sobs and falling tears
From stern breasts and the eyes of bearded men,
Because our Lord would pass.
But one arose,
A hamal, with his cord across his back
And porter's knot, who cried, "Abdallah's son!
Three drachms of silver owest thou to me
For wood I bore thee after 'Ramadhan!'"

"Good friend, I thank thee," softly said our Lord,
"Because thou didst demand thy money here,
And not before the judgment seat of God:
Ill is it if men thither carry debts!"

Therewith he paid his debt, kissing the hand
Wherein the dirhems dropped; and so went home
To die upon the lap of Ayesha,
With glad face fixed on high, and holy lips
That murmured, "Allah! pardon me my sins!"

O ye believers! if our Lord did thus,
Consider well! leave no unrighted wrongs
Against the ill time when the Angels come,
Monker and Nakîr, gliding through the dark,
And set ye up for question in the grave;
When Israfil his dreadful trumpet blows,
Summoning to judgment; when the skies roll back
Like a scorched scroll, and o'er the gulf of hell
Al-Sirât stretches, "thinner than a hair
And sharper than a sword," and yet to cross!
Ah, then! what good one wrought, he hath of help

Even to a date-stone; what of ill he wrought,
Of hindrance, to a date-stone; for your God
Is righteous, and the distribution just.

O just "Distributor!" incline
Our hearts to keep Thy laws divine.

86

اَلْجَامِعُ

Al-Jami'h! praise "the Gatherer," Who divides
Evil and good unto their proper sides.

YE who believe, stand ye steadfast in justice,
Witnessing true though it be to displease;
Heed not your patrons, nor parents, nor kinsmen,
Allah is nearer and richer than these.

Sit ye not down in the seat of the scornful,
Hear not the tales which the hypocrites tell;
On the day when His children are folded together
Al-Jami'h shall scatter the sinners to hell.[1]

We take Thee for our Shepherd; keep
Safe in the fold Thy foolish sheep.

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[1] Cf. Korân, iv. chapter "Of Women," v. 139.

87

ٱلْغَنِىُّ

We praise Thee; but no need of praise Thou hast,
Al-Ghanî! in Thy glory bright and vast.

MIGHTY is He and forgiving.[1]
One soul did He first create,
Then He made therefrom a mate:
And to help man in his living,
Gave him herds, each with the other,
Camels, oxen, goats and sheep.
Think how Allah wakes from sleep
The babe, close-folded in its mother!
In three darknesses He shrouds it;
Wonder upon wonder clouds it.

[1] Cf. Korân, xxxix. chapter "Of Troops."

He is Maker: can ye see
All these tokens and still be
Thankless? Yet, if so ye are,
Not beholden to your care
Is Al-Ghanî: self-sufficing
Lives high Allah, recognising
Gladly all His creatures' love
In a changeless peace above.
Judge ye each for each; with God
No man bears another's load.
Unto Him is your return,
Then shall every spirit learn
What it wrought, and what is due;
For He knows the hearts of you.

Ah, Self-sufficing One! we seek
To praise Thee well, but words are weak.

88

اَلْمُغْنِى

He is sufficient, and He makes suffice;
Praise thus again thy Lord, mighty and wise.

God is enough! thou, who in hope and fear
Toilest through desert-sands of life, sore-tried,
Climb trustful over death's black ridge, for near
The bright wells shine: thou wilt be satisfied.

God doth suffice! O thou, the patient one,
Who puttest faith in Him, and none beside,
Bear yet thy load; under the setting sun
The glad tents gleam: thou wilt be satisfied.

By God's gold Afternoon![1] peace ye shall have:
Man is in loss except he live aright,
And help his fellow to be firm and brave,
Faithful and patient: then the restful night!

Al Mughni! best Rewarder! we
Endure; putting our trust in Thee.

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[1] Cf. Korân, ciii. chapter "Of the Afternoon."

89, 90

اَلْمُعْطِى وَ
اَلْمَانِـع

Mu'hti and Mâni'h i Heav'n Thou mad'st, and Hell,
Providing and withholding—and didst well.

When God fashioned Paradise,[1]
Spake He unto Gabriel:
"See this place which We created,
Where the justified will dwell."
Gabriel said, "My Lord! I swear
By Thy glory, none of men
Ever of its joys shall hear
But will strive to enter in."

[1] Cf. "The Mishkat-al-Mâsâbîh."

Round about His Paradise
God set sorrows and denials;
Laid the pathway steep and strait,
Hard to find and full of trials.
"Look again!" God said; and he
Looked, and came, and sadly spake:
"By Thy glorious majesty,
Not one man will entrance make!"

Then the Lord created Hell,
Set ablaze its ache and grieving;
Saying unto Gabriel,
"This is for the unbelieving."
Gabriel looked and said, "I swear,
By Thy splendour, not a mortal,
When of hell-fire he shall hear,
Ever will approach its portal."

Round about those awful gates
  Allah set soft sins and pleasures;
Made the pathway broad and plain,
  Rich with joys and gifts and treasures.
"Look again," said God; and he
  Saw; and spake, "Save by Thy blessing,
O my Lord! there will not be
  One that must not love transgressing."

Lord of the two-fold roads, we pray
Lead us upon the rightful way.

91

اَلنَّافِـع

"Propitious" is He unto those that show
Compassion to His creatures; praise Him so.

"No beast of earth, no fowl that flies with wings,"
Saith the great Book, "but is a people, too;
From Allah sprang their life, and unto Him
They shall return: with such heed what ye do!"

There came before our Lord a certain one
Who said, "O Prophet! as I passed the wood,
I heard the voice of youngling doves which cried,
While near the nest their pearl-necked mother cooed."

"Then in my cloth I tied those fledgelings twain,
But all the way the mother fluttered nigh;
See! she hath followed hither!" Spake our Lord:
"Open thy knotted cloth, and stand thou by."

But when she spied her nestlings, from the palm
Down flew the dove, of peril unafeared
So she might succour these. "Seest thou not,"
Our Lord said, "how the heart of this poor bird

"Grows, by her love, greater than his who rides
Full-face against the spear-blades? thinkest thou
Such fire divine was kindled to be quenched?
I tell ye nay! Put back upon the bough

"The nest she claimeth thus. I tell ye nay!
From Allah's self cometh this wondrous love:
Yea! and I swear by Him who sent me here,
He is more tender than a nursing dove,

"More pitiful to men than she to these.
Therefore fear God in whatsoe'er ye deal
With the dumb peoples of the wing and hoof.
Yours are they; yet whene'er ye lift the steel

"To slay for meat, name first the name of God,
Saying 'Bi 'sm 'illah! God judge thee and me!
God give thee patience to endure to-day
The portion that He hath allotted thee.'

"So shall ye eat and sin not; else the blood
Crieth against you." Thus our Prophet spake,

And Islâm doeth it, naming God's name
Before the slaughter,—for that white dove's sake.

By those dumb mouths be ye forgiven,
Ere ye are heard pleading with Heaven.

92

اَلضَّارُّ

Az-Zarr! "Harmful" He is to them that sin
Mocking the truth; O man! fear Him herein.

SHEDDÂD, the son of Ad, of Hadramaut,
Idolater, lord of the land and sea,
Hath it come to ye how he mocked at Heaven,
Saying the idols of the coast were best—
Sâkia that makes the rain, and Hâfedha
The Thunderer, Razek who gives grain to men,
And Sâlema, lady of life and death?—
And how he sware an oath by those four gods,
Drinking the palm-wine deep at Hadramaut,
That he would build a better Paradise

Than Allah's, and be Lord and God therein;
With earthly Houris fairer than those maids
Wrought of the musk and ambergris, who have
The great immortal breasts and black-pearl eyes;
With sweeter streams than Salsabil,[1] and trees
Richer in fruit than Tooba:[2] this he sware,
Abiding not the judgment, nor the blasts
Of Israfil, nor weighing of the scales.
Wherefore he gave command that there be built
In Akhaf, on the hills, beyond the sand—
Within a hollow vale walled by wild peaks—
A pleasure-house—beautiful with white courts
Of levelled marble, and in every court
A fountain, sparkling from a tank inlaid

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[1] A stream of Paradise.

[2] The Tree of Happiness, which grows from Muhammad's pavilion in Paradise.

With amber, nacre, coral; and around,
In every court, cloisters of columns carved
With reeded shafts and frontals, wonderful
For beast and bird and fish and leaf and flower.
And round about this pleasure-house he bade
A lovely garden bloom, terraced by lanes
Bosky with blossoming trees and rose-thickets,
Where hidden streamlets murmured and gold fruit
Loaded the boughs, and all the air was balm.
He gave command, moreover, that there rise
Hard by, with streets and markets, a fair town
Peopled by ministers of pleasure, and walled
With ramparts of the rose and pomegranate;
Wherethrough there led a double folding gate,
Fashioned of fragrant woods, and set with stars
Of silver, opening downwards to the vale,
Inscribed "The Paradise of King Sheddâd."

And when the house was made, and all the courts
Were girdled with the carven shafts, and cooled
With leaping fountains; and the roses, blown,
Filled the green vale with sweetness; and the town
Was heaped with grain and wine, and people moved
Busy and glad about its new fair streets,
Sheddâd set forth. A shining line of spears,
League-long, wound first upon the mountain-path;
And after them the camel-litters, decked
With silk and gold, and poles of silver, came
Bearing the Houris of his Paradise;
And next the Prince amid his lords: so clomb
The gay march up the sandy steeps, or streamed
Down the grey wadis. At the head of all
Rode one who held a flag of yellow silk,
Which had for its device, "*Amid his gods,*

Sheddâd, the son of Ad, of Hadramaut,
Unasked of Allah, wends to Paradise."

That night they entered at the silver gate,
Making bold cheer; and sweet the garden was,
And green the groves, and bright the pleasure-house
Lit with a thousand scented lamps, and loud
With dance and cymbal and the beat of drum.
But when the golden horse-shoe of the moon
Waned in the west, there came into the sky
Three clouds; and one was white and had the shape
Of a winged angel; one was red and burned
Across the planets like a blazing sword;
And one, thick black, gathered around the head
Of a bare hollow mountain, seamed with gaps
And caverns, wherefrom—full upon their feast—
Brake, of a sudden, flame and cataracts

Of blood-red molten rock, with pitchy smoke
Veiling the heavens, and rain of blinding dust,
All pierced by livid lightning-spears, and driven
By fierce winds, hotter than the breath of hell;
Which sucked the streams, and parched the trees, and dried
Life from the body, as a furnace draws
The moisture from the potter's clay, while earth
Rocked, quaking; and the thunder's vengeful voice
Rolled horrible from crag to crag, and mocked
The death-cry of those choked idolaters:
Whereof, when the sun rose, there breathed not one;
Nor any green thing lingered in the vale;
Nor road nor gate appeared; nor might a man
Say where the garden of King Sheddâd stood:
So were the ways uptorn, and that fair sin
Blotted from vision by the wrath of God.

Yet to this day there lurketh—lost to view
Of all men, hardly found by wandering wolf,
Spied seldom by the vulture's hungry eye—
The remnant of the garden of Iram.
Deep in the wilderness of Aden, hid
Behind wild peaks, and fenced with burning sands,
The perished relics of that pleasaunce lie
Which Sheddâd made, mocking the power of God:
And one who tended camels in the land,
Abdallah-Ebn-Kelâbah, seeking there
A beast estrayed, followed her footmarks up
Into a gorge, which split a cliff in twain
From sky to sand, dark as the heart of night,
With thickets at its mouth and jutting rocks.
Therethrough he pushed, and when the light once more
Glimmered and grew, he spied a hollow, shut
In the gaunt barren peaks, with black dust strewn,

And piled with cindery crags and bladdered slag,
In midst of which lay—plain to see—the bones
Of Sheddâd's city and his pleasure-house;
All with their withered gardens, and the gate
Rusted and ruined; and the cloistered courts
Swathed in the death-drift, and the marble tanks
Choked to their brims; the carven columns fall'n
Or thrust awry; the bright pavilions foul
With ashes, and with remnants of the dead:
For Ebn-Kelâbah passed into the place,
And saw the valley thronged with carcases
Of men and women and the townspeople—
Not mouldered, as is wont, to whitened bone,
But dried, by the hot blasts of that dread night,
Unto a life in death; the skin and flesh
Yet clinging, and the robes of festival
Still gay of colour; all those sinful ones

Slain in their sin even where the whirlwind struck:
So that he saw the dancers as they fell
With dancing-dress and timbrels; and the ring
Of watchers round them; and the slaves who made
Their music; and the bearers bringing wine,
Each by his shrivelled wineskin, dead and dry.
Also within the courts, lay corpses slim,
Rich-clad and delicate, with jewelled necks,
The Houris of that ruined Paradise.
The sunken eyes stared, and the drawn lips grinned
Under dead rose-crowns, and the shapely limbs
Were grown too lean for the loose tarnished gold
Of armlet and of anklet; dusty lay
Strings of dulled jewels on their shrunken breasts;
And brimmed with dust the cups were which they clasped
In stiff discoloured fingers. In their midst
Sate, all a-gape, King Sheddâd, for a throne
Propped his dead form, and round the waist of it

A sword hung, in a belt of gold and silk,
Hilted with pearls and rubies. This he took—
The camel-man—and glided, terrified,
Back from that City of the Dead; and found
The night-black gorge, and groped his way, and brought
The sword and sword-hilt into Hadramaut,
Telling the dread things seen of Allah's wrath
Wrought on the misbelievers; and their streets
Wrecked, and their painted courts, peopled with dead.
Such awful end came on the men of Ad,
Who made the House of Iram; and their lord.

But no foot since hath found that road again,
Nor shall; till Israfil sets to his lips
The trumpet, and Az-Zarr will bid him blow.

O Harmful unto mockers! we
Know and adore Thy majesty.

93

اَلنُّوْرُ

An-Noor! "The Light" that lightens all who live!
By this great name to Allah glory give.

Of earth and heaven God is the Light.[1]
As when a lamp upon a height
Is set within a niche, and gleams
From forth the glittering glass, and seems
A star,—wide fall the rays of it:—
So shines His glory, and 'tis lit
With holy oil was never pressed
From olive tree in east or west.

[1] Cf. Korân, xxiv. chapter "Of Light."

It burneth without touch of flame,
A light beyond all light: the same
Guideth the feet of men, and still
He leadeth by it whom He will.

Light of the world! An-Noor! illume
Our darkling pathway to the tomb.

94

اَلْهَادِى

Al-Hádí! Lord! the way is hard, and we,
Thy creatures, have none other "Guide" than Thee.

By many names and guides doth God
Lead men along the upward road;
He, unto each land under Heaven,
A prophet of its own hath given:
Hûd, Idris, Eyoob, Moses,—all
Upon the self-same Lord did call;
Seeing there is no way besides
His way, the Guider of the guides;

Nor any light to mortals known
Except Al-Hâdî—His alone.

'Tis told, nigh to a city-gate
Four fellow-travellers hungry sate,
An Arab, Persian, Turk, and Greek;
And one was chosen forth, to seek
Their evening meal, with dirhems thrown
Into a common scrip; but none
Could with his fellows there agree
What meat therewith should purchased be.
"Buy *uzum*," quoth the Turk, "which food
Is cheaper, sweeter, or so good?"
"Not so," the Arab cried, "I say
Buy *aneb*, and the most ye may."

"Name not thy trash!" the Persian said,
"Who knoweth *uzum* or *aneb?*
Bring *anghur*, for the country's store
Is ripe and rich." The Greek, who bore
Their dirhems, clamoured, "What ill thing
Is *anghur?* Surely I will bring
Staphylion green, *staphylion* black,
And a fair meal we shall not lack."
Thus wrangled they, and set to try
With blows what provend he should buy,
When, lo! before their eyes did pass,
Laden with grapes, a gardener's ass.
Sprang to his feet each man, and showed
With eager hand, that purple load.
"See *uzum!*" said the Turk; and "See
Anghur!" the Persian; "what should be

Better?" "Nay, *aneb!* *aneb* 'tis!"
The Arab cried. The Greek said, "This
Is my *staphylion!*" Then they bought
Their grapes in peace.

Hence be ye taught!

But unto us Thy changeless name
Is Allah—praised be the same.

95, 96

اَلْأَزَلِىّ وَ
اَلْبَاقِى

Al-Azali! Al-Bâki! praise to Thee
Who wast before Beginning, and will be
After the Ending. From Thy mercy came
Man's breath, and unto Thee returns the same.

AL AARÂF[1] saith—the seventh of "the Book "—
In the Beginning God from Adam took
All who should be his seed, and bade them bear
Witness upon themselves, putting His fear
And knowledge in the hearts of all to be,
As salt is set in all the waves of the sea.
A countless, nameless, throng there gathered they,

[1] Cf. Korân, chapter vii. verse 172.

That unborn multitude; and God did say,
"Testify! Am I not your Lord?" And those
Replied, "Yea, Lord! we testify!" Propose
Never, then, Man! to say, "we did not have
Guidance;" it shall be answered, "Allah gave
With life that light which leadeth to the grave."

And in the chapter of "Ya Sin"[1] it saith—
Read in the Muslim's ear at hour of death:[2]—
A blast! and then another blast! and, lo!
At summons of the trumpet, all shall go
Forth from their grave-beds, thronging once again
Unto their Lord; and some, in fear and pain,
Shall cry, "Woe, woe! what waketh us? Is this
God's word come true?" and some, in joy and bliss,

[1] Korân, chapter xxxvi.

[2] This Sura is recited at the deathbeds of Muhammedans.

Shall say, "Now, praise to God! His prophets spake
Truth unto us." For all mankind shall wake
Together, at the trumpet; and shall wend
Together, to the Judgment, in the end.

And no soul shall be wronged in that dread place
For aught not wrought; nor any soul find grace
Except for what it wrought; and there shall fall
Endless delight in Paradise on all
Who kept that witness! happy they shall be
Reclining with sweet consorts, 'neath the Tree
Which bears all fruits, and groweth by the Throne.
And they shall hear the Lord say to His own,
"PEACE!"—they shall hear the Merciful say so.

But to the sinners shall be thundered, "Go!
Divide herefrom! did not ye testify?"

"Yea, dreadful Lord!"—thus shall they make reply,
Descending into Hell.

Thy mercy send,
Thou, the Beginning and the End!

97

اَلْوَارِثُ

Inheritor! all things proceed from Thee,
And re-committed to Thy hands shall be.

THE chapter of Al-Hajar:[1] There is nought
But from the treasury of God was brought;
Such and so much He lends them; winds and waters;
Have *ye* the store of these things, or of aught?

Did *ye* set in the sky the starry band,
Or pile the mountain peaks upon the land?
Verily He hath made and will unmake them.
And all these shall return into His hand.

[1] Cf. Korân, chapter xv. verse 21.

"O Rose!" the Dewdrop said, "whence didst thou
spring,
That art so sweet and proud and fair a thing?"
"From dust I sprang," she said, "and ere to-morrow
Back to the dust I shall be mouldering."

"O Dewdrop!" said the Rose, "where didst thou
gain
This light, that like a gem on me hath lain?"
"A cloud," he said, "uplifted me from ocean,
And I must trickle to the deep again."

The Bulbul heard; "O Allah's rose!" it said,
"The air is fragrant with thee, being dead;
O Allah's Dewdrop! ere the sea did suck thee,
She was the fairer; be thou comforted!"

For saith the chapter of Al-Ḥajar: "Tell
My servants I have made the heavens well,
And the earth well, and with a steadfast purpose;
And Paradise is Mine, and Mine is Hell."[1]

Inheritor! all things are Thine;
Al-Warith! O Thou might Divine!

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[1] Cf. Koráân, xv. vv. 49, 85.

98

اَلرَّشِيدُ

Earth knows, heaven shows; the holy scriptures say,
How righteous and "unerring" is Thy way.

"We sent it down upon the 'Night of Power,'[1]
The Book which 'doth declare.'
In all the year that night is best: one hour
Thereof, in praise and prayer,

"Is worth a thousand days of joy; for then
The Angels bear commands,
Bringing the will of Al-Raschîd to men;
Descending on all lands.

[1] Cf. Korân, xcvii. chapter "Of Power."

"Peace ruleth till the rising of that dawn,
While Allah doth ordain
How many souls those twelve moons shall be born,
How many shall attain

"His mercy; for the books are brought of these,
And each account is cast;
And Allah maketh 'the allowances,'
Accepting souls at last."

Thus spake our Lord, and Ayesha replied,[1]
"O Prophet! are there none
Accepted, save by mercy?" "None!" he cried,
"By God! I say not one!"

"Not thou!—not even thou!—*thou* not to go,
Unquestioned, into heaven,

[1] Cf. the Mishkat-el-Mâsâbîh.

Who walked with Allah's Angels, and below
Taught us the message given ? "—

He drew his cloth across his bended face
And thrice he spake to her:
" Except God's mercy cover me with grace,
I shall not enter there ! "

O Al-Raschid ! ana if not he,
Increase to us Thy clemency.

99

اَلصَّبُور

O loving-kind, "long-suffering" Lord! once more
We praise Thee, magnifying As-Zaboor.

PATIENT is Allah, and He loveth well
The patient, saith "the Book,"[1] and such as dwell
In kindness, asking pardon of their sins
Each dawn, and pardoning the blameable.

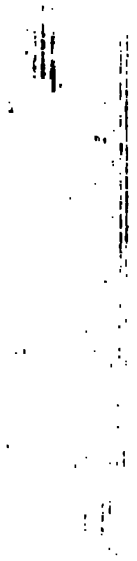
Islâm! this is the Faith! thyself resign,
Soul, mind, and body, to the will divine:
The kingdom and the glory and the power
Are God's, and God's the government,—not thine!

[1] Cf. Korân, iii. v. 15, chapter "Of Imran's Family."

THERE IS NO GOD BUT GOD! and He is All;
And whatso doth befall ye doth befall
By His decree: therefore, with fear and love
Upon His glorious names devoutly call.

Allah! His holy will be done!
Islâm!—we bow before His throne.

NOTES.



NOTES.

Page 2, *line* 7.—One version of this legend says that Soharah (or Zoharah) herself, the spirit of the planet Venus, descended to tempt the two Angels. Harût and Marût are fabled to be confined still in the vicinity of Babel, where a man may go to learn sorcery of them, hearing their voices, but never seeing their forms.

Page 5, *line* 10.—Gabriel, or Jibraîl, is called in Arabian theology *Rû'h-el-Amîn*, "the Faithful Spirit," or *Rû'h-el-Kuddûs*, "the Holy Spirit." It was he who delivered the Korân to Muhammad.

Page 7, *line* 1.—A commentator on this legend writes:—"Some say that Solomon brought these horses, being a thousand in number, from Damascus and Nisibis, which cities he had taken; others say that they were left him by his father, who took them from the Amalekites; while others, who prefer the marvellous, pretend that they came up out of the sea, and had wings. However, Solomon, having one day a mind to view the horses, ordered them to be brought before him, and was so taken up with them that he spent the remainder of the day, till

after sunset, in looking on them; by which means he almost neglected the prayer, which ought to have been said at that time, till it was too late: but when he perceived his omission, he was so greatly concerned at it, that ordering the horses to be brought back, he killed them all as an offering to God, except only a hundred of the best of them. But God made him ample amends for the loss, by giving him dominion over the winds."

Page 7, *line* 15.—Arafat is a mountain near Mecca, so named from the tradition that Adam, upon his repentance, was reunited there to Eve, after a separation of two hundred years.

Page 14, *line* 1.—Isrâfîl is one of the Archangels, who will sound the last trumpet at the resurrection. He has "the sweetest voice of all God's creatures."

Page 15, *line* 4.—Iblîs, "He who despairs," is Shaitân, or Satan, who fell from Heaven on account of arrogantly refusing to pay reverence to Adam at the creation, when all the other Angels worshipped the first man.

Page 15, *line* 12.—*Wuzû'h*, or washing (either with actual water, or by imitating the process with sand, &c.), must precede all those prayers which are *farz*, or "incumbent." These are commenced in a standing attitude, *Kiyâm*, the thumbs touching the lobes of the ears and the face turning towards Mecca.

Page 17, *line* 9.—The "Companions of the right hand" are so called because they will have the book of their good deeds put into their right hands in token of salvation; while evil-doers will have their scroll of condemnation, at the last day, thrust into their left hands.

Page 18, *line* 3.—"Such, moreover, as of old time," &c. These are the early prophets and holy teachers in all nations. The text of the Koran calls them "the leaders, the leaders!" that emphatic repetition denoting their dignity, and the assurance of their prominence in the final reward.

Page 20, *line* 5.—"Mawz-trees." The original word *talh'* may mean either the plantain, or that acacia which has small round golden blossoms.

Page 20, *line* 11.—Sale has a citation upon these privileged attributes of the Houris. "Allah has created them purposely of finer materials than the females of this world, and subject to none of those inconveniences which are natural to the sex. Some understand this passage of the beatified women; who, though they died old and ill-favoured, shall yet all be restored to their youth and beauty in Paradise."

Page 22, *line* 8.—"At Azan." The time of the call to prayer, and especially after the sun has begun to decline.

Page 29, *line* 9.—"And spider." One of the Sûras of the Korân, the 29th, is named after this insect.

Page 30.—"The Verse of the Throne." This (which is often engraved on seal rings in the East) is so called from the word *Koorsly*, the "chair or throne" of Allah, which occurs in the sublime passage cited. In the judgment of Muhammedans the "Throne-Verse" is one of the noblest portions of the Korân, surpassing in majesty of diction all other human compositions. It is taken from the 2d Sûra, verse 256, and is rendered very exactly, as below, by Mr. Redhouse (to whose most learned and

laborious article in the "Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society," January 1880, my indebtedness has been extremely great):—

"God, save whom there is no God, is the Living, the Self-existing One. Drowziness overcometh Him not, nor sleep. Unto Him belongeth whatever is in the heavens, and whatever is in the earth. Who is he that shall make intercession with Him, save by His permission? He knoweth whatever is before them, and whatever is behind them; and they comprehend not a single matter of His knowledge, save only that which He hath willed. His firmament spans the heavens and the earth, the preservation whereof doth not distress Him. And He is the Most High, the Most Supreme."

N.B.—Each chapter of the Korân is called a *Sûra*, a term signifying a course of bricks in a wall; and the Sûras are divided into *'âyât*, verses, or more literally "signs."

Page 32.—This Sûra, 59, is known as the chapter "Of the Emigration."

Page 34, *line* 1.—The Muslim doctors call the scriptural Terah, the father of Abraham, by the name of Azar. This was also the title of the god of the planet Mars. Abraham's father is moreover styled Zarah in the Talmud, and Athar also, by Eusebius.

Page 35, *line* 15.—"Friend of Allah." The Muslims so denominate Abraham, *Al-Khalîl*.

Page 40.—This is suggested from Sûra 35, the chapter "Of the Angels," or "Of the Originator." The Archangel Gabriel is said to have appeared to Muhammad, on the night of his journey to Heaven, having no less than three hundred pairs of wings!

Page 43, *line* 5.—"Michael," or Mikâ'îl. The Archangel here named was especially the guardian of the Jews. The Israelites of Mecca told Muhammad that they would have received his Kurân, if Michael instead of Gabriel had revealed it.

Page 44, *line* 13.—"Azrâël." The Archangel of Death.

Page 46, *line* 1.—"God's Friend." *Vide* note on page 35, *line* 15.

Page 54, *line* 6.—"People of the bench." This was the name given to the poor persons whom the Prophet sustained by alms every day, and who used to wait for his gifts, sitting upon the bench outside Muhammad's house at Medina.

Page 61.—The very remarkable Sûra quoted here, entitled sometimes "The Brightness," came to the prophet thus:—"It is related that no revelation having been vouchsafed to Muhammad for several days, in answer to some questions put to him by the Koreish, because he had confidently promised to resolve them the next day, without adding the exception, *if it please God*, or because he had repulsed an importunate beggar, or else because a dead puppy lay under his seat, or for some other reason; his enemies said that God had left him: whereupon this chapter was sent down for his consolation."

Page 63.—"The Journey of the Night." "It is a dispute," writes Sale, "among the Muhammedan divines, whether their Prophet's night-journey was really performed by him corporally, or whether it was only a dream or vision. Some think the whole was no more than a vision; and allege an

express tradition of Moâwiyah, one of Muhammad's successors, to that purpose. Others suppose he was carried bodily to Jerusalem, but no farther; and that he ascended thence to Heaven in spirit only. But the received opinion is, that it was no vision, but that he was actually transported in the body to his journey's end; and if any impossibility be objected, they think it a sufficient answer to say, that it might easily be effected by an omnipotent agent."

Page 66, *line* 6.—"One *Fâtihah*." The name of the opening prayer of Muhammedans.

Page 68, *line* 3.—"Monker and Nakîr" are the two Angels who conduct "the examination of the Tomb." They come to a man directly he is laid in his grave, and catechise him as to his faith. If he repeats quickly and gladly the formula of Islâm, they cause him to repose in peace; but if he is uncertain or heterodox, they belabour him with iron clubs, till his cries are so bitter that they are heard all through the earth, except by men and Djins. Then the two black Ministers press the clay down upon the corpse, and leave it to be wasted and consumed till the time of resurrection.

Page 79, *line* 5.—"'Hadîth." The traditional sayings which supplement the Korân.

Page 79, *line* 14.—"Zem-Zem." This is the holy well at Mecca, within the sacred precincts, believed to be that very spring which was revealed to Hagar when she fled with Ishmael.

Page 84.—This legend of Nimrûd is alluded to in Sûra 21 of the Korân, entitled the "Chapter of Prophets."

Page 87, *line* 11.—"Black Halîmah." The Prophet was suckled by a Bedouin foster-nurse.

Page 88, *line* 4.—"Hirâ." A wild and solitary mountain near Mecca.

Page 94, *line* 5.—"*Mikât.*" These are the last six stages on the journey to Mecca. The *i'hrâm*, or "garb of sanctity," consists of two wrappers without seams, one bound round the waist, the other passed over the shoulders. The *tawâf* is the seven-fold circuit of the Kaabah, made three times quickly, and four times slowly, by all pilgrims.

Page 103, *line* 4.—"Ye let stray your she-camels." Nothing is held more valuable among the goods of an Arab than a she-camel near to foaling.

Page 104, *line* 5.—"Who killed thee, little maid?" This alludes to the ancient practice of infanticide among the Arabs, which Muhammad strenuously denounced.

Page 105, *line* 7.—"He saw it and he heard." Alluding to the Prophet and his journey to Heaven.

Page 114, *line* 7.—"*Al-Akhâf*" is the plural of *Hekf*, and signifies "lands which lie in a winding or narrow boundary," specially applied to a district in the province of Hadramaut.

Page 120, *line* 4.—"*Al-Kâuthar.*" This word signifies *abundance*, especially of *good*, and thence *the gift of wisdom and prophecy*. Or it may mean *abundance of wealth, followers*, and

the like. It is here used of a river in Paradise, whence the water is derived into Muhammad's pond, of which the blessed are to drink before their admission. According to a tradition of the Prophet, this river, wherein his Lord promised him abundant good, is sweeter than honey, whiter than milk, cooler than snow, and smoother than cream; its banks are of chrysolites, and those who drink of it shall never thirst.

Page 126, *line* 2.—"*Al-Târek*" is the "star that appears" by night, *i.e.*, the morning star.

Page 130, *line* 1.—"When the soul comes to the neck." A Korânic phrase for the last gasp of death.

Page 136, *line* 6.—"The roses on that tree." In the mystic language of the East, the rose is the symbol of that Divine beauty which is the object of the soul's love.

Page 140, *line* 7.—"*Illiyûn.*" This means literally "exalted places."

Page 141, *line* 2.—"*Tasmîn.*" A stream in Paradise, so called because it waters the highest regions there.

Page 143, *line* 2.—"*Al-Fâtihah.*" This is the 1st chapter of the Korân, which is also a prayer, and held in great veneration by the Muhammedans, who give it many honourable titles; as the chapter of *prayer*, of *praise*, of *thanksgiving*, of *treasure*, &c. They regard it as the quintessence of the whole Korân, and often repeat it in their devotions both public and private, as Christians do the Lord's Prayer.

Page 145, *line* 6.—"The morning mills." At daybreak in Eastern countries almost the first sound of awaking domestic life is the noise of the stones used to grind meal.

Page 146, *line* 4.—"The time for prayer," says Professor Palmer, "is called from the minarets of the mosques by Muezzins or criers, in the following words:—'God is great' (4 times); 'I bear witness that there is no God but God' (twice); 'I bear witness that Muhammad is the apostle of God' (twice); 'Come hither to prayers' (twice); 'Come hither to salvation' (twice); 'God is just!' 'There is no other God than God!' In the early morning the Muezzin adds, 'Prayer is better than sleep!'"

Page 152 (*note*).—"The *Mishkât-al-Masâbîh*." The book of the conversations of the Prophet.

Page 159, *line* 7.—*Lailat-al-Kadr*, "The Night of Power," was that on which the Korân was declared to have been revealed.

Page 190, *line* 14.—"*Al-Barsakh*." The Korân says, "Behind them shall be a bar, until the day of resurrection." Upon this Sale writes: "The original word *barzakh*, here translated 'bar,' primarily signifies any partition, or interstice, which divides one thing from another; but is used by the Arabs not always in the same, and sometimes in an obscure sense. They seem generally to express by it what the Greeks did by the word Hades; one while using it for the place of the dead, another while for the time of their continuance in that state, and another while for the state itself. It is defined by their critics to be the interval or space between this world and the next, or between death

and the resurrection; every person who dies being said to enter into *Al-Barzakh*. The commentators on this passage expound it as a barrier, or invincible obstacle, cutting off all possibility of return into the world, after death."

Page 191, *line* 4.—"Birds." If the departed person was a believer, the Muslims say two Angels meet his soul, and convey it to Heaven, that its place there may be assigned, according to its merit and degree. They distinguish the souls of the Faithful into three classes: the first of prophets, whose souls are admitted into Paradise immediately; the second of martyrs, whose spirits, according to a tradition of Muhammad, rest in the crops of green birds which eat of the fruits and drink of the rivers of Paradise; and the third of other believers, concerning the state of whose souls before the resurrection there are various opinions. Some say they stay near the sepulchres, with liberty, however, of going wherever they please; which they confirm from Muhammad's manner of saluting the dead, alluded to elsewhere.

Page 205, *line* 1.—The "ten holy eves" are the first ten nights of the sacred month of *Dhu 'l Hejjeh*.

Page 205, *line* 7.—"Iram" was the name of the palace and pleasure-garden built by Sheddâd, son of Ad, in the desert of Aden. The story is related on another page.

Page 206, *line* 1.—The Thamudites of the Hadramaut having killed their prophet, were utterly destroyed by tempests, and their city depopulated.

Page 231, *line* 7.—"Al-Hudhud." The Arab historians, Sale says, tell us that Solomon, having finished the temple of Jerusalem, went in pilgrimage to Mecca, where, having stayed as long as he pleased, he proceeded towards Yaman; and leaving Mecca in the morning, he arrived by noon at Sanaa, and being extremely delighted with the country, rested there; but wanting water to make the ablution, he looked among the birds for the lapwing, called by the Arabs *al Hudhud*, whose business it was to find it; for it is pretended she was sagacious or sharp-sighted enough to discover water underground, which the devils used to draw, after she had marked the place by digging with her bill: they add, that this bird was then taking a tour in the air, whence, seeing one of her companions alighting, she descended also, and having had a description given her by the other of the city of Saba, whence she was just arrived, they both went together to take a view of the place, and returned soon after Solomon had made the inquiry which occasioned what follows.

"It may be proper to mention here what the Eastern writers fable of the manner of Solomon's travelling. They say that he had a carpet of green silk, on which his throne was placed, being of a prodigious length and breadth, and sufficient for all his forces to stand on, the men placing themselves on his right hand, and the spirits on his left; and that when all were in order, the wind, at his command, took up the carpet, and transported it, with all that were upon it, wherever he pleased; the army of birds at the same time flying over their heads, and forming a kind of canopy, to shade them from the sun."

Page 232, *lines* 13–16.—"The sea-worm and the ant." The legend is that Solomon used the *teredo* to bore his topaz, and, by filling the winding hole of the ruby with sugar and water, tempted an ant to draw a silk thread through it.

Page 263, *line* 9.—"Monker and Nakir." These are the two Angels who visit the dead immediately after burial, and having set them upright in the grave, question them as to their faith and actions, as before described.

Page 263, *line* 14.—"Al-Sirât." The narrow bridge which all must cross from this to the next world, "finer than a hair and sharper than a razor."

"This bridge," it is written, "is beset on each side with briars and hooked thorns; which will, however, be no impediment to the good, for they shall pass with wonderful ease and swiftness, like lightning or the wind, Muhammad and his Muslims leading the way; whereas the wicked, what with the slipperiness and extreme narrowness of the path, the entangling of the thorns, and the extinction of the light, which directed the former to Paradise, will soon miss their footing, and fall down headlong into hell, which is gaping beneath them."

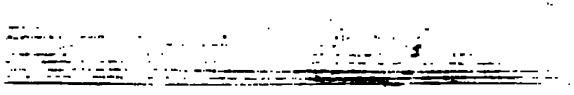
"Muhammad seems to have borrowed this from the Magians, who teach that on the last day all mankind will be obliged to pass a bridge called Pûl Chînavad, that is, *the strait bridge*, leading directly into the other world; on the midst of which the Angels appointed by God will stand, who will require of every one a strict account of his actions. The Jews speak likewise of the bridge of hell, which they say is no broader than a thread."

Page 266, *line* 9.—"Three darknesses." The body, the womb, and the amnion.

Page 276, *line* 1.—This is the origin of the *Hallal*, a custom of Muslim hunters and butchers, who pronounce the formula of excuse and pity before slaying any animal.

Page 293, *line* 1.—"Al Aarâf." The partition between Heaven and Hell. The chapter quoted says, "And betwixt the two there is a wall, and they shall cry out to the companions of Paradise, 'Peace be upon you,' but they cannot enter it, although they so desire."

THE END.



THE SONG CELESTIAL

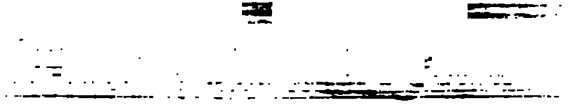
OR

BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ

(FROM THE MAHÂBHÂRATA)

BEING A DISCOURSE BETWEEN

ARJUNA, PRINCE OF INDIA, AND THE SUPREME BEING
UNDER THE FORM OF KRISHNA



PREFACE.

THIS famous and marvellous Sanskrit poem occurs as an episode of the *Mahâbhârata*, in the sixth — or "*Bhishma*" — Parva of the great Hindoo epic. It enjoys immense popularity and authority in India, where it is reckoned as one of the "Five Jewels," —*pancharatnâni*— of Devanâgiri literature. In plain but noble language it unfolds a philosophical system which remains to this day the prevailing Brahmanic belief, blending as it does the doctrines of Kapila, Patanjali, and the Vedas. So lofty are many of its declarations, so sublime its aspirations, so pure and tender its piety, that Schlegel, after his study of the poem, breaks forth into this outburst of delight and praise towards its unknown author: "*Magistrorum reverentia a Brachmanis inter sanctissima pietatis officia refertur. Ergo te primum, Vates sanctissime, Numinisque hypopheta! quisquis tandem*

inter mortales dictus tu fueris, carminis hujus auctor, cujus oraculis mens ad excelsa quæque, æterna atque divina, cum inenarrabili quâdam delectatione rapitur— te primum, inquam salvere jubeo, et vestigia tua semper adoro." [By the Brahmins, reverence of masters is considered the most sacred of duties. Thee, therefore, first, most holy prophet, interpreter of the Deity, by whatever name thou wast called among mortals, the author of this poem, by whose oracles the mind is rapt with ineffable delight to doctrines lofty, eternal, and divine, — thee first, I say, I hail, and shall always worship at thy feet.] Lassen re-echoes this splendid tribute; and indeed, so striking are some of the moralities here inculcated, and so close the parallelism — ofttimes actually verbal — between its teachings and those of the New Testament, that a controversy has arisen between Pandits and Missionaries on the point whether the author borrowed from Christian sources, or the Evangelists and Apostles from him.

This raises the question of its date, which cannot be positively settled. It must have been inlaid into the ancient epic at a period later than that of the original *Mahâbhârata*, but Mr. Kaśinath Telang has offered some fair arguments to prove it anterior to the Christian era. The weight of evidence, however, tends to place

its composition at about the third century after Christ; and perhaps there are really echoes in this Brahmanic poem of the lessons of Galilee, and of the Syrian incarnation.

Its scene is the level country between the Jumna and the Sarsooti rivers — now Kurnul and Jheend. Its simple plot consists of a dialogue held by Prince Arjuna, the brother of King Yudhisthira, with Krishna, the Supreme Deity, wearing the disguise of a charioteer. A great battle is impending between the armies of the Kauravas and Pândavas, and this conversation is maintained in a war-chariot drawn up between the opposing hosts.

The poem has been turned into French by Burnouf, into Latin by Lassen, into Italian by Stanislav Gatti, into Greek by Galanos, and into English by Mr. Thomson and Mr. Davies, the prose transcript of the last-named being truly beyond praise for its fidelity and clearness. Mr. Telang has also published at Bombay a version in colloquial rhythm, eminently learned and intelligent, but not conveying the dignity or grace of the original. If I venture to offer a translation of the wonderful poem after so many superior scholars, it is in grateful recognition of the help derived from their labors, and because English literature would certainly

be incomplete without possessing in popular form a poetical and philosophical work so dear to India.

There is little else to say which the "Song Celestial" does not explain for itself. The Sanskrit original is written in the *Anushtubh* metre, which cannot be successfully reproduced for Western ears. I have therefore cast it into our flexible blank verse, changing into lyrical measures where the text itself similarly breaks. For the most part, I believe the sense to be faithfully preserved in the following pages; but Schlegel himself had to say: "*In reconditioribus me semper poetæ mentem rectè divinasse affirmare non ausim.*" [In the more recondite mysteries I dare not affirm that I have always rightly divined the poet's meaning.] Those who would read more upon the philosophy of the poem may find an admirable introduction in the volume of Mr. Davies, printed by Messrs. Trübner & Co.

EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

THE SONG CELESTIAL;

OR,

BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ.

CHAPTER I.

DHRITIRASHTRA:

Ranged thus for battle on the sacred plain —
On Kurukshetra — say, Sanjaya! say
What wrought my people, and the Pandavas?

SANJAYA:

When he beheld the host of Pandavas
Raja Duryôdhana to Drona drew,
And spake these words: "Ah, Guru! see this line,
How vast it is of Pandu fighting-men,
Embattled by the son of Drupada,

Thy scholar in the war! Therein stand ranked
Chiefs like Arjuna, like to Bhîma chiefs,
Benders of bows; Virâta, Yuyudhân,
Drupada, eminent upon his car,
Dhrishtaket, Chekitân, Kaśi's stout lord,
Purujit, Kuntibhôj, and Śaivya,
With Yudhâmanyu, and Uttamauj
Subhadra's child; and Drupadi's; — all famed!
All mounted on their shining chariots!
On our side, too, — thou best of Brahmans! see
Excellent chiefs, commanders of my line,
Whose names I joy to count: thyself the first,
Then Bhishma, Karna, Kripa fierce in fight,
Vikarna, Aśwatthâman; next to these
Strong Saumadatti, with full many more
Valiant and tried, ready this day to die
For me their king, each with his weapon grasped,
Each skilful in the field. Weakest — meseems —
Our battle shows where Bhishma holds command,
And Bhima, fronting him, something too strong!

Have care our captains nigh to Bhishma's ranks
Prepare what help they may! Now, blow my shell!"

Then, at the signal of the aged king,
With blare to wake the blood, rolling around
Like to a lion's roar, the trumpeter
Blew the great Conch; and, at the noise of it,
Trumpets and drums, cymbals and gongs and horns
Burst into sudden clamor; as the blasts
Of loosened tempest, such the tumult seemed!
Then might be seen, upon their car of gold
Yoked with white steeds, blowing their battle-shells,
Krishna the God, Arjuna at his side:
Krishna, with knotted locks, blew his great conch
Carved of the "Giant's bone;" Arjuna blew
Indra's loud gift; Bhima the terrible —
Wolf-bellied Bhima — blew a long reed-conch;
And Yudhisthira, Kunti's blameless son,
Winded a mighty shell, "Victory's Voice;"
And Nakula blew shrill upon his conch

Named the "Sweet-sounding," Sahadev on his
Called "Gem-bedecked," and Kaśi's Prince on his.
Sikhandi on his car, Dhrishtadyumn,
Virâta, Sâtyaki the Unsubdued,
Drupada, with his sons, (O Lord of Earth!)
Long-armed Subhadra's children, all blew loud,
So that the clangor shook their foemen's hearts,
With quaking earth and thundering heav'n.
Then 'twas —
Beholding Dhritirashtra's battle set,
Weapons unsheathing, bows drawn forth, the war
Instant to break — Arjun, whose ensign-badge
Was Hanuman the monkey, spake this thing
To Krishna the Divine, his charioteer:
"Drive, Dauntless One! to yonder open ground
Betwixt the armies; I would see more nigh
These who will fight with us, those we must slay
To-day, in war's arbitrament; for, sure,
On bloodshed all are bent who throng this plain,
Obeying Dhritirashtra's sinful son."

Thus, by Arjuna prayed (O Bharata!)
Between the hosts that heavenly Charioteer
Drove the bright car, reigning its milk-white steeds
Where Bhishma led, and Drona, and their Lords.
"See!" spake he to Arjuna, "where they stand,
Thy kindred of the Kurus:" and the Prince
Marked on each hand the kinsmen of his house,
Grandsires and sires, uncles and brothers and sons,
Cousins and sons-in-law and nephews, mixed
With friends and honored elders; some this side,
Some that side ranged: and, seeing those opposed,
Such kith grown enemies — Arjuna's heart
Melted with pity, while he uttered this:

ARJUNA:

Krishna! as I behold, come here to shed
Their common blood, yon concourse of our kin,
My members fail, my tongue dries in my mouth,
A shudder thrills my body, and my hair
Bristles with horror; from my weak hand slips

Gandiv, the goodly bow; a fever burns
My skin to parching; hardly may I stand;
The life within me seems to swim and faint;
Nothing do I foresee save woe and wail!
It is not good, O Keshav! nought of good
Can spring from mutual slaughter! Lo, I hate
Triumph and domination, wealth and ease,
Thus sadly won! *Aho!* what victory
Can bring delight, Govinda! what rich spoils
Could profit; what rule recompense; what span
Of life itself seem sweet, bought with such blood?
Seeing that these stand here, ready to die,
For whose sake life was fair, and pleasure pleased,
And power grew precious: — grandsires, sires, and sons,
Brothers, and fathers-in-law, and sons-in-law,
Elders and friends! Shall I deal death on these
Even though they seek to slay us? Not one blow,
O Madhusudan! will I strike to gain
The rule of all Three Worlds; then, how much less

To seize an earthly kingdom! Killing these
Must breed but anguish, Krishna! If they be
Guilty, we shall grow guilty by their deaths;
Their sins will light on us, if we shall slay
Those sons of Dhritirashtra, and our kin;
What peace could come of that, O Madhava?
For if indeed, blinded by lust and wrath,
These cannot see, or will not see, the sin
Of kingly lines o'erthrown and kinsmen slain,
How should not we, who see, shun such a crime —
We who perceive the guilt and feel the shame —
Oh, thou Delight of Men, Janârdana?
By overthrow of houses perisheth
Their sweet continuous household piety,
And — rites neglected, piety extinct —
Enters impiety upon that home;
Its women grow unwomaned, whence there spring
Mad passions, and the mingling-up of castes,
Sending a Hell-ward road that family,
And whoso wrought its doom by wicked wrath.

Nay, and the souls of honored ancestors
Fall from their place of peace, being bereft
Of funeral-cakes and the wan death-water.[1]
So teach our holy hymns. Thus, if we slay
Kinsfolk and friends for love of earthly power,
Ahovat! what an evil fault it were!
Better I deem it, if my kinsmen strike,
To face them weaponless, and bare my breast
To shaft and spear, than answer blow with blow.

So speaking, in the face of those two hosts,
Arjuna sank upon his chariot-seat,
And let fall bow and arrows, sick at heart.

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER I. OF THE
BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,
Entitled "Arjun-Vishâd,"
Or "The Book of the Distress of Arjuna."

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[1] Some repetitionary lines are here omitted.

CHAPTER II.

SANJAYA:

Him, filled with such compassion and such grief,
With eyes tear-dimmed, despondent, in stern words
The Driver, Madhusudan, thus addressed:

KRISHNA:

How hath this weakness taken thee? Whence springs
The inglorious trouble, shameful to the brave,
Barring the path of virtue? Nay, Arjun!
Forbid thyself to feebleness! it mars
Thy warrior-name! cast off the coward-fit!
Wake! Be thyself! Arise, Scourge of thy foes!

ARJUNA:

How can I, in the battle, shoot with shafts

On Bhishma, or on Drona — oh, thou Chief! —
Both worshipful, both honorable men?

Better to live on beggar's bread
With those we love alive,
Than taste their blood in rich feasts spread,
And guiltily survive!
Ah! were it worse — who knows? — to be
Victor or vanquished here,
When those confront us angrily
Whose death leaves living drear?
In pity lost, by doubtings tossed,
My thoughts — distracted — turn
To Thee, the Guide I reverence most,
That I may counsel learn:
I know not what would heal the grief
Burned into soul and sense,
If I were earth's unchallenged chief —
A god — and these gone thence!

SANJAYA:

So spake Arjuna to the Lord of Hearts,
And sighing, "I will not fight!" held silence then.
To whom, with tender smile (O Bharata!)
While the Prince wept despairing 'twixt those hosts,
Krishna made answer in divinest verse:

KRISHNA:

Thou grievest where no grief should be! thou
speak'st
Words lacking wisdom! for the wise in heart
Mourn not for those that live, nor those that die.
Nor I, nor thou, nor any one of these,
Ever was not, nor ever will not be,
For ever and for ever afterwards.
All, that doth live, lives always! To man's frame
As there come infancy and youth and age,
So come there raisings-up and layings-down
Of other and of other life-abodes,
Which the wise know, and fear not. This that irks —

Thy sense-life, thrilling to the elements —
Bringing thee heat and cold, sorrows and joys,
Tis brief and mutable! Bear with it, Prince!
As the wise bear. The soul which is not moved,
The soul that with a strong and constant calm
Takes sorrow and takes joy indifferently,
Lives in the life undying! That which is
Can never cease to be; that which is not
Will not exist. To see this truth of both
Is theirs who part essence from accident,
Substance from shadow. Indestructible,
Learn thou! the Life is, spreading life through all;
It cannot anywhere, by any means,
Be anywise diminished, stayed, or changed.
But for these fleeting frames which it informs
With spirit deathless, endless, infinite,
They perish. Let them perish, Prince! and fight!
He who shall say, "Lo! I have slain a man!"
He who shall think, "Lo! I am slain!" those both
Know naught! Life cannot slay. Life is not slain

Never the spirit was born; the spirit shall cease to be never;
Never was time it was not; End and Beginning are dreams!
Birthless and deathless and changeless remaineth the spirit for ever;
Death hath not touched it at all, dead though the house of it seems!

Who knoweth it exhaustless, self-sustained,
Immortal, indestructible, — shall such
Say, "I have killed a man, or caused to kill?"

Nay, but as when one layeth
His worn-out robes away,
And, taking new ones, sayeth,
"These will I wear to-day!"
So putteth by the spirit
Lightly its garb of flesh,
And passeth to inherit
A residence afresh.

I say to thee weapons reach not the Life,
Flame burns it not, waters cannot o'erwhelm,
Nor dry winds wither it. Impenetrable,
Unentered, unassailed, unharmed, untouched,
Immortal, all-arriving, stable, sure,
Invisible, ineffable, by word
And thought uncompassed, ever all itself,
Thus is the Soul declared! How wilt thou, then,
Knowing it so,—grieve when thou shouldst not
grieve?
How, if thou hearest that the man new-dead
Is, like the man new-born, still living man—
One same, existent Spirit—wilt thou weep?
The end of birth is death; the end of death
Is birth: this is ordained! and mournest thou,
Chief of the stalwart arm! for what befalls
Which could not otherwise befall? The birth
Of living things comes unperceived; the death
Comes unperceived; between them, beings perceive:
What is there sorrowful herein, dear Prince?

Wonderful, wistful, to contemplate!
Difficult, doubtful, to speak upon!
Strange and great for tongue to relate,
Mystical hearing for every one!
Nor wotteth man this, what a marvel it is,
When seeing, and saying, and hearing are done!

This Life within all living things, my Prince!
Hides beyond harm; scorn thou to suffer, then,
For that which cannot suffer. Do thy part!
Be mindful of thy name, and tremble not!
Nought better can betide a martial soul
Than lawful war; happy the warrior
To whom comes joy of battle — comes, as now,
Glorious and fair, unsought; opening for him
A gateway unto Heav'n. But, if thou shunn'st
This honorable field — a Kshattriya -
If, knowing thy duty and thy task, thou bidd'st
Duty and task go by — that shall be sin!
And those to come shall speak thee infamy

From age to age; but infamy is worse
For men of noble blood to bear than death!
The chiefs upon their battle-chariots
Will deem 'twas fear that drove thee from the fray.
Of those who held thee mighty-souled the scorn
Thou must abide, while all thine enemies
Will scatter bitter speech of thee, to mock
The valor which thou hadst; what fate could fall
More grievously than this? Either — being killed —
Thou wilt win Swarga's safety, or — alive
And victor — thou wilt reign an earthly king.
Therefore, arise, thou Son of Kunti! brace
Thine arm for conflict, nerve thy heart to meet —
As things alike to thee — pleasure or pain,
Profit or ruin, victory or defeat:
So minded, gird thee to the fight, for so
Shalt not sin!

Hear now the deeper teaching of the Yôg,
Which holding, understanding, thou shalt burst
Thy Karmabandh, the bondage of wrought deeds.
Here shall no end be hindered, no hope marred
No loss be feared: faith — yea, a little faith —
Shall save thee from the anguish of thy dread.
Here, Glory of the Kurus! shines one rule —
One steadfast rule—while shifting souls have laws
Many and hard. Specious, but wrongful deem
The speech of those ill-taught ones who extol
The letter of their Vedas, saying, "This
Is all we have, or need;" being weak at heart
With wants, seekers of Heaven: which comes — they say —
As "fruit of good deeds done;" promising men
Much profit in new births for works of faith;
In various rites abounding; following whereon
Large merit shall accrue towards wealth and power;

Albeit, who wealth and power do most desire
Least fixity of soul have such, least hold
On heavenly meditation. Much these teach,
From Veds, concerning the "three qualities;"
But thou, be free of the "three qualities,"
Free of the "pairs of opposites,"[1] and free
From that sad righteousness which calculates;
Self-ruled, Arjuna! simple, satisfied![2]
Look! like as when a tank pours water forth
To suit all needs, so do these Brahmans draw
Texts for all wants from tank of Holy Writ.
But thou, want not! ask not! Find full reward
Of doing right in right! Let right deeds be
Thy motive, not the fruit which comes from them.
And live in action! Labor! Make thine acts
Thy piety, casting all self aside,
Contemning gain and merit; equable

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[1] Technical phrases of Vedic religion.

[2] The whole of this passage is highly involved and difficult to render.

In good or evil: equability
Is Yôg, is piety!

Yet, the right act
Is less, far less, than the right-thinking mind.
Seek refuge in thy soul; have there thy heaven!
Scorn them that follow virtue for her gifts!
The mind of pure devotion — even here —
Casts equally aside good deeds and bad,
Passing above them. Unto pure devotion
Devote thyself: with perfect meditation
Comes perfect act, and the right-hearted rise —
More certainly because they seek no gain —
Forth from the bands of body, step by step,
To highest seats of bliss. When thy firm soul
Hath shaken off those tangled oracles
Which ignorantly guide, then shall it soar
To high neglect of what's denied or said,
This way or that way, in doctrinal writ.
Troubled no longer by the priestly lore

Safe shall it live, and sure; steadfastly bent
On meditation. This is Yôg — and Peace!

ARJUNA:

What is his mark who hath that steadfast heart,
Confirmed in holy meditation? How
Know we his speech, Keśava? Sits he, moves he
Like other men?

KRISHNA:

When one, O Prithâ's Son!—
Abandoning desires which shake the mind —
Finds in his soul full comfort for his soul,
He hath attained the Yôg — that man is such!
In sorrows not dejected, and in joys
Not overjoyed; dwelling outside the stress
Of passion, fear, and anger; fixed in calms
Of lofty contemplation; — such an one
Is Muni, is the Sage, the true Recluse!
He, who to none and nowhere overbound

By ties of flesh, takes evil things and good
Neither desponding nor exulting, such
Bears wisdom's plainest mark! He who shall draw,
As the wise tortoise draws its four feet safe
Under its shield, his five frail senses back
Under the spirit's buckler from the world
Which else assails them, such an one, my Prince!
Hath wisdom's mark! Things that solicit sense
Hold off from the self-governed; nay, it comes,
The appetites of him who lives beyond
Depart, — aroused no more. Yet may it chance
O Son of Kunti! that a governed mind
Shall some time feel the sense-storms sweep, and wrest
Strong self-control by the roots. Let him regain
His kingdom! let him conquer this, and sit
On Me intent. That man alone is wise
Who keeps the mastery of himself! If one
Ponders on objects of the sense, there springs
Attraction; from attraction grows desire,

Desire flames to fierce passion, passion breeds
Recklessness; then the memory — all betrayed —
Lets noble purpose go, and saps the mind,
Till purpose, mind, and man are all undone.
But, if one deals with objects of the sense
Not loving and not hating, making them
Serve his free soul, which rests serenely lord,
Lo! such a man comes to tranquillity;
And out of that tranquillity shall rise
The end and healing of his earthly pains,
Since the will governed sets the soul at peace.
The soul of the ungoverned is not his,
Nor hath he knowledge of himself; which lacked,
How grows serenity? and, wanting that,
Whence shall he hope for happiness?

The mind
That gives itself to follow shows of sense
Seeth its helm of wisdom rent away,
And, like a ship in waves of whirlwind, drives
To wreck and death. Only with him, great Pri

Whose senses are not swayed by things of sense —
Only with him who holds his mastery,
Shows wisdom perfect. What is midnight-gloom
To unenlightened souls shines wakeful day
To his clear gaze; what seems as wakeful day
Is known for night, thick night of ignorance,
To his true-seeing eyes. Such is the Saint!

And like the ocean, day by day receiving
Floods from all lands, which never overflows;
Its boundary-line not leaping, and not leaving,
Fed by the rivers, but unswelled by those; —

So is the perfect one! to his soul's ocean
The world of sense pours streams of witchery;
They leave him as they find, without commotion,
Taking their tribute, but remaining sea.

Yea! whoso, shaking off the yoke of flesh,
Lives lord, not servant, of his lusts; set free

From pride, from passion, from the sin of "Self,"
Toucheth tranquillity! O Prithâ's son!
That is the state of Brahm! There rests no dread
When that last step is reached! Live where he will
Die when he may, such passeth from all 'plaining,
To blest Nirvâna, with the Gods, attaining.

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER II. OF THE
BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,
Entitled "Sânkhya-Yôg,"
Or "The Book of Doctrines."

CHAPTER III.

ARJUNA:

Thou whom all mortals praise, Janârdana!
If meditation be a nobler thing
Than action, wherefore, then, great Keśava!
Dost thou impel me to this dreadful fight?
Now am I by thy doubtful speech disturbed!
Tell me one thing, and tell me certainly;
By what road shall I find the better end?

KRISHNA:

I told thee, blameless Lord! there be two paths
Shown to this world; two schools of wisdom. First
The Sânkhya's, which doth save in way of works
Prescribed[1] by reason; next, the Yôg, which bids

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[1] I feel convinced *sânkhyânân* and *yoginân* must be transposed here in sense.

Attain by meditation, spiritually:
Yet these are one! No man shall 'scape from act
By shunning action; nay, and none shall come
By mere renouncements unto perfectness.
Nay, and no jot of time, at any time,
Rests any actionless; his nature's law
Compels him, even unwilling, into act;
[For thought is act in fancy]. He who sits
Suppressing all the instruments of flesh,
Yet in his idle heart thinking on them,
Plays the inept and guilty hypocrite:
But he who, with strong body serving mind,
Gives up his mortal powers to worthy work,
Not seeking gain, Arjuna! such an one
Is honorable. Do thine allotted task!
Work is more excellent than idleness;
The body's life proceeds not, lacking work.
There is a task of holiness to do,
Unlike world-binding toil, which bindeth not
The faithful soul; such earthly duty do

Free from desire, and thou shalt well perform
Thy heavenly purpose. Spake Prajâpati —
In the beginning, when all men were made,
And, with mankind, the sacrifice — "Do this!
Work! sacrifice! Increase and multiply
With sacrifice! This shall be Kamadûk,
Your 'Cow of Plenty,' giving back her milk
Of all abundance. Worship the gods thereby;
The gods shall yield ye grace. Those meats ye crave
The gods will grant to Labor, when it pays
Tithes in the altar-flame. But if one eats
Fruits of the earth, rendering to kindly Heaven
No gift of toil, that thief steals from his world."

Who eat of food after their sacrifice
Are quit of fault, but they that spread a feast
All for themselves, eat sin and drink of sin.
By food the living live; food comes of rain,
And rain comes by the pious sacrifice,
And sacrifice is paid with tithes of toil;

Thus action is of Brahmâ, who is One,
The Only, All-pervading; at all times
Present in sacrifice. He that abstains
To help the rolling wheels of this great world,
Glutting his idle sense, lives a lost life,
Shameful and vain. Existing for himself,
Self-concentrated, serving self alone,
No part hath he in aught; nothing achieved,
Nought wrought or unwrought toucheth him; no hope
Of help for all the living things of earth
Depends from him.[1] Therefore, thy task prescribed
With spirit unattached gladly perform,
Since in performance of plain duty man
Mounts to his highest bliss. By works alone
Janak, and ancient saints reached blessedness!
Moreover, for the upholding of thy kind,
Action thou should'st embrace. What the wise choose

[1] I am doubtful of accuracy here.

The unwise people take; what best men do
The multitude will follow. Look on me,
Thou Son of Prithâ! in the three wide worlds
I am not bound to any toil, no height
Awaits to scale, no gift remains to gain,
Yet I act here! and, if I acted not —
Earnest and watchful — those that look to me
For guidance, sinking back to sloth again
Because I slumbered, would decline from good,
And I should break earth's order and commit
Her offspring unto ruin, Bharata!
Even as the unknowing toil, wedded to sense,
So let the enlightened toil, sense-freed, but set
To bring the world deliverance, and its bliss;
Not sowing in those simple, busy hearts
Seed of despair. Yea! let each play his part
In all he finds to do, with unyoked soul.
All things are everywhere by Nature wrought
In interaction of the qualities.
The fool, cheated by self, thinks, "This I did"

And "That I wrought;" but — ah, thou strong-armed Prince! —
A better-lessoned mind, knowing the play
Of visible things within the world of sense,
And how the qualities must qualify,
Standeth aloof even from his acts. Th' untaught
Live mixed with them, knowing not Nature's way,
Of highest aims unwitting, slow and dull.
Those make thou not to stumble, having the light;
But all thy dues discharging, for My sake,
With meditation centred inwardly,
Seeking no profit, satisfied, serene,
Heedless of issue — fight! They who shall keep
My ordinance thus, the wise and willing hearts,
Have quittance from all issue of their acts;
But those who disregard my ordinance,
Thinking they know, know nought, and fall to loss,
Confused and foolish. 'Sooth, the instructed one

Doth of his kind, following what fits him most;
And lower creatures of their kind; in vain
Contending 'gainst the law. Needs must it be
The objects of the sense will stir the sense
To like and dislike, yet th' enlightened man
Yields not to these, knowing them enemies.
Finally, this is better, that one do
His own task as he may, even though he fail,
Than take tasks not his own, though they seem good.
To die performing duty is no ill;
But who seeks other roads shall wander still.

ARJUNA:

Yet tell me, Teacher! by what force doth man
Go to his ill, unwilling; as if one
Pushed him that evil path?

KRISHNA

Kama it is!
Passion it is! born of the Darknesses,

Which pusheth him. Mighty of appetite,
Sinful, and strong is this! — man's enemy!
As smoke blots the white fire, as clinging rust
Mars the bright mirror, as the womb surrounds
The babe unborn, so is the world of things
Foiled, soiled, enclosed in this desire of flesh.
The wise fall, caught in it; the unresting foe
It is of wisdom, wearing countless forms,
Fair but deceitful, subtle as a flame.
Sense, mind, and reason — these, O Kunti's son!
Are booty for it; in its play with these
It maddens man, beguiling, blinding him.
Therefore, thou noblest child of Bharata!
Govern thy heart! Constrain th' entangled sense!
Resist the false, soft sinfulness which saps
Knowledge and judgment! Yea, the world is strong,
But what discerns it stronger, and the mind
Strongest; and high o'er all the ruling Soul.
Wherefore, perceiving Him who reigns supreme,

Put forth full force of Soul in thy own soul!
Fight! vanquish foes and doubts, dear Hero! slay
What haunts thee in fond shapes, and would
betray!

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER III. OF THE

BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

Entitled "Karma-Yôg,"

Or "The Book of Virtue in Work."

CHAPTER IV.

KRISHNA:

This deathless Yoga, this deep union,
I taught Vivaswata,[1] the Lord of Light;
Vivaswata to Manu gave it; he
To Ikshwâku; so passed it down the line
Of all my royal Rishis. Then, with years,
The truth grew dim and perished, noble Prince!
Now once again to thee it is declared —
This ancient lore, this mystery supreme —
Seeing I find thee votary and friend.

ARJUNA:

Thy birth, dear Lord, was in these later days,
And bright Vivaswata's preceded time!

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[1] A name of the sun.

How shall I comprehend this thing thou sayest,
"From the beginning it was I who taught?"

KRISHNA:

Manifold the renewals of my birth
Have been, Arjuna! and of thy births, too!
But mine I know, and thine thou knowest not,
O Slayer of thy Foes! Albeit I be
Unborn, undying, indestructible,
The Lord of all things living; not the less —
By Maya, by my magic which I stamp
On floating Nature-forms, the primal vast —
I come, and go, and come. When Righteousness
Declines, O Bharata! when Wickedness
Is strong, I rise, from age to age, and take
Visible shape, and move a man with men,
Succoring the good, thrusting the evil back,
And setting Virtue on her seat again.
Who knows the truth touching my births on earth
And my divine work, when he quits the flesh

Puts on its load no more, falls no more down
To earthly birth: to Me he comes, dear Prince!

Many there be who come! from fear set free,
From anger, from desire; keeping their hearts
Fixed upon me — my Faithful — purified
By sacred flame of Knowledge. Such as these
Mix with my being. Whoso worship me,
Them I exalt; but all men everywhere
Shall fall into my path; albeit, those souls
Which seek reward for works, make sacrifice
Now, to the lower gods. I say to thee
Here have they their reward. But I am He
Made the Four Castes, and portioned them a place
After their qualities and gifts. Yea, I
Created, the Reposeful; I that live
Immortally, made all those mortal births:
For works soil not my essence, being works
Wrought uninvolved.[1] Who knows me acting thu

[1] Without desire of fruit.

Unchained by action, action binds not him;
And, so perceiving, all those saints of old
Worked, seeking for deliverance. Work thou
As, in the days gone by, thy fathers did.

Thou sayst, perplexed, It hath been asked before
By singers and by sages, "What is act,
And what inaction?" I will teach thee this,
And, knowing, thou shalt learn which work doth save
Needs must one rightly meditate those three —
Doing, — not doing, — and undoing. Here
Thorny and dark the path is! He who sees
How action may be rest, rest action — he
Is wisest 'mid his kind; he hath the truth!
He doeth well, acting or resting. Freed
In all his works from prickings of desire,
Burned clean in act by the white fire of truth,
The wise call that man wise; and such an one,
Renouncing fruit of deeds, always content,
Always self-satisfying, if he works,

Doth nothing that shall stain his separate soul,
Which — quit of fear and hope — subduing self —
Rejecting outward impulse — yielding up
To body's need nothing save body, dwells
Sinless amid all sin, with equal calm
Taking what may befall, by grief unmoved,
Unmoved by joy, unenvyingly; the same
In good and evil fortunes; nowise bound
By bond of deeds. Nay, but of such an one,
Whose crave is gone, whose soul is liberate,
Whose heart is set on truth — of such an one
What work he does is work of sacrifice,
Which passeth purely into ash and smoke
Consumed upon the altar! All's then God!
The sacrifice is Brahm, the ghee and grain
Are Brahm, the fire is Brahm, the flesh it eats
Is Brahm, and unto Brahm attaineth he
Who, in such office, meditates on Brahm.
Some votaries there be who serve the gods
With flesh and altar-smoke; but other some

Who, lighting subtler fires, make purer rite
With will of worship. Of the which be they
Who, in white flame of continence, consume
Joys of the sense, delights of eye and ear,
Foregoing tender speech and sound of song:
And they who, kindling fires with torch of Truth,
Burn on a hidden altar-stone the bliss
Of youth and love, renouncing happiness:
And they who lay for offering there their wealth,
Their penance, meditation, piety,
Their steadfast reading of the scrolls, their lore
Painfully gained with long austerities:
And they who, making silent sacrifice,
Draw in their breath to feed the flame of thought,
And breathe it forth to waft the heart on high,
Governing the ventage of each entering air
Lest one sigh pass which helpeth not the soul:
And they who, day by day denying needs,
Lay life itself upon the altar-flame,
Burning the body wan. Lo! all these keep

The rite of offering, as if they slew
Victims; and all thereby efface much sin.
Yea! and who feed on the immortal food
Left of such sacrifice, to Brahma pass,
To The Unending. But for him that makes
No sacrifice, he hath nor part nor lot
Even in the present world. How should he share
Another, O thou Glory of thy Line

In sight of Brahma all these offerings
Are spread and are accepted! Comprehend
That all proceed by act; for knowing this,
Thou shalt be quit of doubt. The sacrifice
Which Knowledge pays is better than great gifts
Offered by wealth, since gifts' worth — O my Prince!
Lies in the mind which gives, the will that serves:
And these are gained by reverence, by strong search,
By humble heed of those who see the Truth
And teach it. Knowing Truth, thy heart no more
Will ache with error, for the Truth shall show

All things subdued to thee, as thou to Me.
Moreover, Son of Pandu! wert thou worst
Of all wrong-doers, this fair ship of Truth
Should bear thee safe and dry across the sea
Of thy transgressions. As the kindled flame
Feeds on the fuel till it sinks to ash,
So unto ash, Arjuna! unto nought
The flame of Knowledge wastes works' dross away!
There is no purifier like thereto
In all this world, and he who seeketh it
Shall find it — being grown perfect — in himself.
Believing, he receives it when the soul
Masters itself, and cleaves to Truth, and comes —
Possessing knowledge — to the higher peace,
The uttermost repose. But those untaught,
And those without full faith, and those who fear
Are shent; no peace is here or other where,
No hope, nor happiness for whoso doubts.
He that, being self-contained, hath vanquished doubt,
Disparting self from service, soul from works,

Enlightened and emancipate, my Prince!
Works fetter him no more! Cut then atwain
With sword of wisdom, Son of Bharata!
This doubt that binds thy heart-beats! cleave the bond
Born of thy ignorance! Be bold and wise!
Give thyself to the field with me! Arise!

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER IV. OF THE

BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

Entitled "Jnana-Yôg,"

Or "The Book of the Religion of Knowledge."

CHAPTER V.

ARJUNA:

Yet, Krishna! at the one time thou dost laud
Surcease of works, and, at another time,
Service through work. Of these twain plainly tell
Which is the better way?

KRISHNA:

To cease from works
Is well, and to do works in holiness
Is well; and both conduct to bliss supreme;
But of these twain the better way is his
Who working piously refraineth not.

That is the true Renouncer, firm and fixed,
Who — seeking nought, rejecting nought — dwells

proof

Against the "opposites."[1] O valiant Prince!
In doing, such breaks lightly from all deed:
'Tis the new scholar talks as they were two,
This Sânkhya and this Yôga: wise men know
Who husbands one plucks golden fruit of both!
The region of high rest which Sânkhyans reach
Yogins attain. Who sees these twain as one
Sees with clear eyes! Yet such abstraction, Chief!
Is hard to win without much holiness.
Whoso is fixed in holiness, self-ruled,
Pure-hearted, lord of senses and of self,
Lost in the common life of all which lives —
A "Yôgayukt" — he is a Saint who wends
Straightway to Brahm. Such an one is not touched
By taint of deeds. "Nought of myself I do!"
Thus will he think — who holds the truth of truths —

[1] That is, "joy and sorrow, success and failure, heat and cold," &

In seeing, hearing, touching, smelling; when
He eats, or goes, or breathes; slumbers or talks,
Holds fast or loosens, opes his eyes or shuts;
Always assured "This is the sense-world plays
With senses." He that acts in thought of Brahm,
Detaching end from act, with act content,
The world of sense can no more stain his soul
Than waters mar th' enamelled lotus-leaf.
With life, with heart, with mind, — nay, with the help
Of all five senses — letting selfhood go —
Yogins toil ever towards their souls' release.
Such votaries, renouncing fruit of deeds,
Gain endless peace: the unvowed, the passion-bound,
Seeking a fruit from works, are fastened down.
The embodied sage, withdrawn within his soul,
At every act sits godlike in "the town

Which hath nine gateways," [1] neither doing aught
Nor causing any deed. This world's Lord makes
Neither the work, nor passion for the work,
Nor lust for fruit of work; the man's own self
Pushes to these! The Master of this World
Takes on himself the good or evil deeds
Of no man — dwelling beyond! Mankind errs here
By folly, darkening knowledge. But, for whom
That darkness of the soul is chased by light,
Splendid and clear shines manifest the Truth
As if a Sun of Wisdom sprang to shed
Its beams of dawn. Him meditating still,
Him seeking, with Him blended, stayed on Him,
The souls illuminated take that road
Which hath no turning back — their sins flung off
By strength of faith. [Who will may have this
Light;
Who hath it sees.] To him who wisely sees,
The Brahman with his scrolls and sanctities,

[1] *i. e.*, the body.

The cow, the elephant, the unclean dog,
The Outcast gorging dog's meat, are all one.

The world is overcome—aye! even here!
By such as fix their faith on Unity.
The sinless Brahma dwells in Unity,
And they in Brahma. Be not over-glad
Attaining joy, and be not over-sad
Encountering grief, but, stayed on Brahma, still
Constant let each abide! The sage whose soul
Holds off from outer contacts, in himself
Finds bliss; to Brahma joined by piety,
His spirit tastes eternal peace. The joys
Springing from sense-life are but quickening wombs
Which breed sure griefs: those joys begin and end!
The wise mind takes no pleasure, Kunti's Son!
In such as those! But if a man shall learn,
Even while he lives and bears his body's chain,
To master lust and anger, he is blest!

He is the *Yukta;* he hath happiness,
Contentment, light, within: his life is merged
In Brahma's life; he doth Nirvâna touch!
Thus go the Rishis unto rest, who dwell
With sins effaced, with doubts at end, with hearts
Governed and calm. Glad in all good they live,
Nigh to the peace of God; and all those live
Who pass their days exempt from greed and wrath,
Subduing self and senses, knowing the Soul!

The Saint who shuts outside his placid soul
All touch of sense, letting no contact through;
Whose quiet eyes gaze straight from fixed brows,
Whose outward breath and inward breath are drawn
Equal and slow through nostrils still and close;
That one — with organs, heart, and mind constrained
Bent on deliverance, having put away
Passion, and fear, and rage; — hath, even now,
Obtained deliverance, ever and ever freed.
Yea! for he knows Me Who am He that heeds

The sacrifice and worship, God revealed;
And He who heeds not, being Lord of Worlds,
Lover of all that lives, God unrevealed,
Wherein who will shall find surety and shield!

HERE ENDS CHAPTER V. OF THE

BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

Entitled "Karmasanyâsayog,"

Or "The Book of Religion by Renouncing Fruit of Works."

CHAPTER VI.

KRISHNA

Therefore, who doeth work rightful to do,
Not seeking gain from work, that man, O
Prince!
Is Sânyasi and Yôgi — both in one!
And he is neither who lights not the flame
Of sacrifice, nor setteth hand to task.

Regard as true Renouncer him that makes
Worship by work, for who renounceth not
Works not as Yôgin. So is that well said
"By works the votary doth rise to saint,
And saintship is the ceasing from all works;"
Because the perfect Yôgin acts — but acts

Unmoved by passions and unbound by deeds,
Setting result aside.

Let each man raise
The Self by Soul, not trample down his Self,
Since Soul that is Self's friend may grow Self's foe.
Soul is Self's friend when Self doth rule o'er Self,
But Self turns enemy if Soul's own self
Hates Self as not itself.[1]

The sovereign soul
Of him who lives self-governed and at peace
Is centred in itself, taking alike
Pleasure and pain; heat, cold; glory and shame.
He is the Yôgi, he is *Yûkta*, glad
With joy of light and truth; dwelling apart
Upon a peak, with senses subjugate
Whereto the clod, the rock, the glistering gold
Show all as one. By this sign is he known

[1] The Sanskrit has this play on the double meaning of *Atman*.

Being of equal grace to comrades, friends,
Chance-comers, strangers, lovers, enemies,
Aliens and kinsmen ; loving all alike,
Evil or good.
Sequestered should he sit,
Steadfastly meditating, solitary,
His thoughts controlled, his passions laid away,
Quit of belongings. In a fair, still spot
Having his fixed abode, — not too much raised,
Nor yet too low, — let him abide, his goods
A cloth, a deerskin, and the Kuśa-grass.
There, setting hard his mind upon The One,
Restraining heart and senses, silent, calm,
Let him accomplish Yôga, and achieve
Pureness of soul, holding immovable
Body and neck and head, his gaze absorbed
Upon his nose-end,[1] rapt from all around,
Tranquil in spirit, free of fear, intent
Upon his Brahmacharya vow, devout,

[1] So in original.

Musing on Me, lost in the thought of Me.
That Yôjin, so devoted, so controlled,
Comes to the peace beyond, — My peace, the peace
Of high Nirvana!

But for earthly needs
Religion is not his who too much fasts
Or too much feasts, nor his who sleeps away
An idle mind; nor his who wears to waste
His strength in vigils. Nay, Arjuna! call
That the true piety which most removes
Earth-aches and ills, where one is moderate
In eating and in resting, and in sport;
Measured in wish and act; sleeping betimes,
Waking betimes for duty.

When the man,
So living, centres on his soul the thought
Straitly restrained — untouched internally
By stress of sense — then is he *Yûkta*. See:
Steadfast a lamp burns sheltered from the wind;
Such is the likeness of the Yôgi's mind

Shut from sense-storms and burning bright to
Heaven.
When mind broods placid, soothed with holy wont;
When Self contemplates self, and in itself
Hath comfort; when it knows the nameless joy
Beyond all scope of sense, revealed to soul —
Only to soul! and, knowing, wavers not,
True to the farther Truth; when, holding this,
It deems no other treasure comparable,
But, harbored there, cannot be stirred or shook
By any gravest grief, call that state "peace,"
That happy severance Yôga; call that man
The perfect Yôgin!
Steadfastly the will
Must toil thereto, till efforts end in ease,
And thought has passed from thinking. Shaking
All longings bred by dreams of fame and gain,
Shutting the doorways of the senses close
With watchful ward; so, step by step, it comes
To gift of peace assured and heart assuaged,

When the mind dwells self-wrapped, and the soul broods
Cumberless. But, as often as the heart
Breaks — wild and wavering — from control, so oft
Let him re-curb it, let him rein it back
To the soul's governance; for perfect bliss
Grows only in the bosom tranquillized,
The spirit passionless, purged from offence,
Vowed to the Infinite. He who thus vows
His soul to the Supreme Soul, quitting sin,
Passes unhindered to the endless bliss
Of unity with Brahma. He so vowed,
So blended, sees the Life-Soul resident
In all things living, and all living things
In that Life-Soul contained. And whoso thus
Discerneth Me in all, and all in Me,
I never let him go; nor looseneth he
Hold upon Me; but, dwell he where he may,
Whate'er his life, in Me he dwells and lives,
Because he knows and worships Me, Who dwell

In all which lives, and cleaves to Me in all.
Arjuna! if a man sees everywhere —
Taught by his own similitude — one Life,
One Essence in the Evil and the Good,
Hold him a Yôgi, yea! well-perfected!

ARJUNA:

Slayer of Madhu! yet again, this Yôg,
This Peace, derived from equanimity,
Made known by thee — I see no fixity
Therein, no rest, because the heart of men
Is unfixed, Krishna! rash, tumultuous,
Wilful and strong. It were all one, I think,
To hold the wayward wind, as tame man's heart.

KRISHNA:

Hero long-armed! beyond denial, hard
Man's heart is to restrain, and wavering;
Yet may it grow restrained by habit, Prince!

By wont of self-command. This Yôg, I say,
Cometh not lightly to th' ungoverned ones;
But he who will be master of himself
Shall win it, if he stoutly strive thereto.

ARJUNA:

And what road goeth he who, having faith,
Fails, Krishna! in the striving; falling back
From holiness, missing the perfect rule?
Is he not lost, straying from Brahma's light,
Like the vain cloud, which floats 'twixt earth and Heaven
When lightning splits it, and it vanisheth?
Fain would I hear thee answer me herein,
Since, Krishna! none save thou can clear the doubt

KRISHNA:

He is not lost, thou Son of Prithâ! No!
Nor earth, nor heaven is forfeit, even for him,
Because no heart that holds one right desire

Treadeth the road of loss! He who should fail,
Desiring righteousness, cometh at death
Unto the Region of the Just; dwells there
Measureless years, and being born anew,
Beginneth life again in some fair home
Amid the mild and happy. It may chance
He doth descend into a Yôgin house
On Virtue's breast; but that is rare! Such birth
Is hard to be obtained on this earth, Chief!
So hath he back again what heights of heart
He did achieve, and so he strives anew
To perfectness, with better hope, dear Prince!
For by the old desire he is drawn on
Unwittingly; and only to desire
The purity of Yôga is to pass
Beyond the *Sabdabrahm*, the spoken Ved.
But, being Yôgi, striving strong and long,
Purged from transgressions, perfected by bi
Following on births, he plants his feet at l
Upon the farther path. Such an one rank

Above ascetics, higher than the wise,
Beyond achievers of vast deeds! Be thou
Yôgi, Arjuna! And of such believe,
Truest and best is he who worships Me
With inmost soul, stayed on My Mystery!

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER VI. OF THE

BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

Entitled "Atmasanyamayôg,"

Or "The Book of Religion by Self-Restraint."

CHAPTER VII.

KRISHNA:

Learn now, dear Prince! how, if thy soul be set
Ever on Me — still exercising Yôg,
Still making Me thy Refuge — thou shalt come
Most surely unto perfect hold of Me.
I will declare to thee that utmost lore,
Whole and particular, which, when thou knowest,
Leaveth no more to know here in this world.

Of many thousand mortals, one, perchance,
Striveth for Truth; and of those few that strive —
Nay, and rise high — one only — here and there —
Knoweth Me, as I am, the very Truth.

Earth, water, flame, air, ether, life, and mind,
And individuality — those eight
Make up the showing of Me, Manifest.

These be my lower Nature; learn the higher,
Whereby, thou Valiant One! this Universe
Is, by its principle of life, produced;
Whereby the worlds of visible things are born
As from a *Yoni*. Know! I am that womb:
I make and I unmake this Universe:
Than me there is no other Master, Prince!
No other Maker! All these hang on me
As hangs a row of pearls upon its string.
I am the fresh taste of the water; I
The silver of the moon, the gold o' the sun,
The word of worship in the Veds, the thrill
That passeth in the ether, and the strength
Of man's shed seed. I am the good sweet smell
Of the moistened earth, I am the fire's red light,
The vital air moving in all which moves,

The holiness of hallowed souls, the root
Undying, whence hath sprung whatever is;
The wisdom of the wise, the intellect
Of the informed, the greatness of the great,
The splendor of the splendid. Kunti's Son!
These am I, free from passion and desire;
Yet am I right desire in all who yearn,
Chief of the Bhâratas! for all those moods,
Soothfast, or passionate, or ignorant,
Which Nature frames, deduce from me; but all
Are merged in me — not I in them! The world -
Deceived by those three qualities of being —
Wotteth not Me Who am outside them all,
Above them all, Eternal! Hard it is
To pierce that veil divine of various shows
Which hideth Me; yet they who worship Me
Pierce it and pass beyond.

I am not known
To evil-doers, nor to foolish ones,
Nor to the base and churlish; nor to those

Whose mind is cheated by the show of things,
Nor those that take the way of Asuras.[1]

Four sorts of mortals know me: he who weeps,
Arjuna! and the man who yearns to know;
And he who toils to help; and he who sits
Certain of me, enlightened.
Of these four,
O Prince of India! highest, nearest, best
That last is, the devout soul, wise, intent
Upon "The One." Dear, above all, am I
To him; and he is dearest unto me!
All four are good, and seek me; but mine own,
The true of heart, the faithful — stayed on me,
Taking me as their utmost blessedness,
They are not "mine," but I — even I myself!
At end of many births to Me they come!
Yet hard the wise Mahatma is to find,
That man who sayeth, "All is Vâsudev!"[2]

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[1] Beings of low and devilish nature. [2] Krishna.

There be those, too, whose knowledge, turned aside
By this desire or that, gives them to serve
Some lower gods, with various rites, constrained
By that which mouldeth them. Unto all such —
Worship what shrine they will, what shapes, in faith —
'Tis I who give them faith! I am content!
The heart thus asking favor from its God,
Darkened but ardent, hath the end it craves,
The lesser blessing — but 'tis I who give!
Yet soon is withered what small fruit they reap:
Those men of little minds, who worship so,
Go where they worship, passing with their gods.
But Mine come unto me! Blind are the eyes
Which deem th' Unmanifested manifest,
Not comprehending Me in my true Self!
Imperishable, viewless, undeclared,
Hidden behind my magic veil of shows,
I am not seen by all; I am not known —
Unborn and changeless — to the idle world.

But I, Arjuna! know all things which were,
And all which are, and all which are to be,
Albeit not one among them knoweth Me!

By passion for the "pairs of opposites,"
By those twain snares of Like and Dislike, Prince!
All creatures live bewildered, save some few
Who, quit of sins, holy in act, informed,
Freed from the "opposites," and fixed in faith,
Cleave unto Me.

Who cleave, who seek in Me
Refuge from birth[1] and death, those have the Truth!
Those know Me BRAHMA; know Me Soul of Souls,
The ADHYÂTMAN; know KARMA, my work;
Know I am ADHIBHÛTA, Lord of Life,
And ADHIDAIVA, Lord of all the Gods,
And ADHIYAJNA, Lord of Sacrifice;

[1] I read here *jaama*, "birth;" not *jara*, "age."

Worship Me well, with hearts of love and faith,
And find and hold Me in the hour of death.

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER VII. OF THE

BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

Entitled "Vijnânayôg,"

Or "The Book of Religion by Discernment."

CHAPTER VIII.

ARJUNA:

Who is that BRAHMA? What that Soul of Souls,
The ADHYÂTMAN? What, Thou Best of All!
Thy work, the KARMA? Tell me what it is
Thou namest ADHIBHÛTA? What again
Means ADHIDAIVA? Yea, and how it comes
Thou canst be ADHIYAJNA in thy flesh?
Slayer of Madhu! Further, make me know
How good men find thee in the hour of death?

KRISHNA:

I BRAHMA am! the One Eternal GOD,
And ADHYÂTMAN is My Being's name,
The Soul of Souls! What goeth forth from Me,
Causing all life to live, is KARMA called:

And, Manifested in divided forms,
I am the ADHIBHÛTA, Lord of Lives;
And ADHIDAIVA, Lord of all the Gods,
Because I am PURUSHA, who begets.
And ADHIYAJNA, Lord of Sacrifice,
I — speaking with thee in this body here —
Am, thou embodied one! (for all the shrines
Flame unto Me!) And, at the hour of death,
He that hath meditated Me alone,
In putting off his flesh, comes forth to Me,
Enters into My Being — doubt thou not!
But, if he meditated otherwise
At hour of death, in putting off the flesh,
He goes to what he looked for, Kunti's Son!
Because the Soul is fashioned to its like.

Have Me, then, in thy heart always! and fight!
Thou too, when heart and mind are fixed on Me,
Shalt surely come to Me! All come who cleave
With never-wavering will of firmest faith,

Owning none other Gods: all come to Me,
The Uttermost, Purusha, Holiest!

Whoso hath known Me, Lord of sage and singer,
Ancient of days; of all the Three Worlds Stay,
Boundless, — but unto every atom Bringer
Of that which quickens it: whoso, I say,

Hath known My form, which passeth mortal knowing;
Seen my effulgence — which no eye hath seen —
Than the sun's burning gold more brightly glowing,
Dispersing darkness, — unto him hath been

Right life! And, in the hour when life is ending,
With mind set fast and trustful piety,
Drawing still breath beneath calm brows unbending,
In happy peace that faithful one doth die, —

In glad peace passeth to Purusha's heaven,
The place which they who read the Vedas name
AKSHARAM, "Ultimate;" whereto have striven
Saints and ascetics — their road is the same.

That way — the highest way — goes he who shuts
The gates of all his senses, locks desire
Safe in his heart, centres the vital airs
Upon his parting thought, steadfastly set;
And, murmuring OM, the sacred syllable —
Emblem of BRAHM — dies, meditating Me.

For who, none other Gods regarding, looks
Ever to Me, easily am I gained
By such a Yôgi; and, attaining Me,
They fall not — those Mahatmas — back to birth,
To life, which is the place of pain, which ends,
But take the way of utmost blessedness.

The worlds, Arjuna! — even Brahma's world —
Roll back again from Death to Life's unrest;
But they, O Kunti's Son! that reach to Me,
Taste birth no more. If ye know Brahma's Day
Which is a thousand Yugas; if ye know
The thousand Yugas making Brahma's Night,
Then know ye Day and Night as He doth know!
When that vast Dawn doth break, th' Invisible
Is brought anew into the Visible;
When that deep Night doth darken, all which is
Fades back again to Him Who sent it forth;
Yea! this vast company of living things —
Again and yet again produced — expires
At Brahma's Nightfall; and, at Brahma's Dawn,
Riseth, without its will, to life new-born.

But — higher, deeper, innermost — abides
Another Life, not like the life of sense,
Escaping sight, unchanging. This endures
When all created things have passed away:
This is that Life named the Unmanifest,
The Infinite! the All! the Uttermost.
Thither arriving none return. That Life
Is Mine, and I am there! And, Prince! by faith
Which wanders not, there is a way to come
Thither. I, the PURUSHA, I Who spread
The Universe around me — in Whom dwell
All living Things — may so be reached and seen!

. . . . .[1]

Richer than holy fruit on Vedas growing,
Greater than gifts, better than prayer or fast,

[1] I have discarded ten lines of Sanskrit text here as an undoubted interpolation by some Vedantist.

Such wisdom is! The Yôgi, this way knowing,
Comes to the Utmost Perfect Peace at last.

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER VIII. OF THE

BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

Entitled "Aksharaparabrahmayôg,"

Or "The Book of Religion by Devotion to the One Supreme God."

CHAPTER IX.

KRISHNA:

Now will I open unto thee — whose heart
Rejects not — that last lore, deepest-concealed,
That farthest secret of My Heavens and Earths,
Which but to know shall set thee free from ills, —
A Royal lore! a Kingly mystery!
Yea! for the soul such light as purgeth it
From every sin; a light of holiness
With inmost splendor shining; plain to see;
Easy to walk by, inexhaustible!

They that receive not this, failing in faith
To grasp the greater wisdom, reach not Me,

Destroyer of thy foes! They sink anew
Into the realm of Flesh, where all things change!

By Me the whole vast Universe of things
Is spread abroad; — by Me, the Unmanifest!
In Me are all existences contained;
Not I in them!

Yet they are not contained,
Those visible things! Receive and strive to embrace
The mystery majestical! My Being —
Creating all, sustaining all — still dwells
Outside of all!

See! as the shoreless airs
Move in the measureless space, but are not space,
[And space were space without the moving airs];
So all things are in Me, but are not I.

At closing of each Kalpa, Indian Prince!
All things which be back to My Being come:

At the beginning of each Kalpa, all
Issue new-born from Me.

By Energy
And help of Prakriti, my outer Self,
Again, and yet again, I make go forth
The realms of visible things — without their will —
All of them — by the power of Prakriti.

Yet these great makings, Prince! involve Me not,
Enchain Me not! I sit apart from them,
Other, and Higher, and Free; nowise attached!

Thus doth the stuff of worlds, moulded by Me,
Bring forth all that which is, moving or still,
Living or lifeless! Thus the worlds go on!

The minds untaught mistake Me, veiled in form; —
Naught see they of My secret Presence, nought

Of My hid Nature, ruling all which lives.
Vain hopes pursuing, vain deeds doing; fed
On vainest knowledge, senselessly they seek
An evil way, the way of brutes and fiends.
But My Mahatmas, those of noble soul
Who tread the path celestial, worship Me
With hearts unwandering,—knowing Me the Source,
Th' Eternal Source, of Life. Unendingly
They glorify Me; seek Me; keep their vows
Of reverence and love, with changeless faith
Adoring Me. Yea, and those too adore,
Who, offering sacrifice of wakened hearts,
Have sense of one pervading Spirit's stress,
One Force in every place, though manifold!
I am the Sacrifice! I am the Prayer!
I am the Funeral-Cake set for the dead!
I am the healing herb! I am the ghee,
The Mantra, and the flame, and that which burns!
I am — of all this boundless Universe —
The Father, Mother, Ancestor, and Guard!

The end of Learning! That which purifies
In lustral water! I am OM! I am
Rig-Veda, Sama-Veda, Yajur-Ved;
The Way, the Fosterer, the Lord, the Judge,
The Witness; the Abode, the Refuge-House,
The Friend, the Fountain and the Sea of Life
Which sends, and swallows up; Treasure of Worlds
And Treasure-Chamber! Seed and Seed-Sower,
Whence endless harvests spring! Sun's heat is mine;
Heaven's rain is mine to grant or to withhold;
Death am I, and Immortal Life I am,
Arjuna! SAT and ASAT, Visible Life,
And Life Invisible!

Yea! those who learn
The threefold Veds, who drink the Soma-wine,
Purge sins, pay sacrifice — from Me they earn
Passage to Swarga; where the meats divine

Of great gods feed them in high Indra's heaven.
Yet they, when that prodigious joy is o'er,
Paradise spent, and wage for merits given,
Come to the world of death and change once more.

They had their recompense! they stored their treasure,
Following the threefold Scripture and its writ;
Who seeketh such gaineth the fleeting pleasure
Of joy which comes and goes! I grant them it!

But to those blessèd ones who worship Me,
Turning not otherwhere, with minds set fast,
I bring assurance of full bliss beyond.

Nay, and of hearts which follow other gods
In simple faith, their prayers arise to me,
O Kunti's Son! though they pray wrongfully;
For I am the Receiver and the Lord

Of every sacrifice, which these know not
Rightfully; so they fall to earth again!
Who follow gods go to their gods; who vow
Their souls to Pitris go to Pitris; minds
To evil Bhûts given o'er sink to the Bhûts;
And whose loveth Me cometh to Me.
Whoso shall offer Me in faith and love
A leaf, a flower, a fruit, water poured forth,
That offering I accept, lovingly made
With pious will. Whate'er thou doest, Prince!
Eating or sacrificing, giving gifts,
Praying or fasting, let it all be done
For Me, as Mine. So shalt thou free thyself
From *Karmabandh*, the chain which holdeth men
To good and evil issue, so shalt come
Safe unto Me — when thou art quit of flesh —
By faith and abdication joined to Me!

I am alike for all! I know not hate,
I know not favor! What is made is Mine!

But them that worship Me with love, I love;
They are in Me, and I in them!

Nay, Prince!
If one of evil life turn in his thought
Straightly to Me, count him amidst the good;
He hath the high way chosen; he shall grow
Righteous ere long; he shall attain that peace
Which changes not. Thou Prince of India!
Be certain none can perish, trusting Me!
O Prithâ's Son! whoso will turn to Me,
Though they be born from the very womb of Sin,
Woman or man; sprung of the Vaiśya caste
Or lowly disregarded Sudra, — all
Plant foot upon the highest path; how then
The holy Brahmans and My Royal Saints?
Ah! ye who into this ill world are come —
Fleeting and false — set your faith fast on Me!
Fix heart and thought on Me! Adore Me! Bring

Offerings to Me! Make Me prostrations! Make
Me your supremest joy! and, undivided,
Unto My rest your spirits shall be guided.

HERE ENDS CHAPTER IX. OF THE

BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

Entitled "Râjavidyârajaguhyayôg,"

Or "The Book of Religion by the Kingly Knowledge and the Kingly Mystery."

CHAPTER X.

KRISHNA:[1]

Hear farther yet, thou Long-Armed Lord! these
latest words I say —
Uttered to bring thee bliss and peace, who lovest
Me alway —
Not the great company of gods nor kingly Rishis
know
My Nature, Who have made the gods and Rishis
long ago;
He only knoweth — only he is free of sin, and wise,
Who seeth Me, Lord of the Worlds, with faith-
enlightened eyes,
Unborn, undying, unbegun. Whatever Natures be

---

[1] The Sanskrit poem here rises to an elevation of style and manner which I have endeavored to mark by change of metre.

To mortal men distributed, those natures spring from Me!

Intellect, skill, enlightenment, endurance, self-control,

Truthfulness, equability, and grief or joy of soul,

And birth and death, and fearfulness, and fearlessness, and shame,

And honor, and sweet harmlessness,[1] and peace which is the same

Whate'er befalls, and mirth, and tears, and piety and thrift,

And wish to give, and will to help, — all cometh of My gift!

The Seven Chief Saints, the Elders Four, the Lordly Manus set —

Sharing My work — to rule the worlds, these too did I beget;

And Rishis, Pitris, Manus, all, by one thought of My mind;

[1] Ahinsâ.

Thence did arise, to fill this world, the races of mankind;

Wherefrom who comprehends My Reign of mystic Majesty —

That truth of truths — is thenceforth linked in faultless faith to Me:

Yea! knowing Me the source of all, by Me all creatures wrought,

The wise in spirit cleave to Me, into My Being brought;

Hearts fixed on Me; breaths breathed to Me; praising Me, each to each,

So have they happiness and peace, with pious thought and speech;

And unto these — thus serving well, thus loving ceaselessly —

I give a mind of perfect mood, whereby they draw to Me;

And, all for love of them, within their darkened souls I dwell,

And, with bright rays of wisdom's lamp, their
ignorance dispel.

ARJUNA:

Yes! Thou art Parabrahm! The High Abode!
The Great Purification! Thou art God
Eternal, All-creating, Holy, First,
Without beginning! Lord of Lords and Gods!
Declared by all the Saints — by Narada,
Vyâsa, Asita, and Devalas;
And here Thyself declaring unto me!
What Thou hast said now know I to be truth,
O Keśava! that neither gods nor men
Nor demons comprehend Thy mystery
Made manifest, Divinest! Thou Thyself
Thyself alone dost know, Maker Supreme!
Master of all the living! Lord of Gods!
King of the Universe! To Thee alone
Belongs to tell the heavenly excellence
Of those perfections wherewith Thou dost fill

These worlds of Thine; Pervading, Immanent!
How shall I learn, Supremest Mystery!
To know Thee, though I muse continually?
Under what form of Thine unnumbered forms
Mayst Thou be grasped? Ah! yet again recount,
Clear and complete, Thy great appearances,
The secrets of Thy Majesty and Might,
Thou High Delight of Men! Never enough
Can mine ears drink the Amrit[1] of such words!

KRISHNA:

Hanta! So be it! Kuru Prince! I will to thee unfold
Some portions of My Majesty, whose powers are manifold!
I am the Spirit seated deep in every creature's heart;
From Me they come; by Me they live; at My word they depart!
Vishnu of the Âdityas I am, those Lords of Light;

[1] The nectar of immortality.

Maritchi of the Maruts, the Kings of Storm and Blight;
By day I gleam, the golden Sun of burning cloudless Noon;
By Night, amid the asterisms I glide, the dappled Moon!
Of Vedas I am Sâma-Ved, of gods in Indra's Heaven
Vâsava; of the faculties to living beings given
The mind which apprehends and thinks; of Rudras Śankara;
Of Yakshas and of Râkshasas, Vittesh; and Pâvaka
Of Vasus, and of mountain-peaks Meru; Vrihaspati
Know Me 'mid planetary Powers; 'mid Warriors heavenly
Skanda; of all the water-floods the Sea which drinketh each,
And Bhrigu of the holy Saints, and Om of sacred speech;

Of prayers the prayer ye whisper;[1] of hills Himâla's snow,

And Aswattha, the fig-tree, of all the trees that grow;

Of the Devarshis, Nârada; and Chitrarath of them

That sing in Heaven, and Kapila of Munis, and the gem

Of flying steeds, Uchchaisravas, from Amrit-wave which burst;

Of elephants Airâvata; of males the Best and First;

Of weapons Heav'n's hot thunderbolt; of cows white Kâmadhuk,

From whose great milky udder-teats all hearts' desires are strook;

Vâsuki of the serpent-tribes, round Mandara entwined;

And thousand-fanged Ananta, on whose broad coils reclined

Leans Vishnu; and of water-things Varuna; Aryam

[1] Called "The Jap."

of Pitris, and, of those that judge, Yam...

I am;

Of Daityas dread Prahlâda; of what metes days
and years,

Time's self I am; of woodland-beasts — buffaloes,
deers, and bears —

The lordly-painted tiger; of birds the vast Garûd,

The whirlwind 'mid the winds; 'mid chiefs Rama
with blood imbrued,

Makar 'mid fishes of the sea, and Ganges 'mid the
streams;

Yea! First, and Last, and Centre of all which is or
seems

I am, Arjuna! Wisdom Supreme of what is
wise,

Words on the uttering lips I am, and eyesight of
the eyes,

And "A" of written characters, Dwandwa[1] of
knitted speech,

[1] The compound form of Sanskrit words.

And Endless Life, and boundless Love, whose power sustaineth each;

And bitter Death which seizes all, and joyous sudden Birth,

Which brings to light all beings that are to be on earth;

And of the viewless virtues, Fame, Fortune, Song am I,

And Memory, and Patience; and Craft, and Constancy:

Of Vedic hymns the Vrihatsâm, of metres Gayatrî,

Of months the Mârgasirsha, of all the seasons three

The flower-wreathed Spring; in dicer's-play the conquering Double-Eight;

The splendor of the splendid, and the greatness of the great,

Victory I am, and Action! and the goodness of the good,

And Vâsudev of Vrishni's race, and of this Pandu brood

Thyself! — Yea, my Arjuna! thyself,

Mine!

Of poets Uśana, of saints Vyâsa, sage divine;
The policy of conquerors, the potency of kings,
The great unbroken silence in learning's secret things;
The lore of all the learnèd, the seed of all which springs.

Living or lifeless, still or stirred, whatever beings be,
None of them is in all the worlds, but it exists by Me!

Nor tongue can tell, Arjuna! nor end of telling come
Of these My boundless glories, whereof I teach thee some;
For wheresoe'er is wondrous work, and majesty, and might,
From Me hath all proceeded. Receive thou aright!

Yet how shouldst thou receive, O Prince! the vastness of this word?

I, who am all, and made it all, abide its separate Lord!

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER X. OF THE

BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

Entitled "Vibhuti Yôg,"

Or "The Book of Religion by the Heavenly Perfections."

CHAPTER XI.

ARJUNA:

This, for my soul's peace, have I heard from
Thee,
The unfolding of the Mystery Supreme
Named Adhyâtman; comprehending which,
My darkness is dispelled; for now I know —
O Lotus-eyed![1] — whence is the birth of men,
And whence their death, and what the majesties
Of thine immortal rule. Fain would I see,
As thou Thyself declar'st it, Sovereign Lord!
The likeness of that glory of Thy Form
Wholly revealed. O Thou Divinest One!
If this can be, if I may bear the sight,

[1] "Kamalapatrâksha."

Make Thyself visible, Lord of all prayers!
Show me Thy very self, the Eternal God!

KRISHNA:

Gaze, then, thou Son of Prithâ! I manifest for thee
Those hundred thousand thousand shapes that clothe
my Mystery:
I show thee all my semblances, infinite, rich, divine,
My changeful hues, my countless forms. See! in
this face of mine,
Âdityas, Vasus, Rudras, Aświns, and Maruts; see
Wonders unnumbered, Indian Prince! revealed to
none save thee.
Behold! this is the Universe! — Look! what is live
and dead
I gather all in one — in Me! Gaze, as thy lips have
said,
On GOD ETERNAL, VERY GOD! See ME! see what
thou prayest!

. . . . . .

Thou canst not! — nor, with human eyes, Arjuna!
ever mayest!
Therefore I give thee sense divine. Have other eyes.
new light!
And, look! This is My glory, unveiled to mortal
sight!

SANJAYA:

Then, O King! the God, so saying,
Stood, to Prithâ's Son displaying
All the splendor, wonder, dread
Of His vast Almighty-head.
Out of countless eyes beholding,
Out of countless mouths commanding,
Countless mystic forms enfolding
In one Form: supremely standing
Countless radiant glories wearing,
Countless heavenly weapons bearing,
Crowned with garlands of star-clusters,
Robed in garb of woven lustres,

Breathing from His perfect Presence
Breaths of all delicious essence
Of all sweetest odors; shedding
Blinding brilliance, overspreading —
Boundless, beautiful — all spaces
From His all-regarding faces;
So He showed! If there should rise
Suddenly within the skies
Sunburst of a thousand suns
Flooding earth with rays undeemed-of,
Then might be that Holy One's
Majesty and glory dreamed of!

So did Pandu's Son behold
All this universe enfold
All its huge diversity
Into one great shape, and be
Visible, and viewed, and blended
In one Body — subtle, splendid,
Nameless — th' All-comprehending

God of Gods, the Never-Ending
Deity!

But, sore amazed,
Thrilled, o'erfilled, dazzled, and dazed,
Arjuna knelt, and bowed his head,
And clasped his palms, and cried, and said:

ARJUNA:

Yea! I have seen! I see!
Lord! all is wrapped in Thee!
The gods are in Thy glorious frame! the creatures
Of earth, and heaven, and hell
In Thy Divine form dwell,
And in Thy countenance show all the features

Of Brahma, sitting lone
Upon His lotus-throne;
Of saints and sages, and the serpent races

Ananta, Vâsuki.

Yea! mightiest Lord! I see
Thy thousand thousand arms, and breasts, and faces,

And eyes, — on every side
Perfect, diversified;
And nowhere end of Thee, nowhere beginning,
Nowhere a centre! Shifts
Wherever soul's gaze lifts
Thy central Self, all-willing, and all-winning!

Infinite King! I see
The anadem on Thee,
The club, the shell, the discus; see Thee burning
In beams insufferable,
Lighting earth, heaven, and hell
With brilliance blinding, glorious, flashing, turning

Darkness to dazzling day,
Look I whichever way.

Ah, Lord! I worship Thee, the Undivided,
The Uttermost of thought,
The Treasure-Palace wrought
To hold the wealth of the worlds; the shield provided

To shelter Virtue's laws;
The Fount whence Life's stream draws
All waters of all rivers of all being:
The One Unborn, Unending:
Unchanging and unblending!
With might and majesty, past thought, past seeing!

Silver of moon and gold
Of sun are glances rolled
From Thy great eyes; Thy visage, beaming tender
Over the stars and skies,
Doth to warm life surprise
Thy Universe. The worlds are filled with wonder

Of Thy perfections! Space
Star-sprinkled, and the place
From pole to pole of the heavens, from bound to bound,
Hath Thee in every spot,
Thee, Thee! — Where Thou art not
O Holy, Marvellous Form! is nowhere found!

O Mystic, Awful One!
At sight of Thee, made known,
The Three Worlds quake; the lower gods draw nigh Thee;
They fold their palms, and bow
Body, and breast, and brow,
And, whispering worship, laud and magnify Thee!

Rishis and Siddhas cry
"Hail! Highest Majesty!"
From sage and singer breaks the hymn of glory

In holy melody,
Sounding the praise of Thee,
While countless companies take up the story,

Rudras, who ride the storms,
Th' Âdityas' shining forms,
Vasus and Sâdhyas, Viśwas, Ushmapas,
Maruts, and those great Twins,
The heavenly, fair, Aświns,
Gandharvas, Rakshasas, Siddhas, Asuras, —

These see Thee, and revere
In silence-stricken fear;
Yea! the Worlds, — seeing Thee with form stupendous,
With faces manifold,
With eyes which all behold,
Unnumbered eyes, vast arms, members tremendous,

Flanks, lit with sun and star,
Feet planted near and far,
Tushes of terror, mouths wrathful and tender; —
The Three wide Worlds before Thee
Adore, as I adore Thee,
Quake, as I quake, to witness so much splendor!

I mark Thee strike the skies
With front in wondrous wise
Huge, rainbow-painted, glittering; and thy mouth
Opened, and orbs which see
All things, whatever be,
In all Thy worlds, east, west, and north and south.

O Eyes of God! O Head!
My strength of soul is fled,
Gone is heart's force, rebuked is mind's desire!
When I behold Thee so,
With awful brows a-glow,
With burning glance, and lips lighted with fire,

Fierce as those flames which shall
Consume, at close of all,
Earth, Heaven! Ah me! I see no Earth and Heaven!
Thee, Lord of Lords! I see,
Thee only — only Thee!
Ah! let Thy mercy unto me be given!

Thou Refuge of the World!
Lo! to the cavern hurled
Of Thy wide-opened throat, and lips white-tushed,
I see our noblest ones,
Great Dhritarashtra's sons,
Bhishma, Drona, and Karna, caught and crushed!

The Kings and Chiefs drawn in,
That gaping gorge within;
The best of all both armies torn and riven!

Between Thy jaws they lie
Mangled fell bloodily,
Ground into dust and death! Like streams down-
driven

With helpless haste, which go
In headlong furious flow
Straight to the gulfing maw of th' unfilled
ocean,
So to that flaming cave
These heroes great and brave
Pour, in unending streams, with helpless motion!

Like moths which in the night
Flutter towards a light,
Drawn to their fiery doom, flying and dying,
So to their death still throng,
Blind, dazzled, borne along
Ceaselessly, all these multitudes, wild flying!

Thou, that hast fashioned men,
Devourest them agen,
One with another, great and small, alike!
The creatures whom Thou mak'st,
With flaming jaws Thou tak'st,
Lapping them up! Lord God! Thy terrors strike

From end to end of earth,
Filling life full, from birth
To death, with deadly, burning, lurid dread!
Ah, Vishnu! make me know
Why is Thy visage so?
Who art Thou, feasting thus upon Thy dead?

Who? awful Deity!
I bow myself to Thee,
Nâmostu Tê Devavara! Prasîd![1]

[1] "Hail to Thee, God of Gods! Be favorable!"

O Mightiest Lord! rehearse
Why hast Thou face so fierce?
Whence did this aspect horrible proceed?

KRISHNA:

Thou seest Me as Time who kills, Time who brings
all to doom,
The Slayer Time, Ancient of Days, come hither to
consume;
Excepting thee, of all these hosts of hostile chiefs
arrayed,
There shines not one shall leave alive the battle-
field! Dismayed
No longer be! Arise! obtain renown! destroy thy
foes!
Fight for the kingdom waiting thee when thou hast
vanquished those.
By Me they fall — not thee! the stroke of death is
dealt them now,

Even as they stand thus gallantly; My instrument
art thou!
Strike, strong-armed Prince! at Drona! at Bhishma
strike! deal death
To Karna, Jyadratha; stay all this warlike breath!
'Tis I who bid them perish! Thou wilt but slay the
slain.
Fight! they must fall, and thou must live, victor
upon this plain!

SANJAYA:

Hearing mighty Keshav's word,
Tremblingly that helmèd Lord
Clasped his lifted palms, and — praying
Grace of Krishna — stood there, saying,
With bowed brow and accents broken,
These words, timorously spoken:

ARJUNA:

Worthily, Lord of Might!
The whole world hath delight
In Thy surpassing power, obeying Thee;

The Rakshasas, in dread
At sight of Thee, are sped
To all four quarters; and the company
Of Siddhas sound Thy name.
How should they not proclaim
Thy Majesties, Divinest, Mightiest?
Thou Brahm, than Brahma greater!
Thou Infinite Creator!
Thou God of gods, Life's Dwelling-place and Rest!

Thou, of all souls the Soul!
The Comprehending Whole!
Of Being formed, and formless Being the Framer;
O Utmost One! O Lord!
Older than eld, Who stored
The worlds with wealth of life. O Treasure-claimed.

Who wottest all, and art
Wisdom Thyself! O Part

In all, and all, for all from Thee have risen!
Numberless now I see
The aspects are of Thee!
Vayu[1] Thou art, and He who keeps the prison

Of Narak, Yama dark,
And Agni's shining spark.
Varuna's waves are Thy waves. Moon and star-light
Are Thine! Prajâpati
Art Thou, and 'tis to Thee
Men kneel in worshipping the old world's far light,

The first of mortal men.
Again, Thou God! again
A thousand thousand times be magnified!
Honor and worship be —
Glory and praise, — to Thee
Namô, Namastê, cried on every side.

[1] The wind.

Cried here, above, below,
Uttered when Thou dost go,
ered when Thou dost come! *Namô!* we call.
Namôstu! God adored!
Namôstu! Nameless Lord!
il to Thee! Praise to Thee! Thou One in all.

For Thou art All! Yea, Thou!
Ah! if in anger now
ou shouldst remember I did think Thee Friend,
Speaking with easy speech,
As men use each to each;
I call Thee "Krishna," "Prince," nor comprehend

Thy hidden majesty,
The might, the awe of Thee;
l, in my heedlessness, or in my love,
On journey, or in jest,
Or when we lay at rest,
ing at council, straying in the grove,

Alone, or in the throng,
Do Thee, most Holy! wrong,
Be Thy grace granted for that witless sin!
For Thou art now I know,
Father of all below,
Of all above, of all the worlds within,

Guru of Gurus, more
To reverence and adore
Than all which is adorable and high!
How, in the wide worlds three
Should any equal be?
Shall any other share Thy majesty?

Therefore, with body bent
And reverent intent,
I praise, and serve, and seek Thee, asking grace.
As father to a son,
As friend to friend, as one
Who loveth to his lover, turn Thy face

In gentleness on me!
Good is it I did see
s unknown marvel of Thy Form! But
fear
Mingles with joy! Retake,
Dear Lord! for pity's sake
ne earthly shape, which earthly eyes may
bear!

Be merciful, and show
The visage that I know;
me regard Thee, as of yore, arrayed
With disc and forehead-gem,
With mace and anadem,
ıu who sustainest all things! Undismayed

Let me once more behold
The form I loved of old,
ıu of the thousand arms and countless
eyes!

My frightened heart is fain
To see restored again
The Charioteer, my Krishna's kind disguise.

KRISHNA:

Yea! thou hast seen, Arjuna! because I loved
thee well,
The secret countenance of Me, revealed by mystic
spell,
Shining, and wonderful, and vast, majestic, mani-
fold,
Which none save thou in all the years had favor to
behold;
For not by Vedas cometh this, nor sacrifice, nor
alms,
Nor works well-done, nor penance long, nor prayers,
nor chaunted psalms,
That mortal eyes should bear to view the Immortal
Soul unclad,

Prince of the Kurus! This was kept for thee alone! Be glad!
Let no more trouble shake thy heart because thine eyes have seen
My terror with My glory. As I before have been
So will I be again for thee; with lightened heart behold!
Once more I am thy Krishna, the form thou knew'st of old!

SANJAYA:

These words to Arjuna spake
Vâsudev, and straight did take
Back again the semblance dear
Of the well-loved charioteer;
Peace and joy it did restore
When the Prince beheld once more
Mighty BRAHMA'S form and face
Clothed in Krishna's gentle grace.

ARJUNA:

Now that I see come back, Janardana!
This friendly human frame, my mind can think
Calm thoughts once more; my heart beats still again!

KRISHNA:

Yea! it was wonderful and terrible
To view me as thou didst, dear Prince! The gods
Dread and desire continually to view!
Yet not by Vedas, nor from sacrifice,
Nor penance, nor gift-giving, nor with prayer
Shall any so behold, as thou hast seen!
Only by fullest service, perfect faith,
And uttermost surrender am I known
And seen, and entered into, Indian Prince!
Who doeth all for Me; who findeth Me
In all; adoreth always; loveth all

Which I have made, and Me, for Love's sole
end,
That man, Arjuna! unto Me doth wend.

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER XI. OF THE

BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

Entitled "Viśwarupdarśanam,"

Or "The Book of the Manifesting of the One and Manifold."

CHAPTER XII.

ARJUNA:

Lord! of the men who serve Thee — true in heart —
As God revealed; and of the men who serve,
Worshipping Thee Unrevealed, Unbodied, far,
Which take the better way of faith and life?

KRISHNA:

Whoever serve Me — as I show Myself —
Constantly true, in full devotion fixed,
These hold I very holy. But who serve —
Worshipping Me The One, The Invisible,
The Unrevealed, Unnamed, Unthinkable,
Uttermost, All-pervading, Highest, Sure —
Who thus adore Me, mastering their sense,

Of one set mind to all, glad in all good,
These blessed souls come unto Me.
Yet, hard
The travail is for whoso bend their minds
To reach th' Unmanifest. That viewless path
Shall scarce be trod by man bearing his flesh!
But whereso any doeth all his deeds,
Renouncing self in Me, full of Me, fixed
To serve only the Highest, night and day
Musing on Me — him will I swiftly lift
Forth from life's ocean of distress and death
Whose soul clings fast to Me. Cling thou to Me!
Clasp Me with heart and mind! so shalt thou dwell
Surely with Me on high. But if thy thought
Droops from such height; if thou be'st weak to set
Body and soul upon Me constantly,
Despair not! give Me lower service! seek

To read Me, worshipping with steadfast will;
And, if thou canst not worship steadfastly,
Work for Me, toil in works pleasing to Me!
For he that laboreth right for love of Me
Shall finally attain! But, if in this
Thy faint heart fails, bring Me thy failure! find
Refuge in Me! let fruits of labor go,
Renouncing all for me, with lowliest heart,
So shalt thou come; for, though to know is more
Than diligence, yet worship better is
Than knowing, and renouncing better still.
Near to renunciation — very near —
Dwelleth Eternal Peace!
Who hateth nought
Of all which lives, living himself benign,
Compassionate, from arrogance exempt,
Exempt from love of self, unchangeable
By good or ill; patient, contented, firm
In faith, mastering himself, true to his word,

Seeking Me, heart and soul; vowed unto Me, —
That man I love! Who troubleth not his kind,
And is not troubled by them; clear of wrath,
Living too high for gladness, grief, or fear,
That man I love! Who, dwelling quiet-eyed,[1]
Stainless, serene, well-balanced, unperplexed,
Working with Me, yet from all works detached,
That man I love! Who, fixed in faith on Me,
Dotes upon none, scorns none; rejoices not,
And grieves not, letting good and evil hap
Light when it will, and when it will depart,
That man I love! Who, unto friend and foe
Keeping an equal heart, with equal mind
Bears shame and glory, with an equal peace
Takes heat and cold, pleasure and pain; abides
Quit of desires, hears praise or calumny
In passionless restraint, unmoved by each,
Linked by no ties to earth, steadfast in Me,
That man I love! But most of all I love

[1] "Not peering about," — *anapekshu*.

Those happy ones to whom 'tis life to live
In single fervid faith and love unseeing,
Eating the blessèd Amrit of my Being!

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER XII. OF THE

BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

Entitled "Bhaktiyógô,"

Or "The Book of the Religion of Faith."

CHAPTER XIII.

ARJUNA:

Now would I hear, O gracious Keśava![1]
Of Life which seems, and Soul beyond, which sees,
And what it is we know — or seem to know.

KRISHNA:

Yea! Son of Kunti! for this flesh ye see
Is *Kshetra*, is the field where Life disports;
And that which views and knows it is the Soul,
Kshetrajna. In all "fields," thou Indian prince!
I am *Kshetrajna*. I am what surveys!
Only that knowledge knows which knows the
known

[1] The Calcutta edition of the Mahábhárata has these opening lines.

By the knower![1] What it is, that "field" of life,
What qualities it hath, and whence it is,
And why it changeth, and the faculty
That wotteth it, the mightiness of this,
And how it wotteth — hear these things from Me!
. . . . . .[2]

The elements, the conscious life, the mind,
The unseen vital force, the nine great gates
Of the body, or the five domains of sense,
Desire, dislike, pleasure and pain, and thought
Deep-woven, and persistency of being;
These all are wrought on matter by the Soul!

Humbleness, truthfulness, and harmlessness,
Patience and honor, reverence for the wise,
Purity, constancy, control of self,

---

[1] This is the nearest possible version of

Kshetrakshetrajnayojnânan yat tagjnân matan mama.

[2] I omit two lines of the Sanskrit here, evidently interpolat some Vedantist.

Contempt of sense-delights, self-sacrifice,
Perception of the certitude of ill
In birth, death, aye, disease, suffering, and sin;
Detachment, lightly holding unto home,
Children, and wife, and all that bindeth men;
An ever-tranquil heart in fortunes good
And fortunes evil, with a will set firm
To worship Me — Me only! ceasing not;
Loving all solitudes, and shunning noise
Of foolish crowds; endeavors resolute
To reach perception of the Utmost Soul,
And grace to understand what gain it were
So to attain, — this is true Wisdom, Prince!
And what is otherwise is ignorance!

Now will I speak of knowledge best to know —
That Truth which giveth man Amrit to drink,
The Truth of HIM, the Para-Brahm, the All,
The Uncreated; not *Asat*, not *Sat*,
Not Form, nor the Unformed; yet both, and more;

Whose hands are everywhere, and everywhere
Planted His feet, and everywhere His eyes
Beholding, and His ears in every place
Hearing, and all His faces everywhere
Enlightening and encompassing His worlds.
Glorified by the senses He hath given,
Yet beyond sense He is; sustaining all,
He dwelleth unattached: of forms and modes
Master, yet neither form nor mode hath He;
He is within all beings — and without —
Motionless, yet still moving; not discerned
For subtlety of instant presence; close
To all, to each, yet measurelessly far!
Not manifold, and yet subsisting still
In all which lives; for ever to be known
As the Sustainer, yet, at the End of Times,
He maketh all to end — and re-creates.
The Light of Lights He is, in the heart
Dark
[illegible]ining eternally. Wisdom He is

And Wisdom's way, and Guide of all the wise,
Planted in every heart.
So have I told
Of Life's stuff, and the moulding, and the lore
To comprehend. Whoso, adoring Me,
Perceiveth this, shall surely come to Me!

Know thou that Nature and the Spirit both
Have no beginning! Know that qualities
And changes of them are by Nature wrought;
That Nature puts to work the acting frame,
But Spirit doth inform it, and so cause
Feeling of pain and pleasure. Spirit, linked
To moulded matter, entereth into bond
With qualities by Nature framed, and, thus
Married to matter, breeds the birth again
In good or evil *yonis*.[1]
Yet is this —
Yea! in its bodily prison! — Spirit pure,

[1] Wombs.

Spirit supreme; surveying, governing,
Guarding, possessing; Lord and Master still
PURUSHA, Ultimate, One Soul with Me.

Whoso thus knows himself, and knows his soul
PURUSHA, working through the qualities
With Nature's modes, the light hath come for him!
Whatever flesh he bears, never again
Shall he take on its load. Some few there be
By meditation find the Soul in Self
Self-schooled; and some by long philosophy
And holy life reach thither; some by works.
Some, never so attaining, hear of light
From other lips, and seize, and cleave to it
Worshipping; yea! and those — to teaching true —
Overpass Death!

Wherever, Indian Prince!
Life is — of moving things, or things unmoved,
Plant or still seed — know, what is there hath grown
By bond of Matter and of Spirit: Know

He sees indeed who sees in all alike
The living, lordly Soul; the Soul Supreme,
Imperishable amid the Perishing:
For, whoso thus beholds, in every place,
In every form, the same, one, Living Lord,
Doth no more wrongfulness unto himself,
But goes the highest road which brings to bliss.
Seeing, he sees, indeed, who sees that works
Are Nature's wont, for Soul to use, not love,
Acting, yet not the actor; sees the mass
Of separate living things — each of its kind —
Issue from One, and blend again to One:
Then hath he BRAHMA, he attains!
O Prince!
That Ultimate, High Spirit, Uncreate,
Unqualified, even when it entereth flesh
Taketh no stain of acts, worketh in nought!
Like to th' ethereal air, pervading all,
Which, for sheer subtlety, avoideth taint,
The subtle Soul sits everywhere, unstained:

Like to the light of the all-piercing sun
[Which is not changed by aught it shines upon,]
The Soul's light shineth pure in every place;
And they who, by such eye of wisdom see
How matter, and what deals with it, divide;
And how the Spirit and the flesh have strife,
These wise ones go the way which leads to Life!

HERE ENDS CHAPTER XIII. OF THE

BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

Entitled "Kshetrakshetrejnavibhâgayôgô,"

Or "The Book of Religion by Separation of Matter and Spirit."

CHAPTER XIV.

KRISHNA:

Yet farther will I open unto thee
This wisdom of all wisdoms, uttermost,
The which possessing, all My saints have passed
To perfectness. On these high verities
Reliant, rising into fellowship
With Me, they are not born again at birth
Of *Kalpas*, nor at *Pralyas* suffer change!

This Universe the Womb is where I plant
Seed of all lives! Thence, Prince of India comes
Birth to all beings! Whoso, Kunti's Son!

Mothers each mortal form, Brahma conceives,
And I am He that fathers, sending seed!

Sattwan, *Rajas*, and *Tamas*, so are named,
The qualities of Nature, "Soothfastness,"
"Passion," and "Ignorance." These three bind
down
The changeless Spirit in the changeful flesh.
Whereof sweet "Soothfastness" — by purity
Living unsullied and enlightened — binds
The sinless Soul to happiness and truth;
And Passion, being kin to appetite,
And breeding impulse and propensity,
Binds the embodied Soul, O Kunti's Son!
By tie of works. But Ignorance, the child
Of Darkness, blinding mortal men, binds down
Their souls to stupor, sloth, and drowsiness.
Yea, Prince of India! Soothfastness binds soul
In pleasant wise to flesh; and Passion binds
[illegible] strain; but Ignorance, which bl

The beams of wisdom, binds the soul to sloth.
Passion and Ignorance, once overcome,
Leave Soothfastness, O Bharata! Where this
With Ignorance are absent, Passion rules;
And Ignorance in hearts not good nor quick.
When at all gateways of the Body shines
The Lamp of Knowledge, then may one see well
Soothfastness settled in that city reigns;
Where longing is, and ardor, and unrest,
Impulse to strive and gain, and avarice,
Those spring from Passion — Prince! — engrained;
and where
Darkness and dulness, sloth and stupor are,
'Tis Ignorance hath caused them, Kuru Chief!

Moreover, when a soul departeth, fixed
In Soothfastness, it goeth to the place —
Perfect and pure — of those that know all Truth.
If it departeth in set hebetude
Of impulse, it shall go into the world

Of spirits tied to works; and, if it dies
In hardened Ignorance, that blinded soul
Is born anew in some unlighted womb.

The fruit of Soothfastness is true and sweet;
The fruit of lusts is pain and toil; the fruit
Of Ignorance is deeper darkness. Yea!
For Light brings light, and Passion ache to have.
Blindness, bewilderments, and ignorance
Grow forth from Ignorance. Those of the first
Rise ever higher; those of the second mode
Take a mid place; the darkened souls sink back
To lower deeps, loaded with witlessness!

When, watching life, the living man perceives
The only actors are the Qualities,
And knows what lives beyond the Qualities,
Then is he come nigh unto Me!

The Soul,
Thus passing forth from the Three Qualities —
Whereof arise all bodies — overcomes
Birth, Death, Sorrow, and Age; and drinketh deep
The undying wine of Amrit.

ARJUNA:

Oh, my Lord!
Which be the signs to know him that hath gone
Past the Three Modes? How liveth he? What way
Leadeth him safe beyond the threefold modes?

KRISHNA:

He who with equanimity surveys
Lustre of goodness, strife of passion, sloth
Of ignorance, not angry if they are,
Not angry when they are not: he who sits
A sojourner and stranger in their midst

Unruffled, standing off, saying — serene —
When troubles break, "These are the Qualities!"
He unto whom — self-centred — grief and joy
Sound as one word; to whose deep-seeing eyes
The clod, the marble, and the gold are one;
Whose equal heart holds the same gentleness
For lovely and unlovely things, firm-set,
Well-pleased in praise and dispraise; satisfied
With honor or dishonor; unto friends
And unto foes alike in tolerance,
Detached from undertakings, — he is named
Surmounter of the Qualities!

And such —
With single, fervent faith adoring Me,
Passing beyond the Qualities, conforms
To Brahma, and attains Me!

For I am
That whereof Brahma is the likeness! Mine

The Amrit is; and Immortality
Is mine; and mine perfect Felicity!

HERE ENDS CHAPTER XIV. OF THE

BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

Entitled "Gunatrayavibhâgayôgô,"

Or "The Book of Religion by Separation from the Qualities."

CHAPTER XV.

KRISHNA:

Men call the Aśwattha, — the Banyan-tree, —
Which hath its boughs beneath, its roots on high, —
The ever-holy tree. Yea! for its leaves
Are green and waving hymns which whisper Truth!
Who knoweth well the Aśwattha, knows all.

Its branches shoot to heaven and sink to earth,[1]
Even as the deeds of men, which take their birth
From qualities: its silver sprays and blooms,
And all the eager verdure of its girth,

[1] I do not consider these verses — which are somewhat freely rendered here — "an attack on the authority of the Vedas," but a beautiful lyrical episode, a new "Parable of the fig-tree."

Leap to quick life at touch of sun and air,
As men's lives quicken to the temptings fair
  Of wooing sense: its hanging rootlets seek
The soil beneath, helping to hold it there,

As actions wrought amid this world of men
Bind them by ever-tightening bonds again.
  If ye knew well the teaching of the Tree,
What its shape saith; and whence it springs; and,
    then

How it must end, and all the ills of it,
The axe of sharp Detachment ye would whet,
  And cleave the clinging snaky roots, and lay
This Aśwattha of sense-life low, — to set

New growths upspringing to that happier sky, —
Which they who reach shall have no day to die,
  Nor fade away, nor fall — to Him, I mean,
FATHER and FIRST, Who made the mystery

Of old Creation; for to Him come they
From passion and from dreams who break away;
Who part the bonds constraining them to flesh,
And,— Him, the Highest, worshipping alway —

No longer grow at mercy of what breeze
Of summer pleasure stirs the sleeping trees,
What blast of tempest tears them, bough and stem.
To the eternal world pass such as these!

Another Sun gleams there! another Moon!
Another Light, — a Light which none shall lack
Whose eyes once see; for those return no more
They have attained My Uttermost Abode!

When, in this world of manifested life,
The undying Spirit, setting forth from Me,
Taketh on form, it draweth to itself
From Being's storehouse, — which containeth a
Senses and intellect. The Sovereign Soul

Thus entering the flesh, or quitting it,
Gathers these up, as the wind gathers scents,
Blowing above the flower-banks. Ear and Eye,
And Touch and Taste, and Smelling, these it takes, —
Yea, and a sentient mind; — linking itself
To sense-things so.

The unenlightened ones
Mark not that Spirit when he goes or comes,
Nor when he takes his pleasure in the form,
Conjoined with qualities; but those see plain
Who have the eyes to see. Holy souls see
Which strive thereto. Enlightened, they behold
That Spirit in themselves; but foolish ones,
Even though they strive, discern not, having hearts
Unkindled, ill-informed!

Know, too, from Me
Shineth the gathered glory of the sun
Which lightens all the world: from Me the moon

Draws silvery beams, and fire fierce loveliness.
I penetrate the clay, and lend all shapes
Their living force; I glide into the plant —
Its root, leaf, bloom — to make the woodland green
With springing sap. Becoming vital warmth,
I glow in glad, respiring frames, and pass
With outward and with inward breath to feed
The body with all meats.[1]

For in this world
Being is twofold: the Divided, one;
The Undivided, one. All things that live
Are "the Divided." That which sits apart,
"The Undivided."

Higher still is ONE,
The Highest, holding all, whose Name is LORD,
The Eternal, Sovereign, First! Who fills all worlds,

[1] I omit a verse here, evidently interpolated.

Sustaining them. And — dwelling thus beyond
Divided Life and Undivided — I
Am called of men and Vedas, God Supreme,
The PURUSHOTTAMA.

Who knows Me thus,
With mind unclouded, knoweth all, dear Prince!
And with his whole soul ever worshippeth Me.

Now is the sacred, secret Mystery
Declared to thee! Who comprehendeth this
Hath wisdom! He is quit of works in bliss!

HERE ENDS CHAPTER XV. OF THE
BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,
Entitled "Purushottamaprapliyôgô,"
Or "The Book of Religion by attaining the Supreme."

CHAPTER XVI.

KRISHNA:

Fearlessness, singleness of soul, the will
Always to strive for wisdom; opened hand
And governed appetites; and piety
And love of lonely study; humbleness,
Uprightness, heed to injure nought which lives,
Truthfulness, slowness unto wrath, a mind
That lightly letteth go what others prize;
And equanimity, and charity
Which spieth no man's faults; and tenderness
Towards all that suffer; a contented heart,
Fluttered by no desires; a bearing mild,
Modest, and grave, with manhood nobly mixed
With patience, fortitude, and purity;

An unrevengeful spirit, never given
To rate itself too high; — such be the signs,
O Indian Prince! of him whose feet are set
On that fair path which leads to heavenly birth!

Deceitfulness, and arrogance, and pride,
Quickness to anger, harsh and evil speech,
And ignorance, to its own darkness blind, —
These be the signs, My Prince! of him whose birth
Is fated for the regions of the vile.[1]

The Heavenly Birth brings to deliverance,
So should'st thou know! The birth with Asuras
Brings into bondage. Be thou joyous, Prince
Whose lot is set apart for heavenly Birth.

Two stamps there are marked on all living men,
Divine and Undivine; I spake to thee

[1] "Of the Asuras," lit.

By what marks thou shouldst know the Heavenly
Man,
Hear from me now of the Unheavenly!

They comprehend not, the Unheavenly,
How souls go forth from Me; nor how they come
Back unto Me: nor is there Truth in these,
Nor purity, nor rule of Life. "This world
Hath not a Law, nor Order, nor a Lord,"
So say they: "nor hath risen up by Cause
Following on Cause, in perfect purposing,
But is none other than a House of Lust."
And, this thing thinking, all those ruined ones —
Of little wit, dark-minded — give themselves
To evil deeds, the curses of their kind.
Surrendered to desires insatiable,
Full of deceitfulness, folly, and pride,
In blindness cleaving to their errors, caught
Into the sinful course, they trust this lie
As it were true — this lie which leads to death —

Finding in Pleasure all the good which is,
And crying "Here it finisheth!"

Ensnared
In nooses of a hundred idle hopes,
Slaves to their passion and their wrath, they buy
Wealth with base deeds, to glut hot appetites;
"Thus much, to-day," they say, "we gained! thereby
Such and such wish of heart shall have its fill;
And this is ours! and th' other shall be ours!
To-day we slew a foe, and we will slay
Our other enemy to-morrow! Look!
Are we not lords? Make we not goodly cheer?
Is not our fortune famous, brave, and great?
Rich are we, proudly born! What other men
Live like to us? Kill, then, for sacrifice!
Cast largesse, and be merry!" So they speak
Darkened by ignorance; and so they fall —
Tossed to and fro with projects, tricked, and bound

In net of black delusion, lost in lusts —
Down to foul Naraka. Conceited, fond,
Stubborn and proud, dead-drunken with the wine
Of wealth, and reckless, all their offerings
Have but a show of reverence, being not made
In piety of ancient faith. Thus vowed
To self-hood, force, insolence, feasting, wrath,
These My blasphemers, in the forms they wear
And in the forms they breed, my foemen are,
Hateful and hating; cruel, evil, vile,
Lowest and least of men, whom I cast down
Again, and yet again, at end of lives,
Into some devilish womb, whence — birth by birth —
The devilish wombs re-spawn them, all beguiled;
And, till they find and worship Me, sweet Prince!
Tread they that Nether Road.

The Doors of Hell
Are threefold, whereby men to ruin pass, —
The door of Lust, the door of Wrath, the door

Of Avarice. Let a man shun those three!
He who shall turn aside from entering
All those three gates of Narak, wendeth straight
To find his peace, and comes to Swarga's gate.
. . . . . .[1]

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER XVI. OF THE

BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

Entitled "Daivasarasaupadwibhâgayôg,"

Or "The Book of the Separateness of the Divine and Undivine."

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[1] I omit the ten concluding shlokas, with Mr. Davies.

CHAPTER XVII.

ARJUNA:

If men forsake the holy ordinance,
Heedless of Shastras, yet keep faith at heart
And worship, what shall be the state of those,
Great Krishna! *Sattwan, Rajas, Tamas?* Say!

KRISHNA:

Threefold the faith is of mankind, and springs
From those three qualities, — becoming "true,"
Or "passion-stained," or "dark," as thou shalt hear!

The faith of each believer, Indian Prince!
Conforms itself to what he truly is.
Where thou shalt see a worshipper, that one

To what he worships lives assimilate,
[Such as the shrine, so is the votary,]
The "soothfast" souls adore true gods; the souls
Obeying *Rajas* worship Rakshasas [1]
Or Yakshas; and the men of Darkness pray
To Pretas and to Bhutas.[2] Yea, and those
Who practise bitter penance, not enjoined
By rightful rule — penance which hath its root
In self-sufficient, proud hypocrisies —
Those men, passion-beset, violent, wild,
Torturing — the witless ones — My elements
Shut in fair company within their flesh,
(Nay, Me myself, present within the flesh!)
Know them to devils devoted, not to Heaven!
For like as foods are threefold for mankind
In nourishing, so is there threefold way
Of worship, abstinence, and almsgiving!

---

[1] Rakshasas and Yakshas are unembodied but capricious beings of great power, gifts, and beauty, sometimes also of benignity.

[2] These are spirits of evil, wandering ghosts.

Hear this of Me! there is a food which brings
Force, substance, strength, and health, and joy to live,
Being well-seasoned, cordial, comforting,
The "Soothfast" meat. And there be foods which bring
Aches and unrests, and burning blood, and grief,
Being too biting, heating, salt, and sharp,
And therefore craved by too strong appetite.
And there is foul food — kept from over-night,[1]
Savorless, filthy, which the foul will eat,
A feast of rottenness, meet for the lips
Of such as love the "Darkness."

Thus with rites; —
A sacrifice not for rewardment made,
Offered in rightful wise, when he who vows
Sayeth, with heart devout, "This I should do!"
Is "Soothfast" rite. But sacrifice for gain,

[1] *Yâtayaman*, food which has remained after the watches of the night. In India this would probably "go bad."

Offered for good repute, be sure that this,
O Best of Bharatas! is Rajas-rite,
With stamp of "passion." And a sacrifice
Offered against the laws, with no due dole
Of food-giving, with no accompaniment
Of hallowed hymn, nor largesse to the priests,
In faithless celebration, call it vile,
The deed of "Darkness!" — lost!

Worship of gods

Meriting worship; lowly reverence
Of Twice-borns, Teachers, Elders; Purity,
Rectitude, and the Brahmacharya's vow,
And not to injure any helpless thing, —
These make a true religiousness of Act.

Words causing no man woe, words ever true,
Gentle and pleasing words, and those ye say
In murmured reading of a Sacred Writ, —
These make the true religiousness of Speech.

Serenity of soul, benignity,
Sway of the silent Spirit, constant stress
To sanctify the Nature, — these things make
Good rite, and true religiousness of Mind.

Such threefold faith, in highest piety
Kept, with no hope of gain, by hearts devote,
Is perfect work of *Sattwan*, true belief.

Religion shown in act of proud display
To win good entertainment, worship, fame,
Such — say I — is of *Rajas*, rash and vain.

Religion followed by a witless will
To torture self, or come at power to hurt
Another, — 'tis of *Tamas*, dark and ill.

The gift lovingly given, when one shall say
"Now must I gladly give!" when he who takes
Can render nothing back; made in due place,

Due time, and to a meet recipient,
Is gift of *Sattwan*, fair and profitable.

The gift selfishly given, where to receive
Is hoped again, or when some end is sought,
Or where the gift is proffered with a grudge,
This is of *Rajas*, stained with impulse, ill.

The gift churlishly flung, at evil time,
In wrongful place, to base recipient,
Made in disdain or harsh unkindliness,
Is gift of *Tamas*, dark; it doth not bless! [1]

HERE ENDETH CHAPTER XVII. OF THE

BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ,

Entitled "Sraddhatrayavibhâgayôg,"

Or "The Book of Religion by the Threefold Kinds of Faith."

[1] I omit the concluding shlokas, as of very doubtful authenticity.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ARJUNA:

Fain would I better know, Thou Glorious One!
The very truth — Heart's Lord! — of *Sannyâs*,
Abstention; and Renunciation, Lord!
Tyâga; and what separates these twain!

KRISHNA:

The poets rightly teach that *Sannyâs*
Is the foregoing of all acts which spring
Out of desire; and their wisest say
Tyâga is renouncing fruit of acts.

There be among the saints some who have held
All action sinful, and to be renounced;

And some who answer "Nay! the goodly acts —
As worship, penance, alms — must be performed!"
Hear now My sentence, Best of Bharatas!

'Tis well set forth, O Chaser of thy Foes!
Renunciation is of threefold form,
And Worship, Penance, Alms, not to be stayed;
Nay, to be gladly done; for all those three
Are purifying waters for true souls!

Yet must be practised even those high works
In yielding up attachment, and all fruit
Produced by works. This is My judgment, Prince!
This My insuperable and fixed decree!

Abstaining from a work by right prescribed
Never is meet! So to abstain doth spring
From "Darkness," and Delusion teacheth it.
Abstaining from a work grievous to flesh,

When one saith "'Tis unpleasing!" this is null!
Such an one acts from "passion;" nought of gain
Wins his Renunciation! But, Arjun!
Abstaining from attachment to the work,
Abstaining from rewardment in the work,
While yet one doeth it full faithfully,
Saying, "'Tis right to do!" that is "true" act
And abstinence! Who doeth duties so,
Unvexed if his work fail, if it succeed
Unflattered, in his own heart justified,
Quit of debates and doubts, his is "true" act:
For, being in the body, none may stand
Wholly aloof from act; yet, who abstains
From profit of his acts is abstinent.

The fruit of labors, in the lives to come,
Is threefold for all men, — Desirable,
And Undesirable, and mixed of both;
But no fruit is at all where no work was.

Hear from me, Long-armed Lord! the makings five
Which go to every act, in Sânkhya taught
As necessary. First the force; and then
The agent; next, the various instruments;
Fourth, the especial effort; fifth, the God.
What work soever any mortal doth
Of body, mind, or speech, evil or good,
By these five doth he that. Which being thus,
Whoso, for lack of knowledge, seeth himself
As the sole actor, knoweth nought at all
And seeth nought. Therefore, I say, if one —
Holding aloof from self — with unstained mind
Should slay all yonder host, being bid to slay,
He doth not slay; he is not bound thereby!

Knowledge, the thing known, and the mind which knows,
These make the threefold starting-ground of act.
The act, the actor, and the instrument,

These make the threefold total of the deed.
But knowledge, agent, act, are differenced
By three dividing qualities. Hear now
Which be the qualities dividing them.

There is "true" Knowledge. Learn thou it is this:
To see one changeless Life in all the Lives,
And in the Separate, One Inseparable.
There is imperfect Knowledge: that which sees
The separate existences apart,
And, being separated, holds them real.
There is false Knowledge: that which blindly clings
To one as if 'twere all, seeking no Cause,
Deprived of light, narrow, and dull, and "dark."

There is "right" Action: that which — being enjoined —
Is wrought without attachment, passionlessly,

For duty, not for love, nor hate, nor gain.
There is "vain" Action: that which men pursue
Aching to satisfy desires, impelled
By sense of self, with all-absorbing stress:
This is of *Rajas* — passionate and vain.
There is "dark" Action: when one doth a thing
Heedless of issues, heedless of the hurt
Or wrong for others, heedless if he harm
His own soul — 'tis of *Tamas*, black and bad!

There is the "rightful" doer. He who acts
Free from self-seeking, humble, resolute,
Steadfast, in good or evil hap the same,
Content to do aright — he "truly" acts.
There is th' "impassioned" doer. He that works
From impulse, seeking profit, rude and bold
To overcome, unchastened; slave by turns
Of sorrow and of joy: of *Rajas* he!
And there be evil doers; loose of heart,

Low-minded, stubborn, fraudulent, remiss,
Dull, slow, despondent — children of the "dark."

Hear, too, of Intellect and Steadfastness
The threefold separation, Conqueror-Prince!
How these are set apart by Qualities.

Good is the Intellect which comprehends
The coming forth and going back of life,
What must be done, and what must not be done,
What should be feared, and what should not be feared,
What binds and what emancipates the soul:
That is of *Sattwan*, Prince! of "soothfastness."
Marred is the Intellect which, knowing right
And knowing wrong, and what is well to do
And what must not be done, yet understands
Nought with firm mind, nor as the calm truth is:

This is of *Rajas*, Prince! and "passionate!"
Evil is Intellect which, wrapped in gloom,
Looks upon wrong as right, and sees all things
Contrariwise of Truth. O Pritha's Son!
That is of *Tamas*, "dark" and desperate!

Good is the steadfastness whereby a man
Masters his beats of heart, his very breath
Of life, the action of his senses; fixed
In never-shaken faith and piety:
That is of *Sattwan*, Prince! "soothfast" and fair!
Stained is the steadfastness whereby a man
Holds to his duty, purpose, effort, end,
For life's sake, and the love of goods to gain,
Arjuna! 'tis of *Rajas*, passion-stamped!
Sad is the steadfastness wherewith the fool
Cleaves to his sloth, his sorrow, and his fears,
His folly and despair. This — Pritha's Son! —
Is born of *Tamas*, "dark" and miserable!

Hear further, Chief of Bharatas! from Me
The threefold kinds of Pleasure which there be.

Good Pleasure is the pleasure that endures,
Banishing pain for aye; bitter at first
As poison to the soul, but afterward
Sweet as the taste of Amrit. Drink of that!
It springeth in the Spirit's deep content.
And painful Pleasure springeth from the bond
Between the senses and the sense-world. Sweet
As Amrit is its first taste, but its last
Bitter as poison. 'Tis of *Rajas*, Prince!
And foul and "dark" the Pleasure is which springs
From sloth and sin and foolishness; at first
And at the last, and all the way of life
The soul bewildering. 'Tis of *Tamas*, Prince!

For nothing lives on earth, nor 'midst the gods
In utmost heaven, but hath its being bound
With these three Qualities, by Nature framed.

The work of Brahmans, Kshatriyas, Vaiśyas,
And Śudras, O thou Slayer of thy Foes!
Is fixed by reason of the Qualities
Planted in each:

A Brahman's virtues, Prince!
Born of his nature, are serenity,
Self-mastery, religion, purity,
Patience, uprightness, learning, and to know
The truth of things which be. A Kshatriya's pride,
Born of his nature, lives in valor, fire,
Constancy, skilfulness, spirit in fight,
And open-handedness and noble mien,
As of a lord of men. A Vaiśya's task,
Born with his nature, is to till the ground,
Tend cattle, venture trade. A Śudra's state,
Suiting his nature, is to minister.

Whoso performeth — diligent, content —
The work allotted him, whate'er it be,

Lays hold of perfectness! Hear how a man
Findeth perfection, being so content:
He findeth it through worship — wrought by work —
Of HIM that is the Source of all which lives,
Of HIM by Whom the universe was stretched.

Better thine own work is, though done with fault,
Than doing others' work, ev'n excellently.
He shall not fall in sin who fronts the task
Set him by Nature's hand! Let no man leave
His natural duty, Prince! though it bear blame!
For every work hath blame, as every flame
Is wrapped in smoke! Only that man attains
Perfect surcease of work whose work was wrought
With mind unfettered, soul wholly subdued,
Desires for ever dead, results renounced.

Learn from me, Son of Kunti! also this,
How one, attaining perfect peace, attains
BRAHM, the supreme, the highest height of all!

Devoted — with a heart grown pure, restrained
In lordly self-control, foregoing wiles
Of song and senses, freed from love and hate,
Dwelling 'mid solitudes, in diet spare,
With body, speech, and will tamed to obey,
Ever to holy meditation vowed,
From passions liberate, quit of the Self,
Of arrogance, impatience, anger, pride;
Freed from surroundings, quiet, lacking nought —
Such an one grows to oneness with the BRAHM;
Such an one, growing one with BRAHM, serene,
Sorrows no more, desires no more; his soul,
Equally loving all that lives, loves well
Me, Who have made them, and attains to Me.
By this same love and worship doth he know
Me as I am, how high and wonderful,
And knowing, straightway enters into Me.
And whatsoever deeds he doeth — fixed
In Me, as in his refuge — he hath won
For ever and for ever by My grace

Th' Eternal Rest! So win thou! In thy thoughts
Do all thou dost for Me! Renounce for Me!
Sacrifice heart and mind and will to Me!
Live in the faith of Me! In faith of Me
All dangers thou shalt vanquish, by My grace,
But, trusting to thyself and heeding not,
Thou can'st but perish! If this day thou say'st
Relying on thyself, "I will not fight!"
Vain will the purpose prove! thy qualities
Would spur thee to the war. What thou dost shun,
Misled by fair illusions, thou wouldst seek
Against thy will, when the task comes to thee
Waking the promptings in thy nature set.
There lives a Master in the hearts of men
Maketh their deeds, by subtle pulling-strings,
Dance to what tune He will. With all thy soul
Trust Him, and take Him for thy succor, Prince!
So — only so, Arjuna! — shalt thou gain —
By grace of Him — the uttermost repose,
The Eternal Place!

Thus hath been opened thee
This Truth of Truths, the Mystery more hid
Than any secret mystery. Meditate!
And — as thou wilt — then act!

Nay! but once more
Take My last word, My utmost meaning have!
Precious thou art to Me; right well-beloved!
Listen! I tell thee for thy comfort this.
Give Me thy heart! adore Me! serve Me! cling
In faith and love and reverence to Me!
So shalt thou come to Me! I promise true,
For thou art sweet to Me!
And let go those —
Rites and writ duties! Fly to Me alone!
Make Me thy single refuge! I will free
Thy soul from all its sins! Be of good cheer!

[Hide, the holy Krishna saith,
This from him that hath no faith,

Him that worships not, nor seeks
Wisdom's teaching when she speaks:
Hide it from all men who mock;
But, wherever, 'mid the flock
Of My lovers, one shall teach
This divinest, wisest, speech —
Teaching in the faith to bring
Truth to them, and offering
Of all honor unto Me —
Unto Brahma cometh he!
Nay, and nowhere shall ye find
Any man of all mankind
Doing dearer deed for Me;
Nor shall any dearer be
In My earth. Yea, furthermore,
Whoso reads this converse o'er
Held by Us upon the plain,
Pondering piously and fain,
He hath paid Me sacrifice!
(Krishna speaketh in this wise!)

Yea, and whoso, full of faith,
Heareth wisely what it saith,
Heareth meekly, — when he dies,
Surely shall his spirit rise
To those regions where the Blest,
Free of flesh, in joyance rest.]

Hath this been heard by thee, O Indian Prince!
With mind intent? hath all the ignorance —
Which bred thy trouble — vanished, My Arjun?

ARJUNA:

Trouble and ignorance are gone! the Light
Hath come unto me, by Thy favor, Lord!
Now am I fixed! my doubt is fled away!
According to Thy word, so will I do!

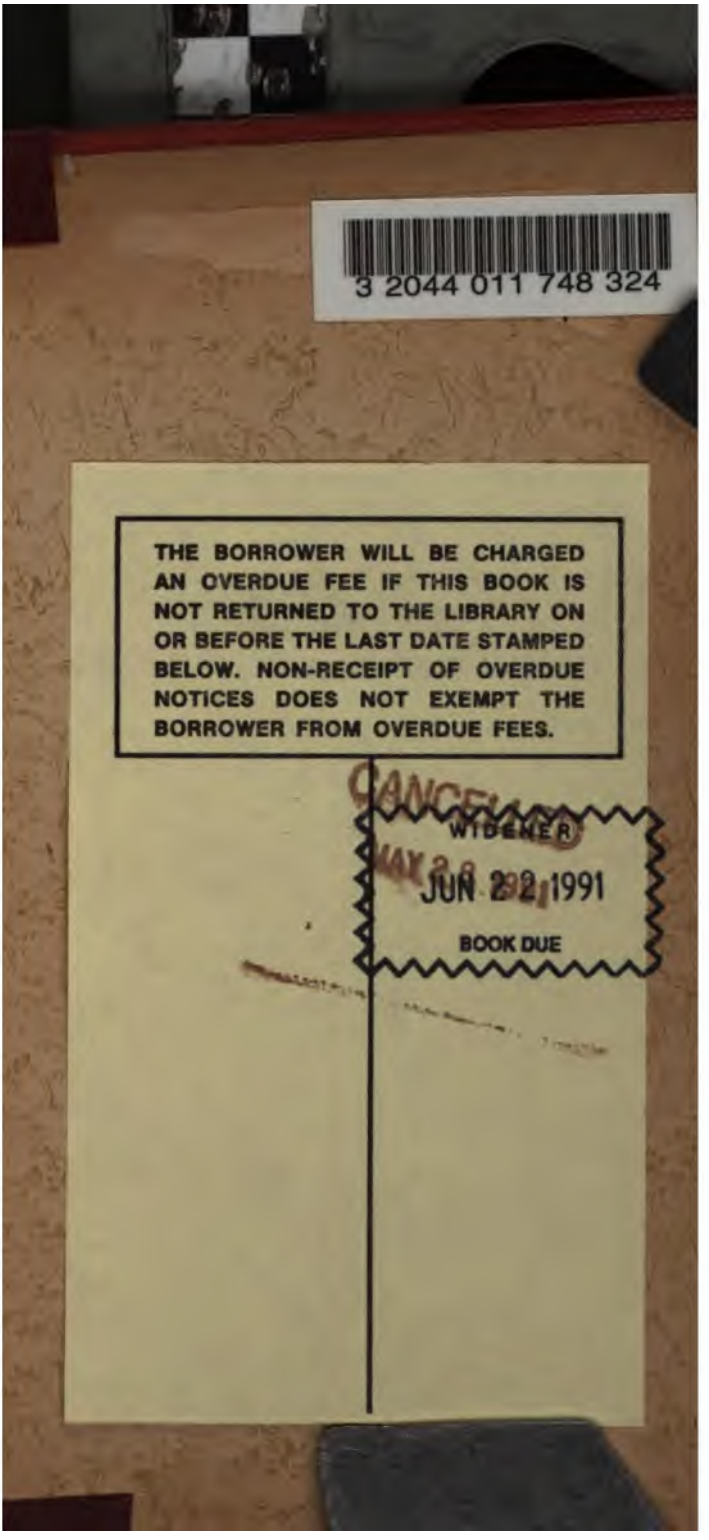
SANJAYA:

Thus gathered I the gracious speech of Krishna,
O my King!
Thus have I told, with heart a-thrill, this wise and
wondrous thing
By great Vyâsa's learning writ, how Krishna's self
made known
The Yôga, being Yôga's Lord. So is the high
truth shown!
And aye, when I remember, O Lord my King, again
Arjuna and the God in talk, and all this holy
strain,
Great is my gladness: when I muse that splendor,
passing speech,
Of Hari, visible and plain, there is no tongue to
reach
My marvel and my love and bliss. O Archer-
Prince! all hail!

O Krishna, Lord of Yôga! surely there shall not fail
Blessing, and victory, and power, for Thy most mighty sake,
Where this song comes of Arjun, and how with God he spake.

HERE ENDS, WITH CHAPTER XVIII.,
Entitled "Mokshasanyâsayôg,"
Or "The Book of Religion by Deliverance and Renunciation,"
THE BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ.

ŚUBHAMASTU SARVAJAGATÂN.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